THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 199, Number 7

AUGUST 14, 1926

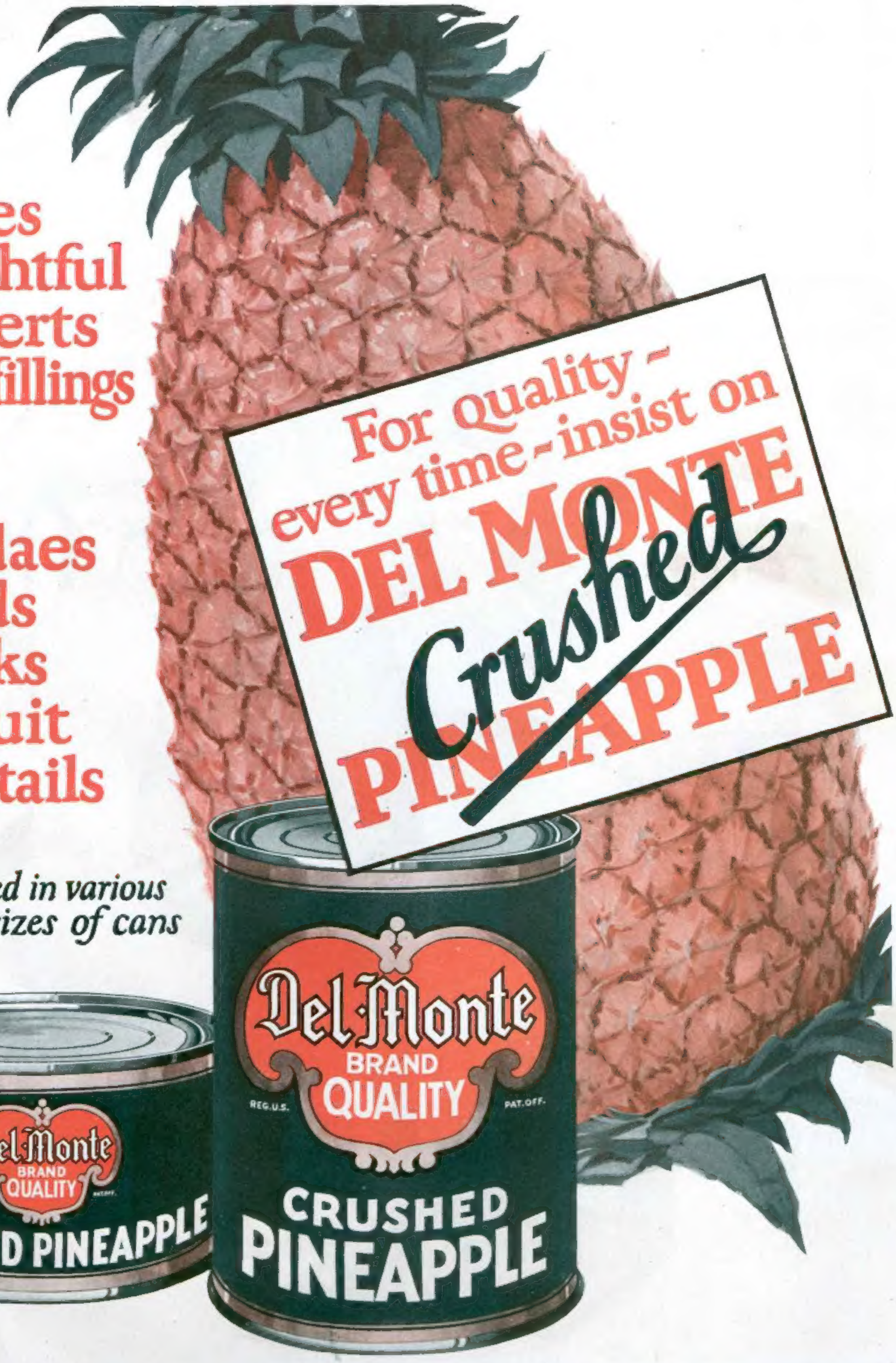
5c. THE COPY

Norman Rockwell

Mary Roberts Rinehart—Ben Ames Williams—Isaac F. Marcosson—R. G. Kirk
Charles Brackett—Richard Connell—George Weston—Octavus Roy Cohen

Makes delightful desserts cake fillings pies ices sundaes salads drinks & fruit cocktails

Packed in various sizes of cans



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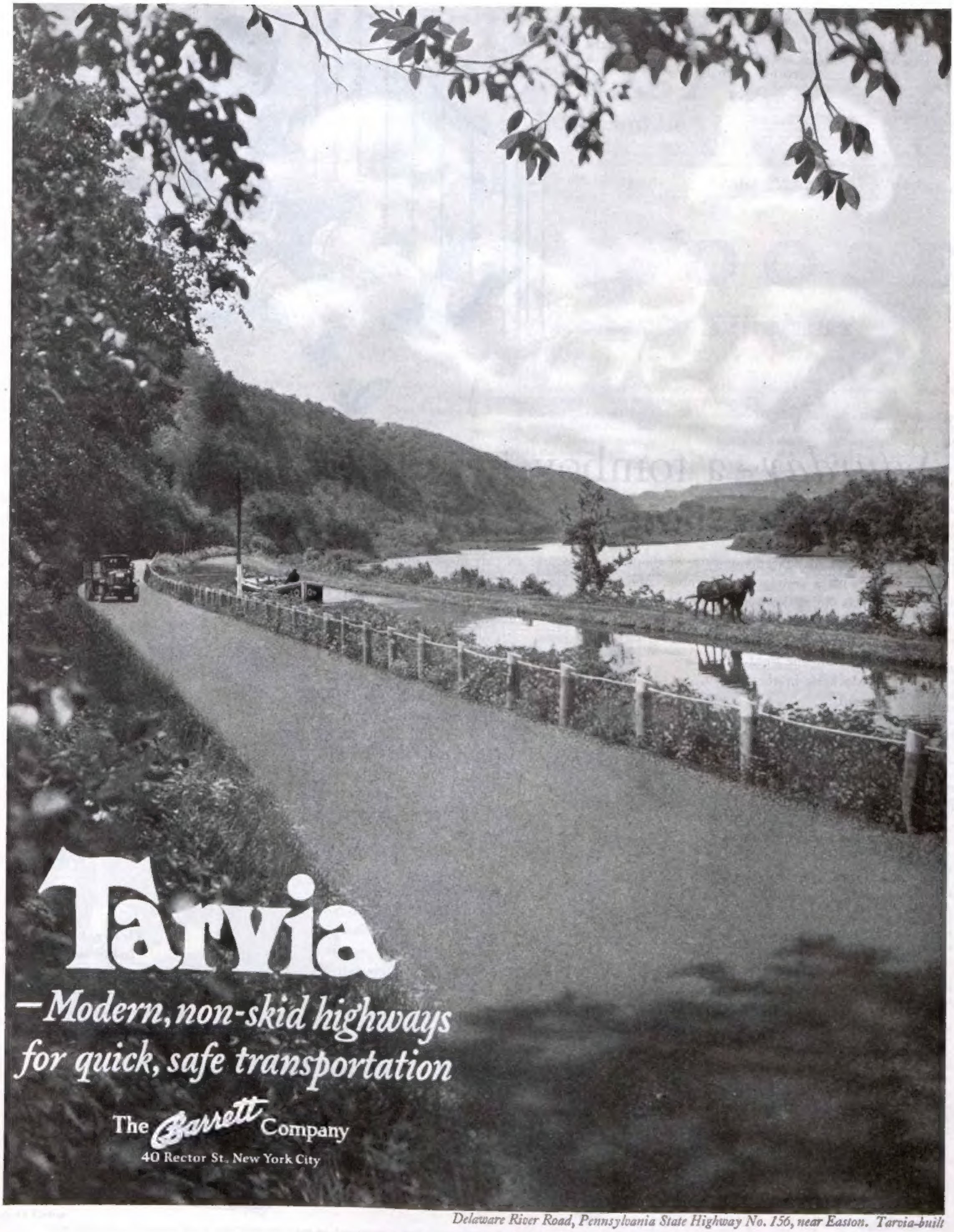

Delaware River Road, Pennsylvania State Highway No. 156, near Easton. Tarvia-built

ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
No. 5

Saturday - a tomboy in rompers; but you should see her on *Sunday!*

She was a rosy-faced youngster of about four with a smudge on her nose. And she was sliding down her own front steps in a pair of blue and white rompers which looked immaculate—from the front.

"Mother's in the garden," she said.

So I went around to ask Mrs. Moore about laundry soap, just as I had asked a great many other women in that small Chicago suburb. I found her in the neatest of little gardens, gay with perennials.

"What kind of laundry soap do I use?" she repeated with a surprised smile. "Well, recently I've begun to use P and G, and I'm delighted with it. You see, I'm particular about Molly's clothes—I wash them myself, so I wanted to find a soap which was quick without being harmful.

"I put clean rompers on Molly every day of the week, but on Sunday she blossoms out in real little girl clothes. You should see how proud she is of them!

Of course all this makes quite a lot of washing, but I find P and G a wonderful help. I do far less rubbing than I did before and the clothes look nicer.

"Colors, I find, stay beautifully clean and fresh—and my white clothes are really a joy! I rarely boil them, yet they are clean and white, and they smell sweet and fresh! It's wonderful, too, to have a soap that you can use with hot or cold water. I use P and G for all my washing and cleaning—dishes, too."

No wonder that Mrs. Moore, and millions of other women who are careful of their clothes, like P & G. No wonder that P & G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Less work, less rubbing, less boiling! Fresh colors and sweet-smelling clothes whether you use hot, cold or lukewarm water. Don't you think that P & G should be doing your washing and cleaning too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

The largest-selling laundry soap in America—
that is why it costs so little

Compare P and G with the laundry soap you now use—price, weight, quality. Then you'll see P and G's astonishing value.

An ironing hint from Mrs. Moore

"When I have to iron a dress with buttons I always fold a bath towel several times, place it under the buttons and iron the garment on the wrong side. This presses the buttons down into the soft towel and irons the material around the buttons without any trouble."

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THE GRAY GOOSE

A Tish Story—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IN ORDER to understand the case of Emmie Hartford and the rather drastic method by which our splendid Tish endeavored to effect a cure, it is necessary to go back a few months to that strange but brief period during which Letitia Carberry developed psychic power.

Not, indeed, that she used her power in the case referred to; on the contrary, rather. But the influence of her earlier experiences is plainly to be discovered by the careful reader, and since she has been severely criticized for her attitude to Emmie, as well as for the methods she pursued, it is only fair to her to revert briefly to the incidents which preceded the Hartford affair.

It is, I admit, a long step from a book on palmistry to that frightful evening when Aggie and I were compelled to sit under the eyes of a policeman and listen to a number of men digging frantically in the cellar of the Hartford house just beneath the room in which we waited. But that is the way it began.

It was last Christmas that Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew, sent her a book on palmistry. Tish studied it carefully, and for some time Aggie and I, and even Hannah, her maid, were obliged to make impressions of our hands on a sheet of smoked paper while Tish studied the results. Aggie, I recall, had a line down near her wrist which worried Tish greatly, revealing as it did an unbridled and passionate nature, although Aggie was certain that it was where she had been cut while paring quinces some years ago. And Hannah certainly had the circle which indicated death by drowning. But what is important to this narrative is that our dear Tish discovered that she herself had the psychic cross on both hands.

She at once undertook a study of such matters, although at first her attitude was largely one of academic interest, she having always stoutly maintained that under no circumstances, once having passed over, would she care to be brought back and forced to inhabit even temporarily the body of a medium she might not care for or might indeed positively dislike.

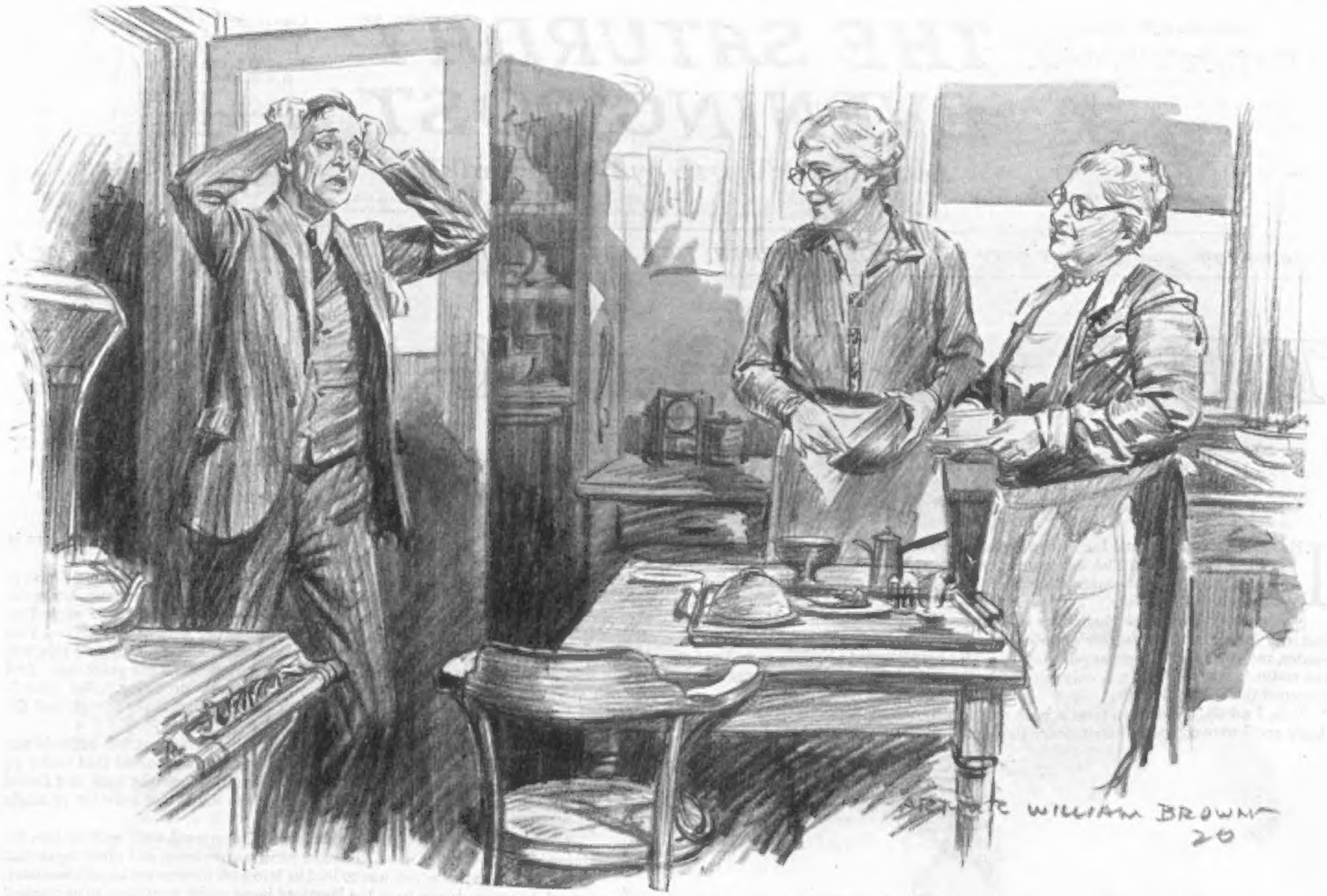
And, I may say, her interest was largely impersonal until well on into the spring. Then one night she had a most curious experience, and there began that earnest investigation which was to lead us into such strange paths, and was later, indeed, to see us driven from the Hartford home under conditions so unpleasant that only a sense of fairness to Tish compels me to record them.

Briefly, then, Tish was reading one evening in the living room of her apartment, while Hannah in the kitchen was cutting out a nightgown from a paper pattern. There was only the light from the reading lamp, an auspicious fact, since we have since learned how fatal is light to these delicate phenomena, and it so happened that there was on the table beside her a vase of flowers and also a pitcher of drinking water. Since both water and flowers greatly assist in psychic manifestations, it will be readily seen that, without Tish knowing it, the stage was already set for the drama which ensued.

Suddenly she heard a faint rustling, and on glancing up there was the sleeve pattern of Hannah's nightgown moving across the doorsill and into the room!

It is unfortunate that, in her surprise, she dropped her book and thus broke the ectoplasmic force, or whatever it may be called. The paper instantly ceased to move. But her interest was naturally aroused, and with her usual promptness she at once inaugurated a series of sittings, consisting of the three of us—Aggie, Tish and myself. Later on, for

Tish Gave Him a Terrible Stare, and Then She Used an Expression I Had Never Before Heard From Her Lips. "Some People are Idiots," She Said



"She's Gone!" He Yelled. "You've Lied to Me! She's Dead! Oh, My Poor Emmie, and I Left You to Die Alone!"

one experiment, we persuaded Hannah to join us, with results so startling that neither she nor Aggie sat again. But even these early sittings brought surprising results. I quote a few extracts from Tish's record, made each evening after the event, and thus as correct as possible:

At one A.M. last night we secured heavy raps on the wall next to the Ingersoll apartment, distinctly audible over the sound of the phonograph.

By an unmistakable affirmative in the usual code of raps for yes and no, Mr. Wiggins tonight told Aggie he had desired her to have his cameo scarf pin, and not his sister, who has it.

C. S.—Charlie Sands—sat with us tonight. Vase of flowers and bowl of water on floor. He requested that the spirits place something in the bowl of water, and since it was Friday, suggested fish. In thirty seconds we heard a loud plop, and found on turning on the light that a goldfish was swimming in the bowl.

Brief as they are, these few extracts prove conclusively that we were securing results. Already, a purely amateur circle as we were, we had succeeded in securing a materialized form. More than that, the fish remained some days, in every way acting like a real fish, even eating the food we placed in the bowl. Indeed, it was only to leave us later on under circumstances as amazing as those of its arrival.

It will be seen, then, that we were slowly but definitely progressing, although small setbacks and annoyances came our way also. Hannah, for instance, became so nervous that she constantly threatened to leave, and on a storm coming up one night and Tish going into her room in her nightdress to see if the window was closed, was only in time to catch her before she leaped out of the window!

But in the main we were satisfied. True, our one attempt to utilize a trumpet medium, strongly recommended by Mrs. Ostermaier as having predicted Willie's measles, was most unfortunate. We had invited Charlie Sands to sit with us, and the early performance was most surprising. Mr. Abraham, the medium, went into a deep trance and the trumpet which had been placed on the floor moved about and touched us all. Not only that, but it hovered in the air in front of Charlie Sands, and after a number of kissing sounds, a young woman who said her name was Katie and that she used to know him, asked him to go to a private sitting at Mr. Abraham's, because she didn't want to make any trouble for him by talking there.

"That's right, Katie," he said. "I don't seem to remember you, but be discreet anyhow. And you might pass that word along over there, because a lot of folks could come back and make trouble here if they wanted to."

Well, she agreed to that and was just sending another kiss to him through the trumpet, when she sneezed twice. Tish thought it was Aggie, but it was not. And while this was being argued the medium in his chair suddenly gave a terrific yelp.

"I've been injured!" he shouted. "Somebody's played a trick on me! I'm damaged! I'm hurt!"

Well, Aggie turned on the lamp, and Mr. Abraham was on his feet, making dreadful faces and pulling at the seat of his trousers. Somebody had put a tack with the point upright on his chair, and he must have been standing up, for he had sat down on it. He was very much upset, and left without waiting to collect his fee at all.

It turned out that Charlie Sands had suspected him right along, and had blown some snuff into the trumpet when he was talking to Katie. It was he, also, who had placed the tack on the chair.

A weaker spirit than Letitia Carberry might have been discouraged, but Tish was not daunted; and, although our next sitting was the last we held, since neither Aggie nor Hannah would so much as venture into a dark room after it, it was so conclusive that it left no room for doubt.

To be brief, Tish had always felt that in materializing a goldfish we had done well, but not sufficiently well.

"A fish," she said, "is a lower earth form. It is soulless and purely material, for there is no record of water in the higher planes of existence, since in the spirit we neither thirst nor bathe. We must do better than that."

As a result of this resolution we were, as I have said, compelled to give up our sittings entirely; but not before we had had a success beyond our wildest hopes.

On the night in question, then, we had coaxed Hannah to sit once more, and in a very few minutes we heard undeniable sounds from the neighborhood of the open window. As it was entirely dark we could see nothing, but after a short time Hannah yelled in a terrified voice that something was rubbing against her.

"Hush!" said Tish quietly. "If it is a spirit form it is welcome. Welcome, friend."

"It's scratching my leg!" said Hannah in a dreadful tone.

She then let out a bloodcurdling yell and the next instant the spirit form had leaped to Aggie's shoulder, and she fell from her chair in a dead faint. We were obliged to turn on the light, but it was a long time before she could do more than moan. Naturally the force was entirely dissipated by that time; but Hannah was able to show two long scratches on her leg as evidence, and Aggie's shoulder revealed three or four minute punctures entirely through the skin.

A careful examination of the room also revealed a startling fact. The goldfish had disappeared from its bowl!

It was, indeed, a remarkable achievement, marking as it did our advance from the piscatorial to the animal plane, and indicating that we might even hope before long for the materialized human body. But, alas for Tish's hopes, neither Aggie nor Hannah would sit again. So undermined, indeed, was Hannah's morale by the incident that she gave us a considerable fright only a few days later.

Tish was experimenting with automatic writing at the time, and had already secured a curious result. Her hand had drawn first a series of straight horizontal lines and then crossed them with a similar number of vertical ones, resulting in numerous small squares. Then, moving on inexorably, it had just written beneath: "Number one horizontal," when we heard a terrific shriek from Hannah's room, followed by another and another.

The power, of course, was broken, and, on rushing to Hannah's assistance, we found that she had heard strange movements and sounds from her closet and was convinced that there was a spirit there. It turned out, however, to be only the Ingersolls' cat; a troublesome animal which had crawled in over the fire escape and was playing with a mouse it had captured.

But this practically ended our experiments in that direction. As Tish so justly observed, the craven heart has no place in the spirit world. I have related it, however, because indirectly but surely it had its influence in the Hartford matter.

II

IT WAS just after all this that Aggie's cousin Will Hartford came to see her and to ask her to indorse a note for five hundred dollars. We were all struck by the change in him; he used to be a nice-looking man, rather fastidious

about his clothes, but he looked thin and had a bad color that day, and as shabby as a person could be and go about.

Aggie was so sorry for him that she would have done what he asked, but Tish at once advised against it.

"Lending money to relatives is like lending seed to a canary bird," she said. "You get paid only in song, and some of them can't sing. What's the matter, anyhow, Will?" she demanded, gazing at him with her usual searching glance. "You earn a good salary. You oughtn't to be borrowing seed—I mean money."

"Well," he said, "Emmie's kind of frail. She has been most ever since I married her. It's mostly a matter of doctors and nurses."

"Frail, how?" said Tish sharply. "Morally or physically? She used to be all right. I can remember when she ate three eggs for breakfast and was out in the pantry at eleven o'clock for a glass of milk."

He looked pained.

"She doesn't eat now at all, Letitia," he said sadly. "She feeds most everything that goes up on her tray to the dog. I don't know how she lives on what she eats."

Well, poor Will's story was certainly a sad one. About ten years ago Emmie had been taken sick. Fainted. And from that time on she'd just been up and down. Once they had thought it was a dropped stomach, and about the time she was all strapped up for that along came a new doctor and located something in her gall bladder. Her kidneys were wrong, too, and they'd got a new specialist lately who was laying the trouble to the thyroid gland.

"She's had so many hypodermics that her poor skin is full of holes," he told us. "I guess they've used about a hundred needles on her."

"It's a pity somebody wouldn't use a needle on you," said Tish sharply, looking at a hole in his sock.

But he only put his foot under his chair and went on about his troubles.

"I don't like asking for help," he said, "but every time I get a little money it goes to doctors and nurses. I've paid a nurse forty dollars a week for seven years and I've been needing a new suit for the last six of them. And we can't keep help. There's nobody there now but the nurse. Seems as though the feebler Emmie gets the worse they treat her."

Well, he looked so forlorn that Tish sent Aggie out for some blackberry cordial.

"Is she in bed all the time?" she asked.

"She's up and down. I carry her down to the living room once in a while, but I can't do it often. I'm not so strong as I used to be."

"Still, as thin as she must be ——"

"Well, she isn't exactly thin," he said in an embarrassed manner. "It's a funny thing, but she's put on weight. Of course, weight itself may be a disease. I guess it is with her, anyhow."

Tish glanced at him, but he was drinking his blackberry cordial and didn't notice it. He was certainly shabby, and his face had sort of fallen in.

"What's the matter with your teeth?" Tish said suddenly.

"I've lost one or two of them," he admitted. "I haven't liked to take the time away from her to get them looked at. You see"—he looked away from us, out of the window—"you see, I may not have her long. I don't want ever to feel that I—that I failed her in any way."

"It's a pity it isn't Emmie who's lost her teeth, and not you," said Tish. "Since she doesn't need them and you do."

But he looked pained at that; so she told him she would think things over and let him know what Aggie would do, and he went away. On his way out Tish asked him suddenly what sort of a dog they had, and he seemed surprised.

"It's a Pekingese," he said, and went out with his shoulders bent, like an old man.

After he had gone Aggie told us more about Emmie. She said it was a great pity about her, not forty yet and on her deathbed, but that that sort of weakness ran in the family.

"Her mother was delicate, too," she said. "For twenty-five years she never came downstairs. Her mother carried up every bite of food she ate."

"What happened to her then?" Tish put in, rousing herself. "Did she die?"

"No, but her mother did," Aggie said.

"And then who carried the tray?"

"Well, she began to get better about that time, and she lived to be eighty. She would be living now, poor soul, but she got on a chair one night to reach a piece of pie that somebody had hidden in the pantry, and she fell off and broke her neck."

Tish seemed very thoughtful as she went back to her apartment. She told Aggie not to do anything about the note for a time; that she would go and think over the situation. It was that night that she called me up and asked me how large a Pekingese dog was, and I told her the one my niece, Lily May Carter, had, weighed about seven pounds.

"You're sure of that, are you?" she inquired. "It's not the size of a police dog or a mastiff?"

"Not unless it's grown considerably since I saw it," I assured her.

"Then," she said, "I fancy things at Will Hartford's are in a very bad way. We'd better go there, Lizzie."

"Do you think that Emmie's going to die, Tish?"

"I do, indeed," said Tish dryly. "At eighty or ninety, if I can restrain myself so long, she will pass on. But Will Hartford is in a bad way. And so, I should judge," she added cryptically, "is the Pekingese dog."

We left two days later to see Emmie. It suited none of us to go. It was almost time for the annual meeting at the church, where we invariably serve the supper. Also Aggie was having an early attack of hay fever, which the dust of the motor trip did nothing to allay. All in all, only a strong sense of duty took us, a genuine spirit of self-sacrifice; and when I think of that last evening there, with the house full of doctors and policemen, I cannot restrain a certain sense of bitterness.

We acted entirely for the best. If the results were not what we anticipated, surely the fault is not ours. And how true, indeed, are these lines, secured only the other day by Tish through the medium of automatic writing:

There swims no goose so gray but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

III

IT WAS the night before our departure that Tish and I sat together for advice on the situation, Aggie definitely refusing to join us.

We got rather feeble results, as the power was evidently low; but on her asking if we should go to the Hartfords', the table very clearly rapped "Yes." Whether, after I had gone, Tish received further instructions or not I do not know, but I am inclined to think she did. For one reason, I doubt if the idea of breaking a spring in her car and thus prolonging our stay there originated with her. She is very fond of her car.

(Continued on Page 78)

"There Has Never Been Any Other Woman in My Life, Emmie," He Told Her. "I've Never Had Any Time for That Sort of Thing, and You Know It"

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

A few months before his death Luther Burbank, then at the height of his powers and in the midst of experiments as numerous and important as any conducted during his long and active career, expressed a desire to set down some of his observations of life and men from his viewpoint as a naturalist and humanist. This work, entered on with enthusiasm, soon developed a review of the methods and discoveries Mr. Burbank had employed in training plants to work for men, and its scope broadened. While always reflective and, in a sense, reminiscent, it began to bring out the story of his own mental growth and his unique experiences as a collaborator with Nature. The project went forward rapidly and in substance was in order for publication when he was suddenly taken ill, March 24, 1926.

Although from the beginning he was very sick, Mr. Burbank spoke more than once of this series of articles, and it was his wish, conveyed through Mrs. Burbank, that they be completed according to the plan he had outlined. After his death what remained to be done was done under Mrs. Burbank's personal supervision; the result is an intimate and informal narrative that gives, clearly, a picture of the great naturalist's mind and life. It is significant that the story can now be rounded out with the very last words he wrote and spoke, at the end of a life of seventy-seven years, every hour of which was crowded with vital contacts with men, events, and the vegetable world in which he made himself at once reverent pupil and unrivaled master. —W. H.

PHOTO. BY H. W. GLEASON, BOSTON

Mt. Wachusett From Whittemore Hill, Mr. Burbank's Favorite Landscape. At Right—A Recent Photograph of Mr. Burbank

The naturalist's first question—however learnedly he may phrase it—is one of the child's first questions, asked long before it can speak: "What is this?" . . . But close upon the first arises a second: "How does it work?"—J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

BACK of every plant, every shellfish, every burrowing rodent or ravaging animal, and back of every human being, there stretches an illimitable and mysterious heredity, about the nature of which, and concerning the influence of which on the individual, scientists and the wise men spend their lives in research and speculation and conclusions. Little as we know of this subject, we have pretty generally agreed that the newborn child has a heritage of tendencies and inclinations which furnish the foundation or groundwork upon which he must build his house of life.

But it is only the foundation, I think; the superstructure is built by environment. Heredity is the shape of the edifice, its position on the ground, whether a hillside or a plain, a rugged rock or a piece of shifting sand; environment is the architect of the structure. Probably I have used that word "environment" more often than any other man that ever lived; if I seem to put stress on it, as these papers grow, it is because seventy years of interest in plant life and of wholesale experimentation to discover, test, practice, and then codify the laws underlying that life, have compelled me to the belief that environment is the great molding force behind the steady upward progress of the universe.

A Good Place in Which to be Born

MY OWN heredity gave me a ground plan for my life that called for an edifice sturdily built on the rock of knowledge and fact, and yet that was plastic enough to enable me to use a front elevation strangely like a house of dreams—a veritable castle in Spain. Behind me were hard-headed practicality, shrewd Yankee thrift and an insistence on an exact basis for reasoning and planning. At the same time there came to me, in vein and nerve system and brain cell, the imagination, the tendency to dream dreams, and the instinct to create, that impelled me to invention, to inquiry, to the visioning of ideals that could be attained somehow, no matter how bold or foolhardy the project seemed to others.

My father, Samuel Walton Burbank, was a New Englander of pure and unmixed physical strain, but it was not the shallow soil, the rocky structure below, the hardness of labor, the rigor of the winters, and the austerity of the people about him that he saw; he was a man of imagination and a facile mind, and he glimpsed beauty and the sunshine and the pleasantness of the land in its garments of spring and autumn and was influenced by them. My mother was shrewd and practical, of a nervous temperament, quick and impulsive, yet kindly, intelligent and with a great love of her garden. She had an unusual bent for making things grow, whether from domesticated seeds or from bulbs or cuttings or roots found in the woods all about; one of my earliest recollections is of the beauty and peace and fragrance of that old-fashioned garden of hers.

PHOTO BY J. H. REID, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

My birthplace was the brick house on the Burbank farm in Lancaster Township, near Boston, Massachusetts; I cannot but believe that the farm's diversified nature and activities were strongly influential on my life. The farm work, the pottery kiln my father built and that led him to the foundation of a brickyard, the woodlots from which were taken the fuel supplies for house and kilns, the gardens, berry patches, the sugar bush, and other activities not only kept a small boy busy but kept him interested, since there was never any long stretch of monotonous work—that murderer of enthusiasm and destroyer of the sheer fun of labor!

Near by and all around us were manufacturing plants of the most diverse kinds, where, at that time, something of almost every fabricated article used in growing America was made.

Physically, too, the old Lancaster farm was a broad education to a boy full of curiosity and keen to put his nose into all sorts of businesses and natural wonders. Massachusetts was—and is still!—a good place in which to be born. I can remember now the keen sweetness of the air on sharp mornings, the sun on snow or on green carpets of grass on the rolling land, running up sharply, here and there, to hills where the ribs of the earth were revealed in rugged outcroppings of rock; I can hear the scoldings and makings-up of birds, the sharp crack of ice on a near-by pond, the croak of frogs in the odorous evening, and the welcome sound of a shrill voice calling me to supper.

Rugged Beauty

NEW ENGLAND has something all its own—an atmosphere of rugged beauty, of kindliness hidden behind a brusque manner—that its people absorbed from the land. It is a country full of surprises and discoveries—lost ponds, unexpected vistas, hidden vales, villages cupped in unlooked-for hollows, unanticipated, breathless sights of the distant sea! I do not think I was more sensitive to beauty than all the others, but perhaps I exclaimed about it more. It never failed me. And it never failed to excite and stimulate me.

Physically, I say, our Lancaster Township was a splendid opportunity for an inquisitive boy. Within a day's travel I found and studied a great part of the geographical forms that mark the fascinating surface of the earth. It was not from books that I learned what a cape may be, a promontory, a table-land, a mountain, an inlet, a river, a marsh, a bay, an ocean, or an island. Thoreau was celebrating at that time the majesty of the New England mountains that were not far from us, and the more level lands were a source of inspiration and delight to me. I might add that the variousness of natural things in New England extended to the weather, but if I said that, my New England friends would charge me with being a Californian now, and prejudiced.

As a child, my mother and sister told me long afterward, I was always a lover of flowers. I don't know whether it was the bright color or the perfume or the texture, or all three, because I certainly don't believe that I was a child prodigy or a naturalist in my cradle, but certainly I have been told anecdotes enough of myself to show that I could be kept quiet and happy if I had a flower to hold and admire. This instinct, or passion, or preference continued after I grew old enough to choose my own activities, but I was a fairly healthy, normal boy, I guess, and I can well imagine that flowers appealed to me in inverse proportion to the amount of time I had to spend hoeing them or fertilizing the ground or digging up bulbs in the fall. I cannot remember that I was more interested in flowers or, indeed, in plant life, than I was in everything else about me. To the contrary, I am sure that it was life that absorbed my attention. I had no early tendency toward science, but I had a consuming curiosity, an inquisitiveness, about life forces and the processes and miracles of Nature.

One incident, written clearly on the tablets of my memory, concerns a winter-day discovery that gave me a great deal to think about. I was heartily tired of winter, I remember, as a growing boy in New England was likely to become, and was walking in the timber piece, perhaps moodily, and maybe kicking up the snow and calling it names, and perhaps punished for my petulance by stubbing my rebellious toe against a hard-hearted old New England rock, when suddenly I saw a green place ahead of me. I could not believe my eyes. There were tall grass, bright, fresh, springlike shrubs and vivid vines, and on it all played sunshine almost tropical in its white intensity.

I am sure I must have hurried forward, forgetting my rebel mood, to find that this was all real—a sort of winter oasis of green in a world of monotonous white. It took me some time to make out that there rose here one of those marvelous springs sometimes found in wintry countries that brought to the surface enough heat so that no snow could remain on it, and so that vegetable life could get a foothold and maintain itself in the bitterest weather.

I studied the phenomenon intently. Very dimly there began to grow in my mind vague questions as to how these plants and grasses and vines, their neighbors and cousins and brothers all dead and withered under the snow, or else dormant and waiting for spring, could adjust themselves to this summer-in-winter environment. Why, I asked, didn't they follow the traditions of their families and die with the fall, or droop and shed their leaves and hibernate, no matter what the warm water brought to them in the way of a miracle of equable temperature? Certainly the lycopodiums, the beautiful trailing partridge berry, the sedges and grasses, and here and there an early sprouting buttercup, should have known better, the way they had been raised, and with their decent seven-months-of-summer ancestry behind them, than to flaunt themselves so shamelessly in this unfilial winter blooming!

Factors That Led to My Career

I AM SURE now that my first thoughts—very dim and vague, as I say, and only a boy's surface wonder, instead of a scientific hypothesis—concerning the power of heredity in the miracles of plant variations came to me in that hour. It was late when I started home, and I could hardly wait to get there to tell the folks what I had found. To them it was no miracle; they saw in it no half-revealed secret stolen from Mother Nature's cupboard of marvels; but to me it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened. It turned me to watching and studying and comparing, and when the influence of an older mind, trained in the processes of Nature, fell on me I was wide-awake to make the most of the opportunity.

This older mind that exerted itself strongly in shaping mine was that of my father's nephew, Levi Sumner Burbank, a man who had been well educated, who had a bent for the natural sciences, and who certainly had a remarkable power of exposition and explanation, so that what he talked about was alive and exciting and never dull and tedious. Cousin Levi had been a professor in Paducah College, and had read more books and understood them better than anyone else I knew. My own father was well-read and my mother was versed in a simple knowledge of things, but Levi Burbank had matters at his fingers' ends and could talk of them fluently. He was interested in Nature and her processes and he knew enough of such laws and speculations as men had then formulated to open many doors for an avid boy. It was he, I think, who may have crystallized my formless thinking and shaped my vague theories until he had made me want to know, not second-hand, but first-hand, from Nature herself, what the rules of this exciting game of life were.

These, I am sure, were the factors that led me to my career. My heredity gave me the basic plan for my building; the environment of that New England farm and the influence chiefly of my Cousin Levi showed me early something of the form the edifice was to take.

Afterward I had the beginnings of education along many lines, but in my formative years I was moved only by enthusiasm, a love of Nature, a great and insatiable curiosity, and a high regard for facts as against theories. When I began to work I had no elaborate equipment. I had a garden patch; I had no microscope and Gray's Botany; I had a hoe and a pair of overalls; I had no fixed and inflexible scientific education; I had a voracious appetite for knowledge. I have studied and experimented with plant life for almost seventy years since then; I have watched men and their motives and movements with interest and curiosity; I have regarded the progress of the world and what we call civilization; I have tried to look beyond war for its causes, beyond poverty for its economic germ, beyond ignorance for the sapping parasite from which it grows in the human mind, beyond bigotry and superstition for the human weakness and fear that breed them. I have wondered and questioned and experimented and observed, from the beginning until today, with no more equipment than the mind of one inquisitive and a lover of life, and now I look back down the years and try to set forth here something of what I have observed in all this time.

PHOTO. BY H. W. GLEASON, BOSTON

The Lane Approaching the Burbank Place. The Apple Trees Were Planted by Mr. Burbank's Mother

COPIED FROM A MINIATURE TINTYPE BY H. S. LAWTON, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Luther Burbank at the Age of Sixteen

I had a taste for drawing, and for a time I studied that art seriously; I had a good many inclinations toward the practice of medicine and I took up that training; there was every opportunity for me to go into manufacturing, and I went to work in a factory and for many months believed that I had, perhaps, found my calling there. My employers felt this even more strongly than I did, particularly because, almost at once, I found short cuts which enabled me to improve on their methods; several of the devices which I invented were adopted and made a part of the factory equipment.

Call of the Land

I WAS told that I could advance myself rapidly with them, and my wages were, for that period, very high as a result of my adaptability and the inventive faculty I possessed. But, without my being fully aware of it, Nature was calling me to the land, and when there came to me my share of my father's modest estate I could no longer resist the call.

In Lunenburg Township, not far from Lancaster, I found seventeen acres of unusually fine soil that was for sale. On the place was a good old house and, although some of my friends tried to dissuade me, and the men at the factory told me I was making a mistake, I bought this property and set myself up as a market gardener. It was my notion that the garden would pay its own way and leave me not only a field for experiment but the means with which to work. Oddly enough, it was not my instinctive desire to investigate the laws of the plant world, but a cold necessity which pitched me, as we say, "neck and crop" into plant experimentation.

Immediately I began this vocation of mine I learned what all of us have to learn who enter the sober business of life, namely, that I had not been the first to think of raising produce for the market. In short, I found myself in active competition with well-established and experienced market gardeners; of course, I learned all the tricks of the trade as regards cold frames, hotbeds, the use of glass and fertilizer, and the cultivation of the soil, but my competitors knew these secrets and used them better, probably from years of experience, than could I, a mere youngster. This competition made me a serious student of the methods by which Nature produced

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The House on the Seventeen Acres in Lunenburg Township on Which Mr. Burbank Produced the Burbank Potato in 1872. At the Right, His Birthplace

SHEIK'S CLOTHING

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

REG BROWN was really in no frame of mind to enjoy the afternoon off which was given everybody in the offices of Chapin, Howard and Higginbotham out of respect for Olin T. Chapin, the senior partner, aged eighty-seven, who was being buried at four o'clock. It was not grief for Mr. Chapin, whom he had never seen—Mr. Chapin had been taking things easy since 1899—which weighed on his spirit, however, but the memory of his recent interview with the mother of Elinor Dana.

"But, my dear Reg," Mrs. Dana had said to him in her limpid, beautiful voice which, at the moment, somehow suggested that it was very near the rippling indiscretion of a giggle. "My very dear Reg, adorable as you are, you're a perfect baby."

"I don't see how you can say that, Mrs. Dana," Reg protested. "I graduated from college last year."

"Did you?"

"And I was voted the man in my class most likely to succeed."

"Really?"

"Well, I know that's no guaranty, but it means something when the men you've been with for four years think that of you."

"The men?" Mrs. Dana echoed. "Don't you realize, Reg dear, that your college is just a bassinet; a great, beautiful, green bassinet for hundreds of lovely male babies?"

"Elinor doesn't think I'm so young."

"Elinor is seventeen. She has been known to describe a man thirty as elderly."

"But—" it was a hard thing to say to a person like Mrs. Dana; a person who looked like the lady on a golden coin come to life, "but we're in love."

Mrs. Dana did the awful thing he'd expected. She laughed.

"How in the world do you know you are?"

"We know, all right," Reg informed her, with a scarlet attempt at dignity.

"But you don't. You have only the vaguest idea what love is. You hardly know what women are. As for life!"

In appreciation of his ignorance on that subject, all Mrs. Dana could do was laugh again.

"No, no, Reg, my dear," she repeated in final answer to his question. "Go away for about seven years and ripen a little, while I ripen Elinor. At the end of that time, if you decide you're in love, I may listen to you, no matter how farcical your income."

"Does that mean I can't see Elinor any more?"

"Of course it doesn't. I think you have been perhaps a trifle overconstant lately, but we'll simply adore having you about again as soon as we get back from the South," Elinor's mother told him.

Ruth, Who Was Both Homesick and Lovesick

They were going in four days. It was that which had pushed Reg to this hideous conversation.

"A month and a half from now?" Reg said bleakly.

"Only," Mrs. Dana continued, "you're to see Elinor then with the understanding that you're just dear, ridiculous children, playing at a heroic game of whose implications you haven't the faintest conception. And now you'll have to excuse me, Reg dear. I'm dining out. You've been so amusing. I'll promise never to tell, if it will make you more comfortable."

Comfortable! Reg doubted if he would ever experience another moment's comfort.

He crawled back to the club as though he'd been literally put back into rompers.

He'd got to think of himself as quite old-looking, with his mustache, which, if it was slightly albino and apt to be invisible in any but the proper light, was of a very respectable texture. Now he knew that was just self-deception and conceit.

It wasn't as though Mrs. Dana was a she Methuselah whose opinion on such matters wasn't worth anything. Mrs. Dana was just thirty-seven and lots more frivolous than Elinor. Reg had always believed her a great friend of his, and to learn what she really thought of him was horrible.

He didn't know how he'd have got through that evening if Tubby Preston hadn't been at the club to listen to the story. Tubby had graduated the year before and was a mature, almost fatherly person who nursed a pipe and had judicial views on most subjects.

"By George, that old girl must be as clever as they come," was the reaction of Tubby, who had never seen Mrs. Dana.

"Does that mean you think I am too young?" Reg asked fiercely.

"Hell, no. You can't be too young to marry. I've been too set in my ways to think of it, ever since I was twelve; but where she's clever is that she seized on something with a little truth in it and made you so sensitive about it you'll probably never be able to face her again."

"Then you do think it's true?"

"Sure; I think you're kind of a kid about some things. Have you ever been around with women at all?"

Reg blushed. "At house-party times," he answered.

"I don't mean nice girls. I mean chorus girls and things here in New York. Have you?"

"I don't like 'em," Reg stated.

"How do you know, if you haven't ever been around with them? Now, look here, Reg: I don't say the old girl is right. It wouldn't be my idea to tie a daughter of mine up with some rotten roué, but maybe she's not so crazy as you think. What if you were married to Elinor and one of these other women came along and hooked you? They say the guys without experience are the ones they get every time."

"I'd like to see the one I'd look at with Elinor around."

"Elinor wouldn't stand a chance with the sort I mean," Tubby said, emitting a great, meditative cloud of smoke. "The kind that raise hell with men. Silken women, you know."

"Aw, they're something people make up," Reg averred. "All the ones I ever saw just wriggle around and paw you, and make you sick."

"You're talking about the pikers," Tubby told him. "They never made much trouble for anybody. But there are others. Subtle ones. The ones that give women the rotten reputation they have. Do you remember a play that stock company put on in North Adams called A Fool There Was, where the woman drained a man of every cent he had, and when he shot himself, laughed and said, 'Fool! Fool!' and strewed rose petals over him? Well, it was pretty old-fashioned and all that, but I'll bet there was a lot of truth in it."

Reg Kept His Eyes on Their Faces, Which Were Amazingly Alike in Smart Posterish Make-Up

"Well, if there are any women like that, what would they want with me?" Reg queried.

"To destroy you," Tubby answered. "That's what they like—to destroy the male."

It was extraordinary how discussing the matter with Tubby, even though he agreed in a measure with Mrs. Dana, put it in a manlier, less shameful light. Nevertheless, the depression Mrs. Dana had induced persisted, and that Friday afternoon of presumptive reverence for Mr. Chapin, Reg went to the club with no more joyous plan than to bum around with whoever happened to be there.

The club was empty, however, and to kill time until someone arrived he indulged in a tub, instead of the hurried shower which was all he could get on working afternoons, when he came back grimy from bituminous downtown.

When he went to his chiffonier to get fresh linen it struck him that fate was being rather gratuitously ironic.

Living in the club was always hard on his wardrobe, what with transient brothers taking anything they happened

to need, with or without permission, and an acquisitive houseman cleaning his room every day; but last week in his absorption with Elinor Dana he had forgotten to send off his laundry, then forgotten his omission and drawn heedlessly on the supply of conservative, gentlemanly things such as he wore usually. As a result, the drawers now held only their bottom-most secret layers. Their contents would have been a revelation to a psychoanalyst.

From time to time, during the past few years, Reg had bought clothes with a bravado which had never quite sustained him to the point of wearing them. They had sunk, a brilliant sediment, beneath the humdrum fluid of everyday necessities, and now they lay before him, not the sober habiliments of Reginald Brown, an earnest young man soberly facing life, but the bright garments of the suppressed Reg Brown, of the person he wished to be.

Reg's first reaction was to pull forth again the shirt he had just thrust into the bulging laundry bag, but the collar and cuffs were definitely gray and he was the cleanliest of creatures

He took the top shirt from the second drawer. It was of fine linen besprent with small red flowers, and on the bosom was worked an elaborate cipher in red embroidery. Reg's possession of it was the result of a moment's utter abandon in the New York branch of a French haberdasher; a *succursale* so almost insultingly self-confident that it was practically hidden from the world in an upper room of a Fifth Avenue jeweler. Reg had never had it on his back except to be sure that
it fitted him.

Half-heartedly he adjusted the front collar button, the back collar button, and picked up a plain gold cuff link. Then he remembered the cuff links he'd got at Bill Pierson's wedding, with stripes of red enamel across the gold. He found their case and extracted them, and suddenly it occurred to him that he had a bow tie whose finely dotted luster matched the little red flowers, and that he might as well wear it and a wing collar, and his short black coat and gray striped trousers.

By the time those were laid out on the bed, so in the grip of glad sartorial frenzy did he find himself that, with a white pair still in the lowest drawer, Reg chose some blue-checked trunks which, with his running shirt, made a smart inner costume of their own; and when he was dressed, selected an incredibly sheer handkerchief which was a sophisticated version of a bright Scotch plaid.

As he looked in the glass he wished Mrs. Dana could see him. Experience! He might not have had such an awful lot, but he defied any casual observer to suspect it

The plan of staying at the club had evaporated. In those clothes he'd go to the wildest place he could find. Everyone thought he needed experience so badly; he'd get a little.

It was out of character for the young man in the mirror not to know a choice of the speedier resorts in which to spend a Friday afternoon in New York; but Reg didn't. He'd thought, he meditated bitterly, that the proper course, if you wanted to get married, was to plug along and make good. With Elinor he was accustomed to seek out a little tea garden which called itself, rather affectedly, a Dancing. It was all right, but most of the people who went there, he now realized, were just kids. He wanted something of a very different caliber.

A line of poetry came into his head—"I cried for madder music and for stronger wine."

That was his desire, too—for madder music and for stronger wine. As a matter of literalness, at the Dancing there had been no wine whatever

The poem was about somebody in love and barred out from love just as he was. Where had he heard it? Oh, yes, Ruby Cook Shipman. He'd unfortunately picked it out to praise from a number of poems she recited and it had turned out to be the only one not by her.

Ruby Cook Shipman! Why, wasn't her salon just the place he was looking for? At least, wasn't there a chance this might prove one of the days of whose Bohemian brilliance she had told him?

Ruby Cook Shipman was one of those famous people of whom everyone meets a great many during a first winter in New York. She was not only famous as the creator of the Shippie Kippies, which she herself despised as commercial, but she wrote poetry, and she had done a novel in the manner of James Joyce. She had seized upon Reg with an almost carnivorous cordiality when he had acknowledged her famousness by knowing who she was at a club tea to which Tubby's mother had, rather apologetically, brought her.

Her salon was composed, or usually composed—Reg had been there twice, but both times on off days—of people awfully important in the arts. It certainly seemed logical that if the ladies Tubby had spoken of were to be encountered any place to which he had access, it would be under the ceiling of a broad-minded woman like Ruby Cook Shipman.

"I'm Going to Supper With Bill After the Show. I'll Get Him to Take You Too"

Reg bought a gardenia for his buttonhole at the florist's next the club and took the sunlight like a slim, dazzling yacht.

It was early March, but a day so lovely that he wished absurdly that he had his camera; as though it were possible to catch the quality of spring sunlight on a film. If things had gone right he and Elinor would have been walking in the park. The sunlight would have known how to appreciate her. To be with Elinor was always a little like having found the first flower in an April wood; faint pink arbutus under red-brown leaves, headily sweet. In militant loyalty to her he hoped the hothouse atmosphere of Ruby Cook Shipman's salon would shelter some distorted and poisonous orchid of a woman, so he could prove the disdain of which already he felt sure.

Miss Shipman's studio was on Gramercy Park. It was very handsome, or should have been, but Reg, just as he'd happened on off days as far as the company was concerned, had always seen it in a good deal of disorder.

"Don't tell on me," Ruby Cook Shipman had said to him both times he had been there. "It never gets like this except when I've been having a siege of work. Looks terrible, doesn't it? Pull down the shades and light the candles, will you? So if anybody comes ——"

Things looked more propitious that afternoon when Reg entered—the door was open; it always was; Ruby Cook Shipman had written a poem about how closed doors hurt her heart—because the shades were already drawn and the candles lit. The room was apparently deserted, however; so Reg took off his coat and called:

"Hello, Miss Shipman!"

"Is that you, Weggie Peggie?" Miss Shipman's voice caroled from inner depths. "Ruby'll be right there. Ruby's been making a cake."

"Ruby and Snifter," amended another voice, and a head appeared in a doorway for an instant—a head with a riotously irresponsible face which might have grown on a tavern goblin. "Don't forget Snifter."

Snifter Robinson was Miss Shipman's familiar. That is as accurately as one can define their bizarre relationship.

"Hello," Reg greeted him.

"Absolutely hello," he returned. "We'll be with you in a minute. You know. . . . Why, where's she gone? Look around and you'll find something nice."

With that a person rose from the depths of a dark chair.

"I'm here," a scornful voice said.

Snifter snorted a giggle and withdrew, and Reg found himself looking into the smoldering eyes of exactly the creature Tubby Preston's words had evoked to his imagination.

She was tall—almost as tall as he—and she was beautiful in a carefully painted but angry way. Her clothes and her hat were like those of ladies in pictures which the artist has merely suggested by a few sure lines. Amazingly enough, on her lips was the one word Tubby had quoted his woman as using.

"Fool," she said—meaning Snifter—and sank into her chair again.

Reg could see her there now, her garments dark in the chair's darkness, her face smoldering. He tried to think of something sophisticated to say which she couldn't despise, but before he had succeeded she spoke.

"What are you looking at me for?"

Her sultry voice was a challenge.

"I didn't know it was forbidden," he responded to it.

"I wish you wouldn't."

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THE USES OF ADVERSITY

Cindy Went Across to Fetch Morris and He Came Without Protest, Dragging His Ladder Behind Him

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THERE was a family in Fraternity by the name of Brisker. That is to say, there had been a family by that name; but only two brothers remained. Old Will Brisker had owned a decent farm toward North Fraternity, and when his neighbors gave up the effort to maintain themselves upon the land and moved away he sometimes bought their holdings. In this wise he came into possession of the stand of buildings and some fifty acres of land between his own farm and the village where, after his death, Morris Brisker lived alone. Jud, the elder brother, stayed at the original farm and prospered there. Old Will had been dissatisfied with Morris, and had expressed this feeling so openly and so often that Morris held in the town much the same position as a dog which has acquired a bad name.

If Morris was a dog with a bad name, Jud was a horse of another color; for the two brothers were unlike in almost every particular. There was a tremendous disparity in size between them; for Morris was a big man, with hulking shoulders and a lowering brow, while Jud was small and active and efficient, and he had a gift for good humor and a ready smile. Also Jud was aggressive and confident, while life had taught Morris to be mild and unassertive and to take ill fortune as it came.

Their farms were nearer North Fraternity than Fraternity itself, so that they did not come to the village for the mail and were seldom seen there on other errands. Nevertheless, their affairs were of interest to the town, and were well enough known. It was known, for instance, that the enmity between them dated back to the time when, as boys together at home, they fought, and Morris, unconscious of his own strength, broke his brother's arm. The arm had been set by old Will Brisker himself and had been slightly crooked ever since; it thus served to keep Jud continually reminded of the wrong his brother once had done him. And for all his good humor, he was not a forgiving man.

Not that this long ill feeling between them ever flamed nowadays into any active fire; but it existed and was recognized, and it could be discovered by any observant eye in Jud's countenance whenever he encountered his brother. Morris never displayed any particular dislike for Jud; it is doubtful whether he felt any. He was, as has been said, a humble soul; and it is probable that he was always conscious that in that ancient victory he had been wrong.

The farm where Morris lived was on a slope of land that canted to the north, and so was not so productive as other lands about; Jud's place, nearer North Fraternity, was as good as any farm in town. So while Morris had seldom more than a scant finger hold on security, Jud did well and thriftily. There was a woman whom he hired to come in daily and attend him, make his bed, cook his supper in the evening, wash his dishes afterward and keep his house in general order. Morris, on the other hand, was his own cook and housemaid, and his kitchen was a scandal to the community.

The Frye place was just across the road from Morris' farm; but during the three years it lay empty the man had no neighbor nearer than his brother, half a mile away. He must have been, at times, lonely enough; but he was not heard to complain. Then Weed bought the Frye place and came up from Portland to live there; and he and his wife put it in order and brought it into productive life again. Weed at first sometimes went to Morris for advice, for he was not a man who knew anything about farming; he had bought this farm, as it were, by the doctor's order, and he was not well. Morris gave liberally of what wisdom he possessed; but Weed usually found that the other's advice had been wrong, and after a time he ceased to ask for it, and Morris soon gave over volunteer assistance.

Cindy Weed, the newcomer's wife, saved the situation. She had been born on a farm near Augusta, one of a large family of girls; and she had been used to doing chores and all the little tasks a farm can offer. Weed had to avoid the harder enterprises, because any extreme exertion reacted unfavorably on his health. So Cindy usually split the wood and pitched the hay and did whatever required stern manual effort. She was fit for it—a fine, strong woman, as big as a man; and she had strength not only for these enterprises but also to care for Weed as tenderly as though he had been a baby. Whatever might be done for him she did; but it was not enough, for in his second year in Fraternity, in March, when the thaws began, he died.

A year or two later Will Belter said one night at the store in Fraternity village that he expected she would marry Jud Brisker by and by.

While Weed was ill, Fraternity folk did what they could to make matters easier for Cindy; and when he died, they offered her a measure of sober sympathy which she found surprising. She was never a sentimental woman, never much given to any overt display of feeling; and her demeanor during the formalities of the funeral was still and unemotional. But afterward Lee Motley's wife kept her to dinner with them, and to spend the night; and Mrs. Motley, turning down the coverlet on the other's bed when they went upstairs at last, saw that her guest was weeping silently. She pretended not to observe this.

But Cindy said, with a little laughter behind her tears, "I know I'm a fool to act this way; but you've all been so good to me."

So the two women talked for a while together, and Cindy confessed that heretofore she had felt excluded and shut out from the life of the village. "I thought you didn't like me, or maybe disapproved of the way I worked around the place all the time. But I had to." She had intended, she confessed, to sell the farm and go back to her home. "But you've all been so good to me," she explained, "that I've decided to stay and run the place and get along if I can."

And Mrs. Motley approved and encouraged her. This was before Lee himself was forced to give up the struggle.

"You'll do fine," Mrs. Motley assured her. "You're as able as a man."

The word of her decision went abroad through the town, and it was received without any comment which came to her ears. She had at that season little more than routine chores to do; and she was thus given time to plan her movements when the thaws should pass, the ground dry out a bit and plowing time come around. She and Weed had kept two cows and some chickens and a pig to use the surplus milk; but they had neither horse nor oxen for the plowing. She expected to have to hire this done.

But one day Jud Brisker drove into the yard with his team and a plow in the wagon, and knocked at the kitchen door and said with that friendly smile of his, confident and sure, "'Morning, Mis' Weed. Where'd you figure on having your garden this year? I can plow it for you."

This was the beginning of their developing intimacy. She had, of course, seen Jud before. His brother Morris, just across the road, she saw more often; but Morris was a character almost negative, inconspicuous and unassertive, a part of his background. Sometimes days passed when she was not even conscious of his movements or of what he did. Jud was a man less easily ignored, and during the succeeding months she saw more and more of him. They met in no social fashion, but Jud was apt to appear when there was work to be done that lay beyond her strength.

He cultivated her garden once or twice, after things began to grow; he and Gay Hunt got in enough hay to carry her through the winter; he brought a man to buy her apples and arranged for their picking; and he spent some days in October felling white birch and working it up into four-foot lengths, hauling and stowing it in the shed that connected her house with her barn.

Cindy accepted these ministrations gratefully. There was no reason why she should not do so, since Jud never attempted to approach a more familiar footing with her. But she was, even from the first, vaguely disquieted by the fact that he refused to be paid for his labors.

"No, ma'am," he used to say. "I got some free time and nothing to do at home—that's all."

During the winter after her husband's death she discovered, or seemed to discover, in his manner toward her a suggestion of authority, of possession. "As though," she thought, "he were beginning to feel that he had to take care of me, and that he could tell me what to do." Thus, long before Will Belter put into words the expectation that she would some day marry Jud, Cindy had understood quite plainly that she could if she wished, that Jud himself would eventually make the issue plain. And since it is not a pleasant estate for a woman to be alone on one of these remote farms, she weighed the possibility in her mind.

It was as a result of these considerations that, in the summer, fifteen months after her husband's death, she went across the road one day to talk to Morris Brisker. She was, of course, by this time on familiar terms with Morris; she knew the manner of his life and she knew the man. He had at first seemed to her to be the perfect type of indolent and shiftless farmer, living a bachelor existence, a recluse, an idle and a worthless man. Herself indomitably energetic, she had difficulty in understanding that a man, his muscular strength infinitely superior to her own, could live under such circumstances as Morris did. She first went across to his house on that day when her husband was taken ill, when it was necessary to move him to his bed

"And I can't manage him alone," she told Morris. "So if you could come over and help me ——"

He nodded, something ponderous and at the same time impressive in the slow movement of his great head

"I'll come right along," he said, and followed her toward the door. It was just before supper in the evening; and she saw his coffeepot on the stove, and went to take it off and set it aside.

"It might boil over," she explained.

"The dummed thing always does," he replied without heat, "minute you turn your back." He followed her across the road.

She was, a little later, furiously angry with him; for though he lifted her husband easily and carried him to their room like a baby, he was at the same time so awkward at the task that he dragged Weed's shins against the door jamb, wringing a low cry from the man. And Cindy could hardly control her unreasoning anger; she dismissed Morris with a curt word, sent him home.

Later and on other occasions she went again to the house across the road, and she had time on these visits to form a complete picture of the fashion in which the big man lived. The disorder in the house, she came to perceive, was not the result of laziness on his part; it was apparent that he tried to have things in some propriety. The sooty coffeepot was not merely neglected; it had been scrubbed and scrubbed, but by an inexpert hand. The rusty stove showed evidences of care, though the care was absurdly unskillful; the floor had been scrubbed, but there was fresh mud on it from the man's boots; the bed was made, but lumpily. And there were about the house an astonishing number of things which had been broken and ineptly repaired—a chair, the legs of which were braced with strands of wire, yet still unstable; a rattling pane in the window, set by an amateur hand to replace a broken one; a cracked lamp chimney, streaked with soot from an untrimmed wick. Once or twice, unable to hold her hand, she set to work to put the house to rights; and she found it, for all its disorder, surprisingly clean in unexpected places. There was no dirt under the sink, no useless litter in the closets, not even dust beneath the bed.

"He's a man, that's all," she told herself, coming at last to a conclusion, cataloguing her neighbor in her mind. "That's all's the matter with him; he just don't know how to do for himself, that's all." So she did for him upon occasions; she washed his dishes with scalding water to remove the accumulated film of old grease which polished them; she mended his clothes; she blacked the stove. There was, of course, no regularity about these ministrations on her part, and it is possible that by contrast Morris found his condition even more distressing when his affairs fell into their old disorder once more. But her efficiency delighted him, won the big man to a slow and silent admiration and a reverence; he used to watch her thus admiringly while she moved to and fro in his home.

It was to this man, Jud's brother, then, that she turned when she wished to avoid being under further obligations to Jud. She crossed the road one morning in mid-June, just after breakfast, and she found Morris washing his breakfast dishes with a slow and clumsy particularity. At her knock she heard him come toward her, and then a dish fell and crashed in shards across the floor; and she laughed at him uncertainly and said, "Didn't scare you as bad as that did I?"

"I'm always dropping them," he confessed.

She took the towel from his hands. "I'll finish," she said, and proceeded to do so, talking over her shoulder to him while she worked, explaining what her errand was.

"So I was wondering if I could get you to come and help," she explained. "There won't be more'n three days' work, say. I don't have to have only enough hay for the cows."

He said unemotionally, "I reckon I can come." But when she asked what he would charge her for the work, she surprised him to faint protest. "Guess I wouldn't ask you to pay me," he said uneasily.

She laughed. "I don't want you unless I can pay you," she confessed. "Jud'd do it for nothing; but I'm not on the town yet, anyway. I want to hire it done this year."

He fumbled a little, seeking words. "Jud coming, is he?" he asked. "Guess he wouldn't want me helping him."

"Can't you and I do it?" she urged. "I can drive a horse and pitch on, and you can load it and mow it." She added quickly, "I'll tell you; I'd like to get it done, and then if Jud does come to do it, I can tell him it's all finished. Do you see?"

"He's haying now," Morris agreed. "I see him yest'day."

"I don't want to interfere with your work, of course."

"Plenty of time for that," he told her; and in the end she had her way. She was always prompt in execution; she suggested that they start that day, and he agreed.

Cindy found the experience a trying one. She did her part well enough; and Morris tried, the furious perspiration on his brow the result not so much of his physical exertions as of his anxiety to satisfy her. But the man did not know how to use his strength and the result was that they were in continual difficulties. He broke the hayrake—his own—by driving it over a rock, and they lost half a day while he repaired it with hay wire and splints of wood

But his ineptitude did not fully appear till they came to the business of getting the hay into the barn. Cindy, as she had suggested, pitched the stuff onto the rack; Morris undertook to load it.

To load hay on a wagon appears to be a business simple enough; but as Morris did it, it entailed a series of mishaps. Almost every time, on the way to the barn, half the load was jolted off; great gouts of hay would topple to this side or that and have to be pitched back on again; and once while he was loading, the hay under his feet slid off the load and he fell with it, wrenching his ankle in such fashion that he limped for the rest of the day.

(Continued on Page 140)

"'Morning, Mis' Weed. Where'd You Figure on Raising Your Garden This Year? I Can Plow It for You"

Production and Prosperity

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ASK any man in the street to indicate offhand the basic factor in our prosperity and the chances are that he will name production. Nor is it surprising. He sees evidence of it wherever he turns, because America thinks and works in big terms

The automobile that takes him to work or play; the radio that beguiles his hours at home; the movie that he watches every week; the telephone, typewriter, newspaper and magazine that have become part and parcel of his daily life, are all symbols of a quantity effort that is the wonder of the age. Production, therefore, is the headliner in the gilded formula for our affluence which makes us both unique and envied among the nations of the earth.

The Auto is First in American Manufactures

In the first article of this series the composite picture of our national well-being and its bulwarks was revealed. We can now get down to specialization. Production will be featured. Hence the star performer in the second reel of this prosperity panorama will be the industrial producer.

It means that the curtain will rise on a spectacle that is vitally and distinctively American. In no other country anywhere have coal, iron, steel, copper, coke and oil been translated into such a titanic drama of wealth and power. It has brought about an astonishing self-containment at home and a growing trade abroad.

Mining and manufacturing account for 14 per cent of our national equity, which is only 2 per cent less than the agricultural figure. There is no magic or mystery about this. We have effectively utilized materials, labor, capital and power under a system of management that not only makes for individual advancement but achieves miracles of output.

Increased Output, Decreased Labor

SINCE the beginning of the century our manufacturing production has increased more than 160 per cent; our mining production, 225 per cent; and our agricultural production, 40 per cent, whereas our population has grown only 50 per cent. Output of manufactured articles has grown from $77.34 per capita to $134.28, after allowing for changes in the value of the dollar.

This increase in goods available for each individual has come without a proportionate increase in human labor, but by more efficient direction. Since 1889 the horse power back of every worker in industry has advanced 76 per cent. Taking the bigger view, in a quarter century horse power in manufacture has grown from 10,000,000 to 33,000,000, of which 13,000,000 is in electric power. In consequence the personnel required to produce a unit of manufactured product has decreased 33 per cent.

To illustrate: When the United States Steel Corporation was organized twenty-five years ago the production of a ton of pig iron required fourteen hours of work for one man. Today it takes an average of two hours.

Wages in American industries have risen 199 per cent since the outbreak of the World War, while the cost of goods and services used in the average worker's family has risen only 70 per cent. The worker puts in 7 per cent less work time a week and gets much more return for what he spends. With this prosperity of the individual has come a larger prosperity for the nation through the now-constant consuming and purchasing power The scope of life is widened and brightened, and you have that contentment which, in the last analysis, is the guaranty of progress.

Our industry is more than a ceaseless machine vibrant with a vast energy. It represents a new cooperation that is the guaranty of industrial success

The creators of this era in output are more than mere business men. They have that quality of economic statesmanship which makes for big leadership. Conspicuous among them is Owen D. Young. As Chairman of the Board of Directors of the General Electric Company, he occupies a preëminent position in industry. His work as member of the Dawes Committee is part of the history of these times. It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, that his analysis of production in its relation to American life and progress should lead off this second installment of interviews. Here it is:

"It is frequently said that the causes of American industrial supremacy are mass production and management. Without quarreling with that answer or denying its correctness, I should prefer to make it more personal and concrete by saying that it is men and money working together on well-defined principles."

Steel is One of the Corner Stones of American Prosperity

Men and Money in Production

"THEY have men in other countries as able as our own. They have money, too; not as much, to be sure, but perhaps enough. The striking difference between our industrial organization and theirs is the principle and spirit which govern the coöperation of capital and labor, or men and money in production.

"Our capital is plentiful; our labor is scarce. That has compelled us to make machines do the work of men and to put great power back of the machines. In order to get the largest output from the machines at the lowest cost we were obliged to standardize our product into a few types and manufacture it in great volume. In this way we harnessed our capital to make good our deficient labor supply. We made our workers directors instead of generators of power.

"We increased our output a man without strain on him, and increasing our production a man and a foot of floor space we learned that high wages were not inconsistent with low costs. We learned that our principle of coöperation between men and money must be that men should make the machines work to their fullest possible capacity. There was no room for the notion of limitation of output such as exists in foreign countries. Under our conditions limitation meant that capital was idling, that the men were not making capital contribute its share toward high wages.

"From this results a new theory of management altogether. The managers of great concerns are no longer the paid attorneys of the capitalists to depress wages and boost the market in order that profits

may be high. They are, instead, trustees of an institution, the object of which is to bring capital and labor into partnership for economical production on a vast scale. In the interest of the institution they must see to it that capital is so safe and well paid that it is available to them under all conditions. They must see to it that the product is so well and economically made as to command the market under all conditions.

"These two requirements are absolutely essential to high and continuous earning power on the part of every man engaged, from the president of the concern to the most unskilled of the workers. Being in command of capital that is to say, the most effective tools and being in command of the market—that is, the best product at the lowest price—the institution is sound in its balance sheet and the men are safe in their jobs. That makes the best place for men to invest their money, and at the same time, the best place for men to work.

"How different all this is from the little industrial unit of New England two generations ago! There the owners were the managers, and low wages meant low cost, and high wages, high cost. It was truly a conflict between labor and capital. Then stockholders were owners. If business was not promising they did not sell their stock, but corrected the weakness of the business. Today, in our great corporations, our stockholders are investors. They are interested in the balance sheet and in their dividends, but not in the business. If the business does not look promising the stockholders do not try to correct it. They sell their stock."

A Common-Sense Formula

"IN THAT other day all men not stockholders were employes, whether they were managers or workers. Now, all men, whether managers or workers, are jointly interested in trying to make capital, expressed in inanimate machines and in inanimate power, produce a mass output of standardized type which will guarantee to them the safety of the institution, the maintenance of their earning power, and most of all, their pride in their own concern.

"The interest of the great concern is no longer local or sectional. It is as wide as its market, and as we become exporters it becomes world wide. This accounts for the increasing interest of the managers of great businesses, not only in the economic affairs of this country but of the world. As trustees of national institutions their interests are the nation's interest, and their power is the nation's power."

The production that Mr. Young has so clearly defined would be impotent without our vast and diversified resources. We shall next get the opinion of Cornelius F. Kelley, president of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, which, with its affiliated companies, accounted for 18 per cent of the total world output of copper and 20 per cent of the production of North and South America last year. His appraisal follows:

"The danger of violent and widespread fluctuation in economic conditions has been, to a great extent, removed from American industry. This does not mean that periodical adjustments will not have to be made, nor that we shall have a wholly uninterrupted continuation of prosperity. On the whole, however, such readjustments should come with less shock, continue a shorter time, and be accompanied by much less general disturbance of the business structure than characterized the so-called panics and hard times of the past.

"Among the reasons for this belief are. The changing character of the economic life of our country; the increasing diversity of occupation, thereby minimizing the risk; a more adequate banking system to meet fluctuating demands for credits; a sound currency; improved transportation; better organization of industry and the distribution of its products, a clearer understanding of relations between employer and employe, and more clearly defined relationships between business and the Government.

The Lunch Wagon is One of the Most Popular Places at the Noon Hour. At Left—New England Textile Workers After the Whistle Blows

"The prosperity of the United States affects the national life of the people, as reflected by the sums available to conduct the activities of Federal, state, and local governmental administration. It enters into the domestic economy of every household, and is the final factor that determines not only the cost of living but the manner of living.

"To achieve it there must be a balance between the ability to produce and the capacity to purchase. No political vagary will furnish the substitute for the common-sense formula that to create prosperity commodities must be produced at a cost that will permit them to be sold at a price that will maintain a standard of living in keeping with the social aspirations of the people and at the same time provide a surplus fund for savings."

Making Tires Upon Which the World Rides

Elements

"SOME of the more important elements in our prosperity may be summarized under four heads. The first lies in a stable and fairly administered Government. In a nation such as ours, where more than 40 per cent of the total population is gainfully employed, no function of government is more important than to define with certainty, administer with impartiality, and protect the relation between business and the Government.

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THE TERRIBLE TROPICS

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

Earl Abbott Set His Teeth. Mr Cameron Was Greeting Them, a Self-Possessed Smile on His Well-Cut Face

ON THE credit side of his personal ledger Earl Abbott had a romantic nature, a coonskin coat, a college diploma with the dew still fresh on it, a job with a future in his uncle's importing company, a roadster, a pleasant tenor voice and a deep-rooted conviction that Miss Polly Boyden was the most charming and desirable creature in the known world.

On the debit side Mr. Abbott was faced by a shortage in self-esteem, due to the fact that he was keenly aware that he weighed one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. Now a casual critic would have called Mr. Abbott large, for he was tall, big of frame, and, though well rounded, not overly lumpy. But Mr. Abbott always thought of himself as fat, gross, obese. This depressed him.

In his four years at Yale he had poured many facts into his mind, but the one which stuck there and persistently haunted him was that, in the whole history and literature of love, few, if any, fat men have cut dashing figures. He brooded over his poundage. Particularly in the presence of Miss Boyden was he conscious of it. For, in her riding habit, with boots and crop thrown in, Miss Boyden could step on the scales with the indicator set at one hundred pounds and not cause it so much as to flicker. When he was away from her he was miserable, and when he was with her he was distrait, warm, moist and, as to tongue, numb.

And there wasn't much he could do, it seemed. In vain did he confine his diet to fruit juices, until the sight of an orange made him wince. In vain did he jerk chest weights, heave medicine balls till he was one vast ache. Nature had spoken. He'd melt, boil and fast off a pound in the afternoon, only to put it on again immediately that evening, merely by reading the dinner menu at the club. Scales had a gruesome fascination for him. He daily lurked in their vicinity, just as murderers are popularly supposed to be drawn to the scenes of their crimes. Six or seven times a day he slipped a hopeful penny in the slot of some weighing machine, closed his eyes in prayer as the arrow spun round, opened them wide with the wild optimism of a man who looks for miracles, faced the inexorable figures—and loudly groaned.

However, on his twenty-fifth birthday, Earl Abbott made up his mind to do something more positive about the emotion he felt for Polly Boyden than yearn. He had been yearning actively for three years now. He had clung to a hope that yearning might cause him to waste away. It hadn't.

He dared permit himself the belief that Polly liked him. She was always glad to see him when he called; or seemed to be anyway. She liked to hear him sing, or said so. She went with him, unprotestingly, to parties, football games, the theater. They had good times together, he and Polly. Of course, he reflected, their conversation had always been pretty impersonal, just gossip about their friends and books and shows and such things. Yes, he could be fairly sure that Polly liked him. But Mr. Abbott aspired to more than that.

Being liked, he mused, as he guided his car up Fifth Avenue, toward her house, is the fate of fat men. They make splendid friends of the family. They are comfortable to have around when one needs cheering up. They sing, they give bird imitations, they tell their little stories, they fit in nicely in a bridge game. They are good natured, sympathetic, amusing and often they pay the check. Girls give them a big-brother friendship. Then the day comes when the fat man, miserable in his cutaway and high collar, aware that the debutantes are tittering at the way he crowds his trousers, stands in church and sees the girl he loves marry some lean, trim, earnest-faced chap, while he struggles to keep the tears from trickling down over his second chin.

Earl Abbott had a set purpose as he headed for Polly Boyden's home that evening. He was going to tell her something, and he was going to ask her something. He had invited her to have dinner and go to the theater with him, explaining that it was his birthday and he wanted to give a little private party. He had resolved that before he brought her home he was going to tell her what was in his heart.

She was so delicious to look at, he thought, as she greeted him, that his faculties of speech were all but paralyzed. He managed to gulp a good evening. He held her evening cape of softest white fur and his hands trembled as he placed it about her slender shoulders.

"It's been a glorious day," said Polly Boyden. Earl Abbott drew in his breath.

"Yes," he said, "it has."

"And what a heavenly evening!"

"Yes, isn't it?"

He had a pressing wish to kick himself for his ineptness. Polly deserved a poetic lover; doubtless she expected one, too—one who could say glamorous things about the evening and the stars and her eyes.

"Don't you like my dress?" he heard her asking.

"You bet." Earl Abbott almost did kick himself then. Of course he should have spoken of that dress. He had noticed it, of course, and had been groping for words to tell her how lovely he thought it and she were.

"I rode in the park today," said Polly, as he helped her into the car

"Did you?" Yes, he must kick himself. What an asinine thing to say—"Did you?" Of course she did, or she would not have said so.

"You don't ride, do you, Earl?"

"No." That wasn't much of an answer. He sought urgently for some explanation with which to soften his blunt monosyllable. "I guess I'm too—too—beefy."

Beefy? That sickening word! He had not meant to say it. He had intended to say busy. But the "beefy" had slipped out because that was the word he applied to himself in his more intense moments of self-criticism. He loathed himself. He did not want her to think of him as beefy; no doubt she did. He glanced at her, so small, so delicate, so fragile—a lark beside a duck. He must say something—something light, to show that he was only joking.

To his horror he heard himself laugh a hollow laugh and say, "Beauty and the Beef!"

He hoped sincerely that his car would collide violently with a bus, that Polly would escape unhurt, but that he would be reduced to a pulp. He was denied this fate

They entered the ornate portals of the Restaurant Regina, which Earl had chosen because the booths there give dining couples a semiprivacy. It is the current dining place of society. The menu is in French and asparagus costs one dollar the stalk. It will be the favored dining spot of society until a new restaurant is opened where the menu is in French and asparagus costs one dollar and a quarter the stalk. Earl Abbott invested a considerable portion of his weekly salary in caviar, quail, asparagus and *bombe* Regina, and turned to Polly.

She was almost too beautiful to speak to, but he, mustering his forces, began. "An evening like this," he said, "fills a fellow with all sorts of thoughts."

"I suppose so."

She was looking at him, steadily, seriously. He played with his butter knife. He was afraid that if he looked at

her he would burst out with, "I don't want to eat or talk or think. I want to take you in my arms and hold you and kiss you and love you."

But that, he reflected, would sound silly, coming from a fat man, especially in the Restaurant Regina. He looked across the room and in the mirror saw a reflection of himself, his blond hair, his roundish, pinkish face. His eyes rested on the image of his white shirt bosom a starched prairie.

"Looks like a skating rink," he thought.

"What are you thinking about, Earl?" Her voice was soft.

"Oh, nothing."

"You look so serious. I'm sure you're thinking of something. Is it my hair? Don't you like it cut this way?"

"It's swell, Polly."

Swell? He had been thinking it was exquisite, entirely adorable. He fought off a growing sense of being inadequate to the situation by reminding himself that his great-great-grandfather had been a general in the Revolutionary War. Never-Say-Die Abbott, they called him. The great-great-grandson of a man called Never-Say-Die could hardly retreat now. Earl Abbott addressed his companion: "Polly?"

"Yes, Earl?"

"I want to ask you something."

She bent her small head toward him attentively—"Yes?"

He cleared his throat—"What sort of man do—girls like?"

Polly considered. "All sorts," she decided.

"I mean"—he addressed the fruit salad he had reluctantly ordered for his own dinner—"what sort of man does your sort of girl like?"

Polly wrinkled her brow. "My sort of girl? Am I just a sort?"

"Oh, no! No, indeed!" Earl hastily assured her. "You're no sort of girl. I mean, you're a girl all by yourself. I guess what I meant was what sort of man do you like—you, yourself, I mean."

Polly gravely gave thought to the question. "First of all," she said at length, "he must be a man." Earl Abbott nodded. So far, so good. "Then," said Polly, "he must be fine and honest and—well, masculine."

"Aren't most men?" asked Earl.

"Not the way I mean," answered Polly. "I mean—I suppose another word for it is masterful—I like a man who does things."

"I know," said Earl, a shade of despair in his voice; "you like the aggressive type—the go-getter. I guess that's the only trait in men that women really admire."

"It's a good trait," said Polly. "Of course," she added, "it's a great deal in any man's favor that he's in love with me."

"I suppose a lot of fellows are," said Earl, in a voice hardly describable as overjoyed.

"Well," said Polly, "I'm twenty-two, blond, active and looking round."

Earl Abbott drew in his breath. "Polly," he said, "if you liked a man, would it make much difference to you what he looked like?" He tried to make the question sound casual.

"Of course," said Polly. "I doubt if I could ever learn to love a man with a long brown beard or with ferret eyes. You see, Earl, most girls have an ideal—probably found in a book when they were silly and sixteen. They, naturally, fall in love with a man who is like that ideal."

"Did you have one, Polly?"

"Of course."

"What was it like?"

"It sounds simple-minded—now."

"Please tell me."

"Well," said Polly, "I fell in love with a man when I was fifteen. I used to leave love letters for him in a stone wall. I used to lie awake in my room hoping he would come to the rose garden under my window and ask me to elope with him on his horse."

"Who was he?" asked Earl Abbott, somewhat huskily.

Polly blushed. "Ivanhoe," she said. Then she laughed. "You think I'm silly, don't you, Earl?"

"Not at all," he replied. "I had a crush on Rowena, myself."

"Then you do understand!"

Earl nodded, but his nod was glum. "I remember Ivanhoe well," he said. "Straight, erect, slender, soldierly—wasn't that the sort of fellow he was?"

"Yes," said Polly. "I can see him now."

"Have some more asparagus?" Earl asked, almost fiercely.

"Why!" exclaimed Polly, "isn't that Harvey Cameron?"

"Where?" Earl nearly growled.

"Across the room—in that corner. He just came in. He's all alone."

"Too bad," said Earl. "Let's pretend we don't see him."

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Harv's a very old friend of mine. We often ride together."

She bowed and smiled across the room. Mr. Harvey Cameron rose and sauntered toward their table. He sauntered, as he did everything else in life, gracefully, for he was a lithe and elegant young man. Earl Abbott thought of a description he had once heard of Cameron—"The sort of man whose evening shirt never bulges, who never seems to perspire, who has the nerve of the devil, which makes him a success with polo ponies and women." Earl Abbott set his teeth. Mr. Cameron was greeting them, a self-possessed smile on his well-cut face.

"Ah, good evening, Polly. What a delightful dress—and your hair! I love it that way. 'Evening, Earl." Polly smiled. Earl didn't. "I'm dining in lonely state," announced Mr. Cameron. "Pathetic to be a bachelor, isn't it, Polly?" He stood there assuredly.

Earl, with his eyes on the long, well-turned limbs of Mr. Cameron, and his wasplike waistline, thought homicidal thoughts. He expected the worst and it was not long in coming.

"May I join you?" he heard Harvey Cameron say.

"Why," Polly said, "that would be nice."

Mr. Cameron did not wait to hear what Mr. Abbott thought it would be. He was a man of action.

"Waiter, another place at this table," he directed. He sat down nonchalantly and scanned the menu.

"We're almost through," said Earl Abbott.

"Oh, I want only a bite," said Harvey Cameron. "I must keep my weight down to one-fifty-five, you know. Polo and plumpness don't mix—what?"

"If he looks at me again like that when he says plumpness," thought Earl Abbott, "I'll strangle him where he sits."

"You played splendidly Saturday, Harv," Polly said.

"Thanks," replied Mr. Cameron. "Didn't I? But then I knew you were in the stand."

Chatting amiably about himself and polo, Mr. Cameron ate his dinner before Earl Abbott's tortured eyes—pâté de foie gras, alligator-pear salad, fresh strawberry ice cream—all beloved by Mr. Abbott, but barred from his dietary scheme.

"It was one of the neatest goals I ever made," Mr. Cameron was saying. "With just a minute to go in the last chukker, I shot the ball ——"

"That reminds me, Polly," interrupted Earl, "that you and I had better shoot along to the theater."

"Ah," said Mr. Cameron, "going to see a show?"

"One doesn't go to a theater to dig clams," said Earl.

"What are you going to see?" asked Mr. Cameron imperturbably.

"Tropic Doom," Polly told him.

"Haven't seen it," said Mr. Cameron. "Hear it's pretty torrid though. Why don't I go along?"

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"Your Uncle and Aunt Were Coming Part Here on Their Yacht. I Made Them Bring Me"

SPORTSMAN

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

A QUARTET of menfolks loafed in the warm morning sun that flooded one of the kennel runs of the Glenmere Hunt Club, reading a paragraph in the latest issue of Dog Monthly. It must have been hot stuff, that paragraph, for young Mr. Becky de Havin, having finished it, scratched his pale blond head and expressed what to the general run of us would seem a most irrational desire.

"I hope to kiss a pig!" said that young man; adding, with what appeared to be grudging admiration, "Foxy Grandma!"

"The Morrigu!" exploded K O Pat O'Boyle, without trace of admiration whatsoever, the Morrigu being a hideous old fury that hovered gloating over Irish battlefields in ancient pagan days, shrieking glee at the downfall of good fighting men.

What Mr. Slugs O'Boyle called the lady who, it seems, was author of this paragraph will not be here recorded. Mr. Slugs O'Boyle, known also in sporting circles as the Baiter, had not been honored with this extra title in addition to his already adequate designation, Slugs, because his tongue dripped honey. Our Slugs was called the Baiter because his tongue dripped H_2SO_4, which will eat holes in any paper used for making magazines.

The fourth gentleman of our quartet, although perhaps more vitally interested than any of the others, made no observations upon the paragraph in question. He maintained instead a characteristic silence. In lieu of comment, he looked wise, continuing to regard that copy of Dog Monthly with unwavering attention. They had their lapses, true, those three others; but sooner or later they would return to sanity again, upon which one of them was sure to crumple up the paper to a ball and throw it down the kennel run.

A male quartet has often been facetiously described as three men and a tenor. We have always held that this description works a rank injustice upon the gentlemen of high register; for, though the usual naval lieutenant of light opera has a voice more suitable to Oxford-bag Ossip off the pickle yacht than to Dinty off the dreadnought, still there are tenors, and yet again tenors. And the real ones have voices that can swell from the sweetness of a reed pipe to the blare of a war trumpet, which latter makes the he-est music that there is. But, just the same, we cannot here resist the desire to assure the reader, if any, that our male quartet is male by at least 125 per cent. For the fourth member of it is the White Monarch of Glenmere.

Glenmere White Monarch was a bulldog. Not maybe—bulldog. In the first place, he was by International Champion Goesright Monarch, out of Boadicea Millstone, which would be enough to tell a bulldog man. In the second place, he belonged to young Mr. A. Beckwith de Havin, III, which would tell you that he had cost enough to be the best bulldog obtainable, when purchased, even in case he wasn't. In the third place, he was; for he had won both his championship and the grand special, best dog of the show, at his first appearance in the great Axminster Kennel Association classic. And in the last place, he had battled to a grim and bloody draw in that death pit, the dog pit, with McDonald's Grip, noblest of fighting dogs, making a tale of courage which has been attempted, but which would need the mighty pen of Carlyle for the proper telling.

Glenmere White Monarch was no caricature of a dog. He was a dog. He was no squat, misshapen, bandy-legged gargoyle. He was beautiful. No, to be sure, not beautiful like a collie or a borzoi or a chow, or like a Pekingese. Beautiful like a battleship. What a bulldog should be, the Monarch. A lively dog; not terrier-fast, but active; able to take his five miles back of Slugs O'Boyle and come in fresh, ears up and eyes bright with the good query, "What next?" A power-packed dog—such sheer brute strength per cubic inch of him that no breed in the world the least approaches it, unless the noble mastiff, which is perhaps, as some authorities think, not much else than a mastodonic bulldog.

A beautiful dog, even to that terrific mug of his; that is, if you are one to see beauty in a steam shovel that can chew down a cliff or in a blast furnace that can rip asunder chemical unions that have existed since the earth's rocks froze. And, even if you cannot see beauty in mere stark, relentless power, there are his eyes, which are soft and gentle and sweet; which are even a little sad, as though they pleaded, "No. Not guilty. It's all wrong, no matter what the paper said. Some mongrel bull cross, maybe; but no English bulldog ever tore a child. Why, hang it, man, we dote on kids!"

Speaking of Monarch's activeness, we mentioned road work. Five miles we stipulated, back of Slugs O'Boyle; not back of K O Pat. As he approached the peak of training, K O Pat did ten miles every morning, and not five, and did them at a pace that no bulldog could match. K O Pat was top spot in the lightweight world and had a mind to stay there. Mr. Slugs O'Boyle, however, had no such position to maintain in the world of give and take as had his brother. Mr. Slugs was a heavy; but Mr. Slugs had never scaled to any dizzy prominence in his chosen calling, due to the fact that he was a featherweight from his ears due north. Mr. Slugs had animal courage and one good punch, a left hook, close up, that could jar a man's liver sick; and that about let him out. He could take it, too, to be sure; and he had, aplenty, as the condition of his ears and brows unmistakably attested. But the ability to take it, a superb quality in itself, unaccompanied by a split-second coördination for attack, or lacking that, by the wit to plan the other man's undoing while in the process of absorbing what he's got, has seldom produced more than mere mediocrity.

The Fourth Member of the Male Quartet Is the White Monarch of Glenmere

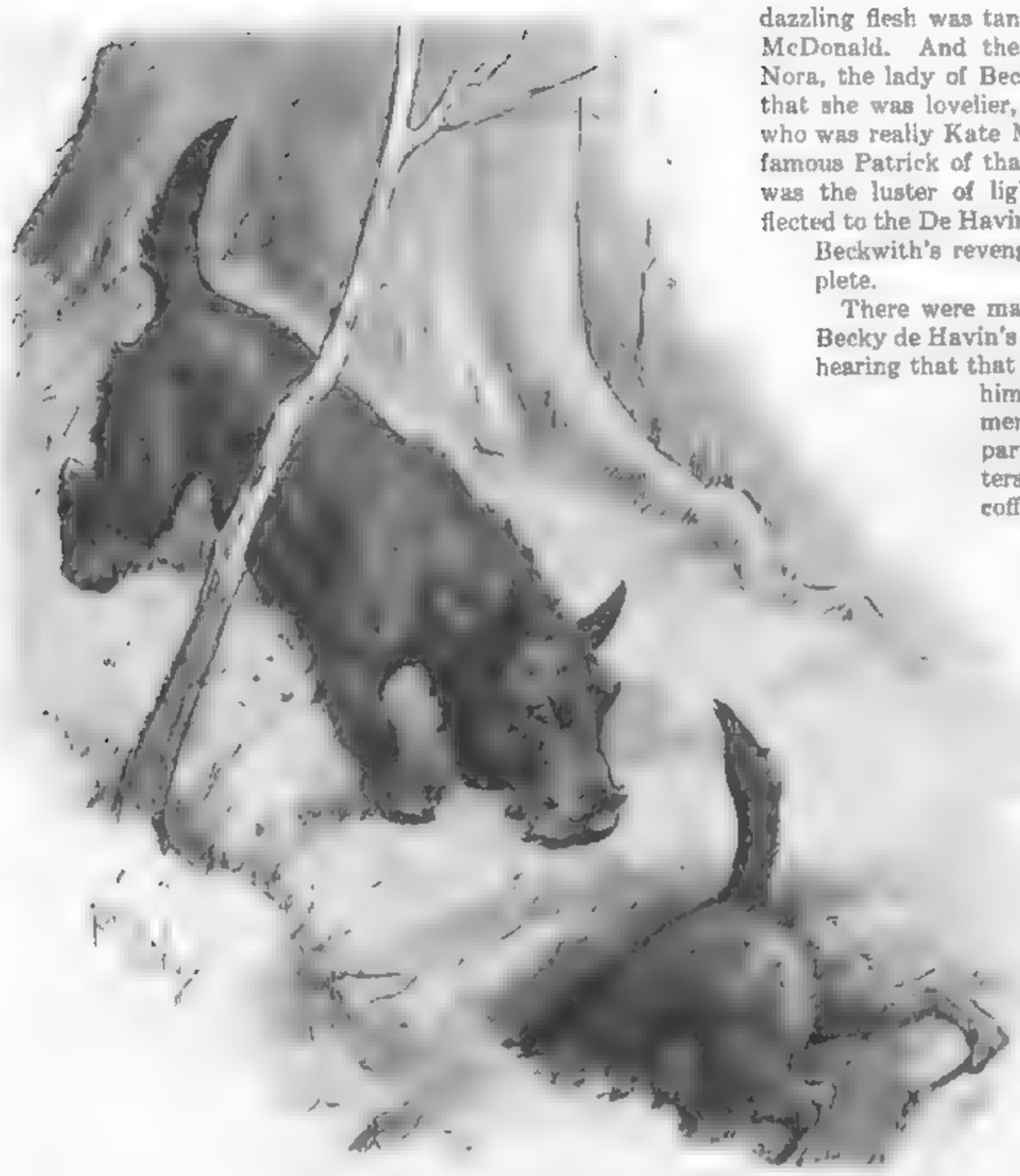
One other asset Mr. O'Boyle, the major, had—a line of vitriolic repartee while in there with the other member of the sock-and-get-socked guild which had been known to burn the rubber covering off the ring cables. It was calculated to scorch through any opponent's hide, however thick, and make him mad enough to rush in and rough it, roughing it being the slugger's favorite dish. This skill with corrosive pleasantries had won more than one fight for Mr. O'Boyle which would have held nothing for him but the loser's cut and an elegant beating had his opponent elected to stand off and keep sharpshooting instead of coming in to trade 'em. And so it was that Slugs, the heavyweight brother of Pat, the lightweight king, came by the added designation "Baiter," and by the reputation of being one of the dirtiest fighters that ever pulled on a glove.

But this reputation was all wrong. The Baiter's language in the ring would have made a Christian out of the skipper of an Arab dhow; but that was merely the nearest that the slugging party's narrow mental limitations ever let him come to ring craft. And it worked sometimes, at that. But Slugs, the Baiter, had never struck a foul blow in his life. He let all foulness off in speech, as many a man lets off an accumulation of petty mental pressures through the pop valve of profanity, so sparing much of pettiness toward his fellow man. Back of a face that one might prayerfully wish never to meet halfway across a bridge at night, Slugs O'Boyle hid a white man's heart. To prove it, bulldogs worshiped him.

For some strange and unfathomable reason, Baiter O'Boyle was the only man in the annals of bulldogdom who could rouse the short-nose breed to a vocal appreciation of the genus homo. Bulldogs are silent dogs. They almost never use their voices except in disapproval. Months may go by without a word from them. Perhaps a low and gruff explosive "Wuff!" in dreams, or as a summons, please, to let a fellow in; perhaps occasionally a weird and utterly ridiculous caterwaul, like unto no known animal sound, unless it be the whining of the whangdoodle, that is characteristic of bulldog anxiety, or that voices ludicrous unplumbed grief upon a temporary desertion by his folks. But seldom a good resounding canine bark. Seldom; but save you when he does!

A sudden unfamiliar footstep on the porch as the family sits quietly reading of an evening – first contact with some unfamiliar thing, like, say, the vacuum sweeper's venomous hiss, or from the piano top the nodding of a purple plume, where, as anybody with a grain of sense could tell you, no new bonnet should recline—anything, in fact, that with sanity or damfoolishness he disapproves, may bring suddenly a great head up from the rug beside the hearth, and suddenly a great breath-stopping roar up out of the shadow of the fireside chair—a challenge that would make the Minotaur hunt the smallest corner in the labyrinth.

Borzoi, Made to Chase Man's Ancient Enemy, the Wolf



Sturdy Short Legs to Force His Hard Little Body Into Warrens

But, in spite of this proverbial barklessness, at a word from Slugs O'Boyle, at a look or a gesture, at his mere presence, even, sometimes, any bulldog alive was likely to open his huge trap and burst into song, informing all and sundry with that total unreserve which marks a fox terrier's approbation, and in a voice as subterranean as Pelée's, that here was a gentleman, an athlete and a scholar, and that it was high time that a cockeyed world got hep to the fact.

Mr. Slugs O'Boyle, the Baiter, had, in other words, a way with dogs. And this was well. For now that the slugger's pugilistic star, whose apogee had never reached a point more than about five feet eleven above the resin box, was on the descendant, this way with dogs had opened up another equally congenial means of livelihood for him. Slugs was now kennel man for the Glenmere Hunt Club. Here he was well paid. Not only that, but because of his unparalleled success in the kennel management of the club's pack of foxhounds, further emoluments evolved. The hunt club members were a doggy crowd in general, and Slugs was given the job of conditioning many a high-bred animal for competition in various judging rings.

Three members of our male quartet have now been introduced with what we hope is due formality. May we present then also Mr. Becky de Havin, whose bid for fame up to the present time rests upon the fact that he is the owner of the English bulldog, Champion Glenmere White Monarch, by Goesright Monarch, ex Boadicea Millstone? Mr. Becky de Havin, spare his blushes, is the scion of a wealthy and aristocratic family—a tall, slim, pale blond gentleman, as you see, whose nickname carries no hint of effeminacy to those acquainted with him. His nickname was wished upon him by his mother, who heartlessly risked the future peace of mind of her helpless little baby by parting his name in the middle with the cake-eating entitlement Beckwith.

The baby had revenge, however, some twenty-nine years later, when at that period he decided to marry the girl with whom he happened to fall in love, a young lady famous in the possession of the loveliest slimness that ever slipped splashless into the water of a glass-fronted vaudeville diving tank. You may remember her. You will if you ever saw her. She was the more slender of the two; the one who let about two bushels of blue-black Tipperary hair tumble down about her when she took off her rubber cap at the end of her act. Her name was Nora. The copper-haired one's name was Kate. They were billed as the Kolananikau Sisters, if you will recall, but this was only to give a South Sea amphibian flavor to their turn, and to match up the Polynesian shade to which their dazzling flesh was tanned. But their real name was McDonald. And the only adequate description of Nora, the lady of Becky de Havin's choice, is to say that she was lovelier, if possible, than Kate—Kate, who was really Kate McDonald O'Boyle, wife of the famous Patrick of that name. Thus by roundabout was the luster of lightweight pugilistic honors reflected to the De Havin name, and thus was poor baby Beckwith's revenge upon his mother made complete.

There were many other elderly ladies besides Becky de Havin's mother who knew despair upon hearing that that young scapegrace had affianced himself to a famous vaudeville mermaid. They were for the most part ladies who had eligible daughters and an eye on the De Havin coffers. And among these is to be numbered Mrs. Somner-Olkin, who was authoress of the paragraph in Dog Monthly which so perturbed our four.

It is difficult to explain, but the sport in which you'd naturally expect to see an exhibition of the highest sportsmanship shows to a puzzled looker-on no such a thing.

Dogs are such sporting people. You seldom see a big dog fight a little one. Sometimes, of course; but then there comes up the occasional unaccountable mucker amongst all folks, however gently reared. And courteous! Full many the owner of a fine fighting terrier has been overwhelmed with momentary shame to see his comrade of a stroll tuck tail in ignominiously at some cur's sudden sally through a gate or off a porch—only to have humiliation turn to laughing pride with realization that this unprovoked attack was feminine. A feminine attack is always met by gentlemen with what in pit-dog parlance is a turn—must always be received on shoulder, not on fang. There are, of course, exceptions in this matter too. On rare occasions in the pit an Amazon is put down who claims to be a better warrior than any male. In which case, since she will share the male's last exclusive pleasure, that of fighting for fun, she must also die, as men dogs die.

But dogs are sporting folks. Exceptions only try the rule. So it's difficult to explain—the fact that few sports in the world present as many cases of poor sportsmanship as the game that has so intimately to do with dogs; the game which should be one of the finest of all games—dog showing.

But watch. The judge, a good, square fellow, places them one, two, three, reserve, accordingly as he sees them. Maybe he's wrong. He's human. But, right or wrong, how often do you see the red congratulate the blue? How often did you say? Congratulate the owner of a better dog than yours? A better dog than yours? Especially that button-eared monstrosity? Better to take the gate with frigid dignity, showing thereby the calm disdain in which you hold the incompetence or worse that could so elevate mere mediocrity. You might also write a stinging paragraph or two about it to your favorite kennel paper.

That's what Mrs. Somner-Olkin did. Mrs. S-O. possessed, besides the eligible daughter and a safe-deposit box upon whose contents unfortunate speculation had lately made sad inroads, some of the finest Russian wolfhounds in America, a snobbery to put to shame the genuine aristocracy of the noble breed of dogs she fancied, and controlling stock in her favorite kennel paper. And in that canine journal, this was the paragraph our male quartet was perusing with such interest:

> Chances are good for bulldogs to repeat for the grand special, best-of-the-show, at the Axminster Kennel Association Show this year. Especially if conditions should repeat. Beauty contrasted with the beast has always been a combination difficult to defeat. Judges are male and human, and their eyes are prone to stray a bit from dog flesh when nationally famous beauty clad in the present scanty feminine mode graces the ring. Dogs being nearly equal, who could blame them if the award again went to the loveliest of handlers?

Little wonder then that young A. Beckwith de Havin, III, desired to kiss a pig; or that Mr. K O Pat O'Boyle exclaimed, "The Morrigu!" Or that his brother Slugs made comment which shall not be here repeated; or that the last gentleman of the quartet wished to see that copy of Dog Monthly crumpled into a ball and thrown down the kennel run; for then, pursuing like a baby war tank, he could run it down, capture it, and, holding it between huge forepaws, chew it with a tremendous relish into shreds.

For here was as shrewd a piece of deep-dyed villainy as the crossroads had ever witnessed. With one strategic move it put the judges for the coming show on trial—on guard; accused them of a weakness in their last year's

(Continued on Page 40)

Man, How He Showed, That Bulldog! The Spread of Him! The Heft of Him! The Truculence of Him!

THE JUNK SNUPPER

By C. R. CLIFFORD

The colonel answered the door, and as he opened it he saw me and sprang back and exclaimed in the deepest tones of astonishment, dismay, horror and despair, "Great God! It's him!" As he fell on his knees I grabbed him by the throat and dashed him against the casement of the door and muttered in his face, "Die, you villain!" And drawing my dagger plunged it to his heart.

—*Extract from a penny dreadful of 1850*

"——and Removed to a New Life and Environment, a Reincarnation"

ABOUT the only sort of antique that never interested the late Alexander Drake, that prolific dean of American collectors, was the penny dreadful. Drake used to lunch at the Aldine Club with Frank Stockton, Richard Watson Gilder and F. Hopkinson Smith; across at a near-by table were Lyman Abbott and the Appletons, all literary lights and active minds; but none with an imagination so vivid as ever to visualize the penny dreadful soaring to wild values of from five dollars to $100 each, with collectors in hot pursuit.

The penny dreadful was a flimsy pamphlet cheaply concocted for appetites that craved more of the gruesome and morbid in a crime case than the daily papers supplied.

One of the best sellers of the early 80's was, according to the title page, A Confession of the Awful and Bloody Transactions in the Life of Charles Wallace, the Fiendlike Murderer of Miss Mary Rogers, the Beautiful Cigar Girl of Broadway—the Marie Rogêt of Edgar Allan Poe.

The First Collection of Bottles

THEN there was also The Thrilling Tale of the Brown Murderess who assassinated her master and mistress and their four children. By comparison, the pictorial dailies and the yellow sheets of today are like hymnal literature; the Beadle dime novels, mere lullaby jingles.

When Charles Scribner, Roswell Smith and Doctor Holland started the Century Magazine in 1870, Alexander Drake became head of the art department and developed the broad field of wood engraving, now an abandoned craft. First and last, Drake was an artist, a lover of the beautiful, and as a boy there was always one thing he wanted in his grandfather's house, and that was a little bottle, golden-green, glittering in its crude formation, an alluring spectacle to the child; it was what is known as the cornucopia bottle; and finally when it was given to him, it started the first collection of American bottles ever made.

A Miniature Chair. Height 6¼ Inches

Barber's book on bottles was published in 1900, and the knowledge of the hand-blown bottle was so limited that it listed only eighty-six types; but in twenty-five years bottle collectors have ransacked every attic and cellar in America, and today there's a record of more than 800 down to the last half of the nineteenth century, when they began making bottles by machinery; and so lively is the competition among bottle collectors that prices have gone a flying.

Ten years ago I paid twenty-eight dollars for the Booze bottle of 1840, sometimes called the Log Cabin bottle, and thought it was top price; since then, I have seen it sell at auction, frequently at prices ranging between eighty-five and $100.

Yesterday I saw a bottle known as the Bunch of Grapes bottle, a flask having grapes blown in on one side. Most collectors have this bottle in the pale-green, but some glass blower indulged a fancy for doing it in blue, and produced the most gorgeous coloring—like the blue of old Bristol—and as a consequence the bottle is held by the dealer at $150.

But the prize of them all, to my mind, is the Locomotive bottle sold recently for $200. It's of pinkish tint, depicting on the one side the first locomotive and on the reverse Columbia.

Time was when people wondered at the personality of the man Drake, who also collected bandboxes. Why in the world should a man collect bandboxes? It was the color work of the crudely printed wall papers covering the bandboxes which interested him. As a craftsman he appreciated these primitives in printing. He collected the bandboxes simply as a medium of expression; and today even the art museums value in the highest degree these charming old-time wall papers, and we pay big prices to transfer them from old houses to new.

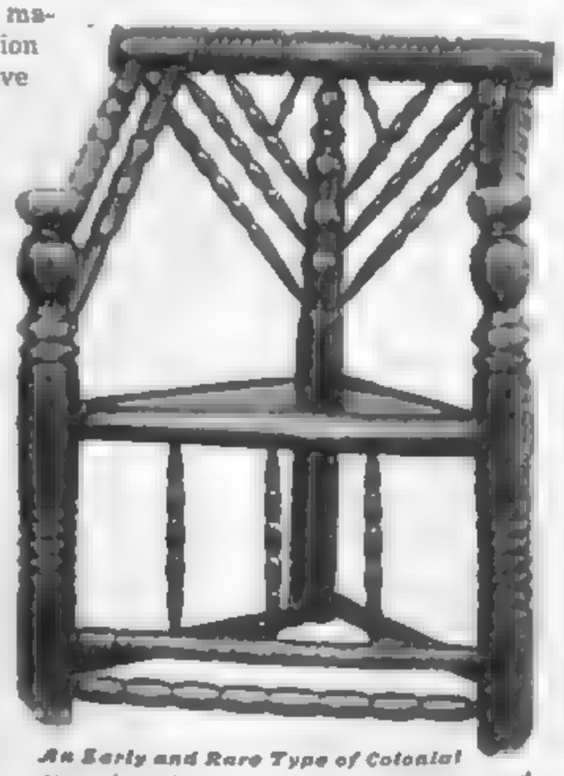
The town constable had come in from a scouting trip up in Vermont. "I tell you," says he, "it's getting harder every day to do business with folks. They've got such crazy ideas of values, particularly them that's read and think they know antiques."

That's true. Folks hear of the extraordinary price that some article brings at auction and conclude that they have the same thing and it is worth the same price, but it isn't.

Rare Books

LET'S take the case of the woman in Skeehokee who has a highboy that looks identically like the highboy that brought $4000 at the Leverhulme Sale. In the first place, the Leverhulme piece was a Leverhulme piece—part of a famous collection. That of itself boosted the price a little. In the next place, the auction house spent $41,000 in the preparation and distribution of the catalogues bringing together an enthusiastic gathering of bidders. Furthermore, it cost $63,000 just for packing and shipping the collection to the United States, and $7300 for insurance; now deducting all these, plus minor expenses and selling commissions, that highboy netted about 20 per cent less than the $4000.

"And there is another point," says the constable. "The probability is that the Skeehokee piece is nothing like the Leverhulme piece. It probably lacks the fine points, or it is likely to be a mere reproduction and not old at all. It costs something to get the big prices at auction. Why, bless you, it took the experts four months merely to catalogue the Morgan Collection."



An Early and Rare Type of Colonial Chair (1630) Known as the John Harvard

Some auction houses put a fixed charge of 20 per cent on the sale of anything, which covers all expenses.

So you see that the Skeehokee lady would be lucky to get $3200 for a similar piece.

"Pardon the digression," says the man from Boston "but if you want to get in with the real money, join the book collectors like Morgan, Henry Huntington, H. Jones, H. C. Folger, Carl Pforzheimer, W. A White—collectors of that class. Up at the New York Public Library the Lenox copy of the Gutenberg Bible—the first book ever printed from movable type—was bought by Mr Lenox in 1847, for $2500. At a later date Mrs. Huntington paid $50,000 for a similar copy, and recently the Melk copy brought $106,000; but that is not all. Inside of six weeks the same copy sold to Mrs. Edward S. Harkness for $120,000, and will be presented by her to Yale Unive.sity as a memorial to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness."

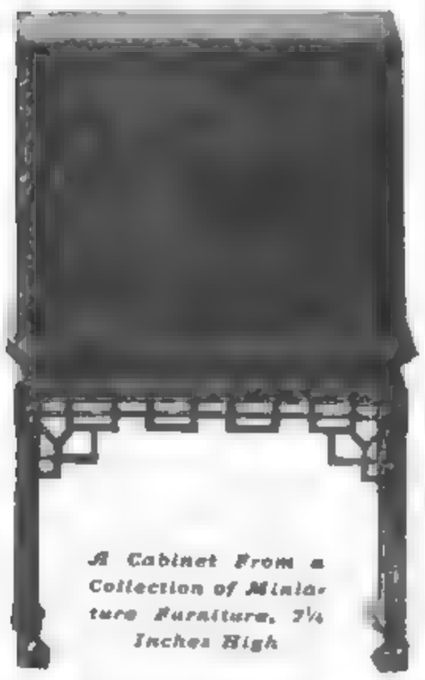
Values are difficult to determine.

There are rugs right now knocking around the interiors of our American homes which in a few years will be priceless, because no longer made. It is already difficult to find any of the early Daghestans, Chichis or Derbents of the Caucasus. The Ladiks of Turkey have been out of the

market for years; so also Bergamas and Kulahs. Sennas are rare; old Kirmans and Ispahans are mere memories.

The situation is due to the commercializing of the rug industry in the Far East. American and English capital has gone into Persia and Turkey, and the activities of these contract manufacturers have been so great that weavers have been attracted by regular wages and have quit individual work, almost eliminating the production of native types.

Down in South Carolina last winter a gentleman on the board of trade of a typical Southern town said to me: "As long as you are interested in antiques, I advise you to see the extraordinary glass vases out at Miss Nancy Kirkwood's place. They were on exhibition at the last state fair and attracted a great deal of attention—most beautiful things you ever saw. Guess they are a lost art."



A Cabinet From a Collection of Miniature Furniture, 7¼ Inches High

So I called on Miss Kirkwood—which is not the lady's name—and saw the vases, and I don't wonder they perplexed the inexperienced. They were glass all right, eighteen inches tall, and of lustrous black, decorated with a highly illuminated picture of children rolling hoop in a wonderful garden, the vivid colorings standing out upon what appeared to be an overglazed black background, but upon close inspection it looked like appliqué. You could almost see the marks of the scissors where the picture had been cut out of something, and yet the surface of the vase was perfectly smooth. And then I looked within, and the trick was obvious. It was simply uncolored glass with the picture pasted upon the interior and then the whole inside painted black.

Out of the Past

I THINK Miss Kirkwood detected a bit of disappointment in my attitude, but I tried to show interest, and then spoke of bottles, explaining that I was a collector and describing the sort of bottles that I meant.

"Oh, yes." And her face lighted up; she'd heard of a bottle that had General Lee's portrait on it and she'd heard of another bottle that depicted Fort McHenry, both new subjects to me. She didn't know of their whereabouts, but she thought it quite likely that some of them might be still found in the negro cabins, and she called an old darky over to her and explained the subject fully.

"Have you ever seen any of these bottles, Rastus?" says she.

"Well, Missy Nancy," said he with great deliberation, "Ise seen a lot of dem bortles, not lately, but Ise seen 'em; and Ise not suah but you might find some out at de graveyard. You know, up North when a pusson dies, you white folks, you put flowers on de grave, but down South yere, in a cullud fam'ly, when someone dies we put anything beau'ful on de grave, lak a china vase or anything dat looks good—sometimes bortles—and you lak as not to find what you want if you just look around out dere in the cem'tery."

"But," says I, "I imagine that anything particularly good wouldn't stay there very long."

"No, sar, dat's a fact," says Rastus. "But what you want to do is to get dere first."

Things worth while are not easily found; nevertheless, every household has some enthusiastic member investigating with all seriousness.

Future generations will be better posted than we have been, not only by the benefit of literature that the early collectors never possessed, but by the benefit of museums, of great patriotic movements like that of Valley Forge, where there are vast collections indispensable to the student—Indian relics, historical documents, china, stamps, glassware —— It's one of the many wonder spots arising all over the country—shrines sacred to the victory of America's struggles for human liberty.

Three of a Set of Eight Chairs That Sold for $15,000 at Auction

There is a museum in New York called the Museum of the City of New York. Precious few people ever heard of it. It's a city museum and goes back to 1626, when Manhattan Island was purchased from the Indians for twenty-four dollars. Here will be seen models of Henry Hudson's Half Moon and old clipper ships and a miniature of Robert Fulton's Clermont, built in the age of steam. And there's everything else—clothes, kitchen implements, everything imaginable that went into the development of the city's social and industrial progress—a veritable junk snupper's paradise.

London has a similar museum, filled with the relics of the past, with models of her ancient buildings, and all manner of reminders of the customs and habits of past centuries.

Chantry House, Essex, England, Claimed as the Seat of the Mayflower Exodus, 1620

Paris has the Musée Carnavalet, which shows the history of the French capital in the time of Julius Cæsar—a mere huddle of huts. Its relics carry you through the city of the fourth century, when Paris—then called Lutetia—was the home of the Emperor Julian.

All Kinds of Money

TO MY MIND, the most extraordinary of all Americana collections is embraced in the Zerbe collection of money, which covers all ages and every political and geographical section of the world, being particularly strong in the money of early America.

If we go out to the Pacific Coast, it is a common thing to hear of bits; they speak of a thing being worth two bits, twenty-five cents; four bits, fifty cents. This came from the use of the Spanish reals—pieces of eight—having a value of one dollar; and a bit was an eighth, or 12.5 cents.

The first coinage in America was the pine-tree shilling, earlier by several years than the New England shilling, and earlier by forty years than the first paper money made in Massachusetts. In the early days of America the medium of exchange was frequently the wampum of the Indians. In Virginia it was tobacco. Paper money came into use in the colonies from its enforced use in Massachusetts in 1690, and it is interesting to note that in Philadelphia checks were made out without mention of any bank, starting with "Cashier of the bank; please pay to the order of ——" because there was only one bank in Philadelphia.

The most valuable of all American coins is the 1804 silver dollar. The existence of this coin is frequently denied. I will admit that there were no dollars coined by the United States Government from 1803 to 1836. Nevertheless, it is of record that at some time, probably 1836, silver dollars were made with 1804 stamped on them. Why, I don't know. Nobody knows, but it was done. Several collectors have specimens. There is one in the Smithsonian Institution. One was taken out of the vault of the Chase National Bank in New York and shown to me. J. W. Ellsworth paid $3600 for a specimen. Another sold for $2500. It is the one big value in American numismatics.

The 1650 New England shilling can be bought for $100 and the pine-tree shilling for considerably less, possibly ten dollars.

This American collection of Zerbe's has 30,000 varieties, a greater number than the British Museum; it represents forty years of patient work and includes everything imaginable—coins of the Bible—the shekel, the tribute penny—and the smallest coin in the world—the four-cent coin of India.

(Continued on Page 137)

A TEMPORARY MILLIONAIRE

They Played Bridge—Marjorie and Mell Cutting for Partners

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

THE office was new. The suite was new. Indeed, for that matter, the building was new, still smelling of plaster in the halls—one of those skyscrapers shaped at the top like a stepladder so that—it might be fancied—the gods of mammon might step to the roof from time to time and try to grasp that "straddling lobster of the sky, ere he lay split upon the plate of evening." By which the sun is meant.

But it isn't with the sun that we wish to concern ourselves at the moment when our story opens; nor yet with the building; nor yet with the suite of offices on the twenty-first floor whose entrance door had lately been lettered "Melvin J. MacCloud," without any further information whatsoever.

So, coming back to the room from which we started—the same being Mr. MacCloud's private office—we repeat that it was new. The rugs on the floor—they, too, were new—and the soft leather chairs, and the mahogany desk which had a top as large as the dancing space in many a Broadway cabaret on New Year's Eve. Yet, *nota bene*, if you please, there was one thing in the room which wasn't new, one item which showed quite plainly the thumb marks and memoranda of time—an experienced old piece which might have gone back to the Stuarts, a rugged old article with something splintery about it too. This was Melvin J. MacCloud himself, seated at the mahogany desk aforesaid and reading a letter which he had already read twice before.

"M'm," said he at last. Which isn't much if you read it quickly, but you'd be surprised at the things it meant, the way old M. J. said it.

He turned then and looked at the two pieces of baggage which lay by the side of his desk—two noble bags of pigskin bearing the Wanted labels of a transatlantic line. The blanks on the labels had been filled in: "Stateroom C12, Steamship Patrician," and the date was the same as that on the day calendar which lay upon the desk by the side of the inkwell.

Indeed, rising from his chair and walking to the window, Mr. MacCloud looked almost directly down upon the shore line of the North River to where the funnels of the Patrician were forming vague feathers of smoke. She was to sail at noon; and, glancing at his watch, M. J. perceived that it was already half-past eleven.

"M'm," he repeated. "I may surpr-r-rise them."

And suddenly returning to his desk, he pushed a button, and was about to push it again, when the door quietly opened and a tall young man stepped in—a quiet young man with blue eyes and hair which was inclined to be curly. And if he was blushing a little, this may have been due to the fact that just before his bell had rung, he had been writing the following unbusinesslike lines on one of M. J.'s letterheads:

"ANGELA'S VIGIL, ACT III

"*(Same setting as Act I)*

"*Curtain rises on darkened stage. Moonbeam through window falls on Angela sitting in chair by side of fireplace. She has fallen asleep in her vigil. The room is still in disorder, and her face looks pale in the moonlight. Through the broken window a clock is heard, slowly striking three. Angela stirs, but does not awaken. She gently moans and her hand unconsciously rises to her bosom.*"

He had just written the word "bosom" and was thinking to himself, "Not quite like Barrie," when his bell rang. Is it any wonder that this young man blushed a little as he looked down at M. J.'s frowning brow?

II

THEY looked at each other—the old man and the young—in one of those exchanges of glances with which youth and experience have probably regarded each other since the dawn of the human race; and if you had been there—invisible, mind you, and saying nothing—it might have struck you that Mr. MacCloud didn't altogether approve of this tall young nephew of his who was standing there so quietly and yet so full of color, his hands behind him and his left leg slightly advanced.

"Has Mr. Ingalls left yet?" asked old M. J.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man. "He left soon after he said good-by—I believe to look at that house in Englewood which he's thinking of buying."

"I understand the circumstances," said the other dryly. "But did he say when he expected to return?"

"At three o'clock," the young man answered.

"A pity," said Mr. MacCloud. "A gr-r-reat pity." He might have relapsed into frowning silence then—a thing he liked to do—if the siren of a steamer in the river hadn't recalled him. "Sit down, Melvin," he said then in a kindlier voice. "I'd have preferred Mr. Ingalls—he's been with me so many years that we understand each other—but it may be that you will answer nearly as well as he would."

"Yes, sir," said the young man, taking the visitor's chair with a graceful ease which didn't escape the older man's attention.

"There's a line in the classics, as you with your expensive education probably know," continued Mr. MacCloud, his frown appearing again: "'Uneasy lies the head that wears a cr-r-rown.' And when I came on from the West last month, with the working control of the Narragansett Copper Company in my pocket, I more than expected a good sharp tussle in the East here before the question of sovereignty was finally settled. And now I find"—he glanced at the letter—"that hostilities are to open tomorrow, at a time when everybody expects that I shall be on the broad Atlantic, unable to look after myself as well as I might if I were here ashore."

"Yes, sir," said the young man, more in answer to the older man's look than to any interrogation in his voice. "I think I understand."

"I'm glad you do," said the other dryly. "It reflects great credit upon your powers of observation. And understanding that, you'll probably also understand this: That it would be a disconcerting piece of strategy on my part if I allowed my opponents to think that I had sailed on the Patrician, only to turn up here when least expected and give them all the fight they're looking for."

A touch of deeper brown had appeared upon his cheek bones, and he walked to the window—a scarred old warrior already sniffing the battle from afar. From the distance you might have fancied yourself hearing the skirl of bagpipes, striking up a martial air of which many a man would never live to hear the chorus.

"Fortunately, as it happens," continued Mr. MacCloud, returning to his desk and breathing a bit hard, "I am little known in the East—as yet. In a year from now, say, when I stand in relation to copper as Mr. Carnegie once stood in relation to steel, it would be well-nigh impossible for anyone to sail in my place. But at the present time I should say there would be no particular difficulty in having a younger man occupy my stateroom—that is, of course, if he kept to his stateroom throughout the voyage on the pretense of being sick. By this time, I take it, you understand the point which I've been driving at for the last few minutes?"

"You mean that I'm to take your place upon the Patrician?" said the young man, trying not to show how much the prospect pleased him.

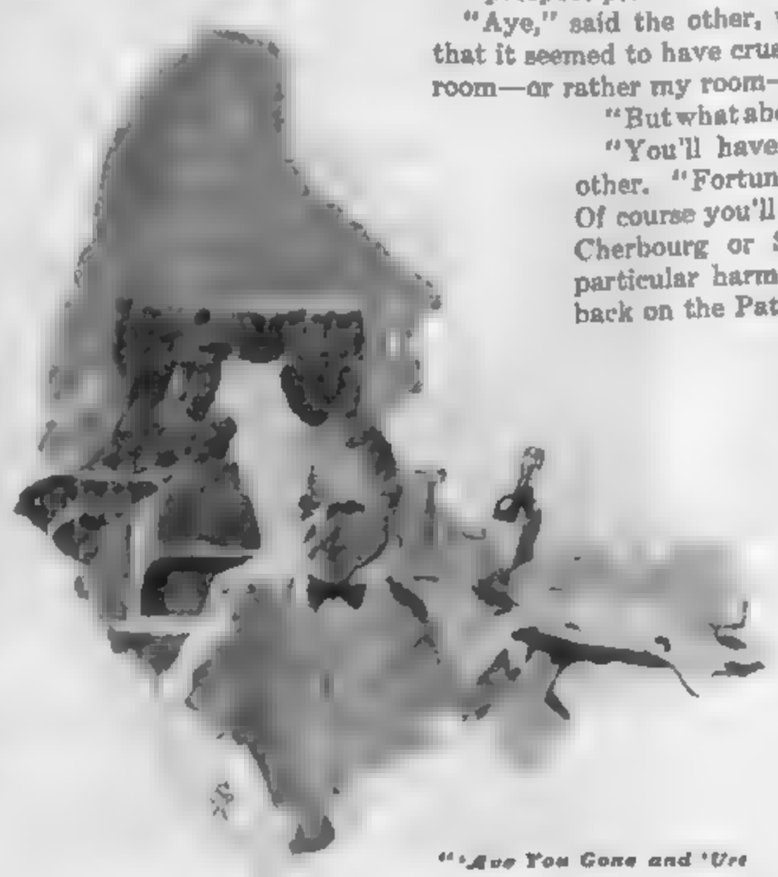
"Aye," said the other, with a dryness now so perfect that it seemed to have crust upon it. "And keep to your room—or rather my room—all the way across."

"But what about a passport? Is there time?"

"You'll have to travel on mine," said the other. "Fortunately, the names are the same. Of course you'll not be able to land, either at Cherbourg or Southampton, but there's no particular harm in that, as you'll come right back on the Patrician in any event."

Still looking at each other—Youth and Experience—they seemed to draw a deep breath together.

"The baggage—I needn't tell you to be careful of that," continued the older man with a look of regret at the handsome new pieces by the side of his desk; "and you'll only use such articles of wearing apparel as may be strictly necessary. I shall go on the ship with you and maybe have a photograph taken by the reporters—'Melvin J. MacCloud, the New Copper King, Sails for



"'Ave You Gone and 'Urt Your Ankle?"

Europe'—a fine bit of wool for someone's observant eyes; and then when nobody's looking, I'll just slip down the steerage gangway and you'll shut yourself in your stateroom. And there you are, all snug for the round trip—a temporary millionaire, with never a care in the world to worry you."

"Except money," said the young man, the color appearing on his cheeks again.

"Ah, well, I won't begrudge you a few hundred dollars—under the circumstances," agreed the other, after a perceptible interval of thought. "And another thousand dollars, say, by way of a bonus, if the project should turn out to be successful. Of course you'll keep a strict account. And now," he continued, looking at his watch again, "I think we'd better get started; and I'll give you what papers and—and what money you need on our way to the boat."

To be twenty-two on a fine June Wednesday morning; to be a temporary millionaire, starting out on a three weeks' unexpected holiday over the ocean and back—a holiday already tinged with mystery and excitement; to have five hundred dollars presently presented in a taxicab to cover incidental expenses; to have another thousand dollars coming to you; to board your first steamer and almost have to push your way through laughing, chatting groups of charm and beauty; to see your first steward; to hear your first ship's bell; to catch your first whiff of that unmistakable tang which is known only to those who go down to the great deep—could even a budding playwright, with all his fancies, have dreamed of the start of a happier adventure than that?

III

AFTER his uncle had left him—a parting which wasn't accomplished without many a frowning, many a solemn admonition—the first thing that Mell did was to take a good look at the stateroom which was to be his home for the next seven days.

And, indeed, it was a stateroom well worth looking at, with its paneling and its chintzes, its lamps and its cupboards, its desk beneath the window and its curtained alcove concealing a regular bed. Exploring the doors, he came to one which opened into a bathroom, tiled and porcelained in spotless splendor, its fittings like silver still warm from the polishing wheel.

"The old boy was doing it well," thought Mell, closing the door and looking around the stateroom again. "'The New Copper King Sails for Europe'—it calls for a proper setting. He might have thought of seeing the reporters in here, or of entertaining company going over. Yes, and the room's big enough too. You could easily get four people at this table."

He went to the window over the desk then—not a porthole, but a good square window of inch-thick glass—which overlooked the promenade deck; and there he parted the curtains, and kneeling upon the desk, he looked out at his fellow voyagers who were leaning over the rail, shouting farewells to those who had come to see them off. Behind these railbirds, other passengers were already walking up and down the deck, some stolid, some even looking slightly bored; but most of them moving with that subdued excitement which comes to nearly everyone on shipboard when the warning bell has sent the visitors ashore.

"London—Paris—Europe ——" Mell found himself thinking with a touch of envy. "I only wish I had money enough to go wherever I liked!"

Two middle-aged males came walking along the deck together.

It seemed to Mell, always on the lookout for characters in these prospective dramas by which some day he hoped to be known as the American Barrie, that though these two approaching passengers might have passed for stage hands, or even for supers, neither of them would have been consciously cast for any important part.

"But they know how to make money or they wouldn't be here," he mused; and then he scoffed at himself a bit. "And look at me—with my expensive education!" But he stopped scoffing as three happy girls came tripping along the deck.

"Their fathers made it, too," continued Mell to himself. "Somebody in the family, at any rate. And all these ships that go out every week, they're simply crowded with people who have learned the trick of making money. But me—I've got to hide in here like a dunce in a corner who hasn't been able to get his lesson right!"

As you can see, our temporary millionaire was growing slightly bitter, dosing himself with that spiritual quinine which is sometimes good for the soul.

"Here comes a good-looking old boy," he more cheerfully interrupted himself. "Now if there were more like him ——"

It was a martial-looking, elderly gentleman who had attracted Mell's eye—very soldierly, very thin, and possessed of the art of wearing his clothes with distinction. He was carrying his straw hat under his arm, and although his hair wasn't far from being white, his eyebrows might have reminded you of dark wings. His nose, too, had something birdlike about it, something beaky and reminderful of the hawk—a commanding feature somewhat softened by the drooping mustache below.

To be a Temporary Millionaire; to Board Your First Steamer and Almost Have to Push Your Way Through Laughing, Chatting Groups of Charm and Beauty—Could Even a Budding Playwright, With All His Fancies, Have Dreamed of the Start of a Happier Adventure Than That?

"A general, perhaps," thought Mell, unconsciously casting him. "'Some stately soldier freed from war's alarms.'"

Again he stopped, his glance turning to the girl who was walking by the general's side—a dark, radiant, dimpled young angel who might have been having her first sure glimpse of paradise. But it wasn't altogether her celestial attributes which made the young man at the window open the curtains a little wider. Still unconsciously perhaps, he was attracted by a certain promise of sauciness in the profile of her nose—which reminded him of youthful pictures of Ellen Terry—a certain promise of tenderness in the depths of her eyes which made him think of Peter Pan; and there was something in her walk, a charming little swagger which seemed to be all her own—at least he had never noticed it in any other girl.

"A queen!" thought Mell, and felt perhaps some distant echo of the thrill which Dante felt when Beatrice first walked past him. "And here I'm fastened in a coop like this, and can't even show myself!"

He imagined her as the heroine of Angela's Vigil and she warmed the part like sunshine. He could see her frightened at the dawning of love in Act I, could see her struggles to free herself from the coils which Derek Bellevance was winding around her. . . . It might have been the intensity of Mell's glance which drew the girl's eye to his window.

At any rate, she looked at him, smiling the while at something which the stately soldier was saying to her. Of course Mell shouldn't have done it—indeed, at first, he didn't know that he was smiling back at her, a certain slow and solemn smile which comes only from serious natures—from young men, say, who hope in time to be known as the American Barrie; but at least he knew that the girl suddenly turned her eyes back to the general, her cheeks the color of two slices of one of Mr. Crosby's early Egyptian beets.

"Oh, if I didn't have to stay in here!" thought Mell with something like a groan. "Talk about inspiration! Why, there's more inspiration on this ship ——"

His reflections were drowned by the foghorn and a sudden crescendo of farewell from those at the rail. Gradually an almost imperceptible tremor ran through the ship; and inch by inch at first, and then with gathering speed, the Patrician majestically backed out of her dock and turned her questing bowsprit toward the sea.

IV

THEY were hardly straightened out in the river when a steward knocked and entered, a bright old sea dog with a rosy nose which looked as though it shone at night to let the other shipping know it was coming.

"Mr. MacCloud?" he asked, looking a bit puzzled.

"Yes," said our temporary millionaire, coming down off the desk with as much dignity as the length of his legs permitted.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Rosy-Nose, "but you had me guessing a bit. One of your men was aboard yesterday, making sure that everything was comfortable, and I 'ad it in mind that you were an older gentleman."

"That would be Ingalls," thought Mell, trying to look as old as he possibly could. "He said he was coming down."

"My name's Gill," continued the steward briskly. "Never work and never will. A bit of a rime, you'll understand, and 'oping you'll pardon the liberty. What I came for is to see if your luggage is all 'ere."

"Yes; all here, thank you," said Mell in his serious manner, trying to speak old too.

"Then if you'd like to give me your keys, sir, I'll be unpacking your bags for you while you're out on deck."

"No; never mind," said Mell, somewhat hurriedly. And after a pause, he added, "I have some letters to write, and I don't expect to get out on deck for some little time yet."

"Some letters to go off with the pilot, you mean?" asked the steward.

"Yes."

"Then I'll call around in 'alf an hour and get them for you."

He vanished on that, and thinking it over as he might have thought over a problem of plot in Angela's Vigil, Mell didn't altogether like it.

"A wise old character," he told himself with a thoughtful look. "It isn't going to be easy to fool him all the way across."

(Continued on Page 106)

NEAPOLITAN SCREAM

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

He Only Knew That He Waited an Unhappy and Interminable Time for the Return of J. Cæsar

"AH-HA!" bellowed Orifice R. Latimer, president of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama. "So it's you, is it?"

Director J. Cæsar Clump bent his slender figure at the waist and flashed his chief a genial gold-toothed smile.

"Yes, Orifice, it's me."

That good-humored expansion of the lips came near to proving Mr. Latimer's undoing. He opened his lips to speak and succeeded only in spluttering. He waved two pudgy fists, then tore at the striped collar of his glorious shirt. After which he waddled to the window and stood looking down upon the Piazza Amedeo with eyes which were glazed by futile fury.

Through that window there was wafted to J. Cæsar Clump, and to the third occupant of the room—one Welford Potts, star extraordinary of the two-reel drama—the balmy but definitely perfumed air of Naples. There entered, too, the cacophony of Neapolitan street noises, predominated by the incessant squeaking of automobile sirens which sounded like tin horns blown by small boys slightly afflicted with sore throat.

It was, however, a glorious day; a day to incite poets to rhythmic and flowing verses wherein spring rimes with sing and flowers with bowers. The sapphire waters of the bay shimmered in the sunlight; fishermen caroled gayly as they cast their nets for small octopuses and other piscatorial delicacies; children played in the streets, and hoarse-voiced guides could be heard soliciting trade from casual tourists who had wandered inland from the Via Caracciolo.

But all the soothing beauty of this Italian December day was lost upon President Latimer. That Gargantuan gentleman looked into the sunshine and saw the lowering clouds of disaster; his eye lighted upon the crest of Vesuvius and he visualized Pompeii with his motion-picture organization cast in the rôle of the Last Days. And eventually, because his emotions had been dammed up too long, he swung again on the unsuspecting chief of his directorial staff and loosed a splatter of words.

"Sholy, it's you! Who else would it be—hangin' 'round where they ain't nothin' doin' but pleasure? Where you reckon we is at, huh? I requests to know, Cæsar Clump, where is we at?"

"Naples," returned the blithesome director. "Tha's in Italy."

"Italy! Twenty-one of us is in Italy. An' we has been in Italy two weeks a'ready. What you reckon we come heah fo'—a vacation?"

It was beginning to dawn on Cæsar Clump that his chief was not exactly tranquil.

"Shuh! Orifice, decompose yo'se'f. I is gittin' my bearin's."

"Bearin's! Bearin's! Will you listen? Goodness goshness, Miss Agnes, how long does it take you to git them bearin's—an' how much cash money is they gwine be wuth after you gits 'em? I brung you over heah to git pitchers, not bearin's. I craves pitchers! Pitchers! You heah me? How much you reckon it's costin' us to keep twenty-one cullud pussons livin' in this hotel while you strolls aroun' gittin' bearin's? How long you reckon it's gwine be befo' us ain't able to use them bearin's after you git 'em on account we ain't got no money?"

Amazement, strongly tinctured with indignation, was welling in the breast of Director Julius Cæsar Clump. "I can't do ev'ything," he defended.

"No, suttinly you can't. You can't do nothin'—an' you has done it ever since we gotten off that ship."

"Why don't somebody else do somethin'? If Forcep Swain would gimme a story to work on ——"

"Wha's Forcep Swain? What's he, huh? He ain't nothin' but an author, is he?"

"Tha's all."

"Well, authors ain't s'posed to think of stories, is they? They's s'posed to write 'em. It's yo' job to think of the story, 'stead of runnin' aroun' gittin' bearin's. I tell you, Mistuh Clump, us is goin' bankrupt so fast us is gwine have to walk clear back to Bumminham. Outside of that pitcher us tooken on the ship, we ain't got ary shot sense we lef' New Yawk. An' I demands to know how come."

"I can't git started," explained Clump. "'Tain't easy when you has just landed. I has been walkin' aroun' lookin' at locations an' also gittin' a license to take pitchers in the streets."

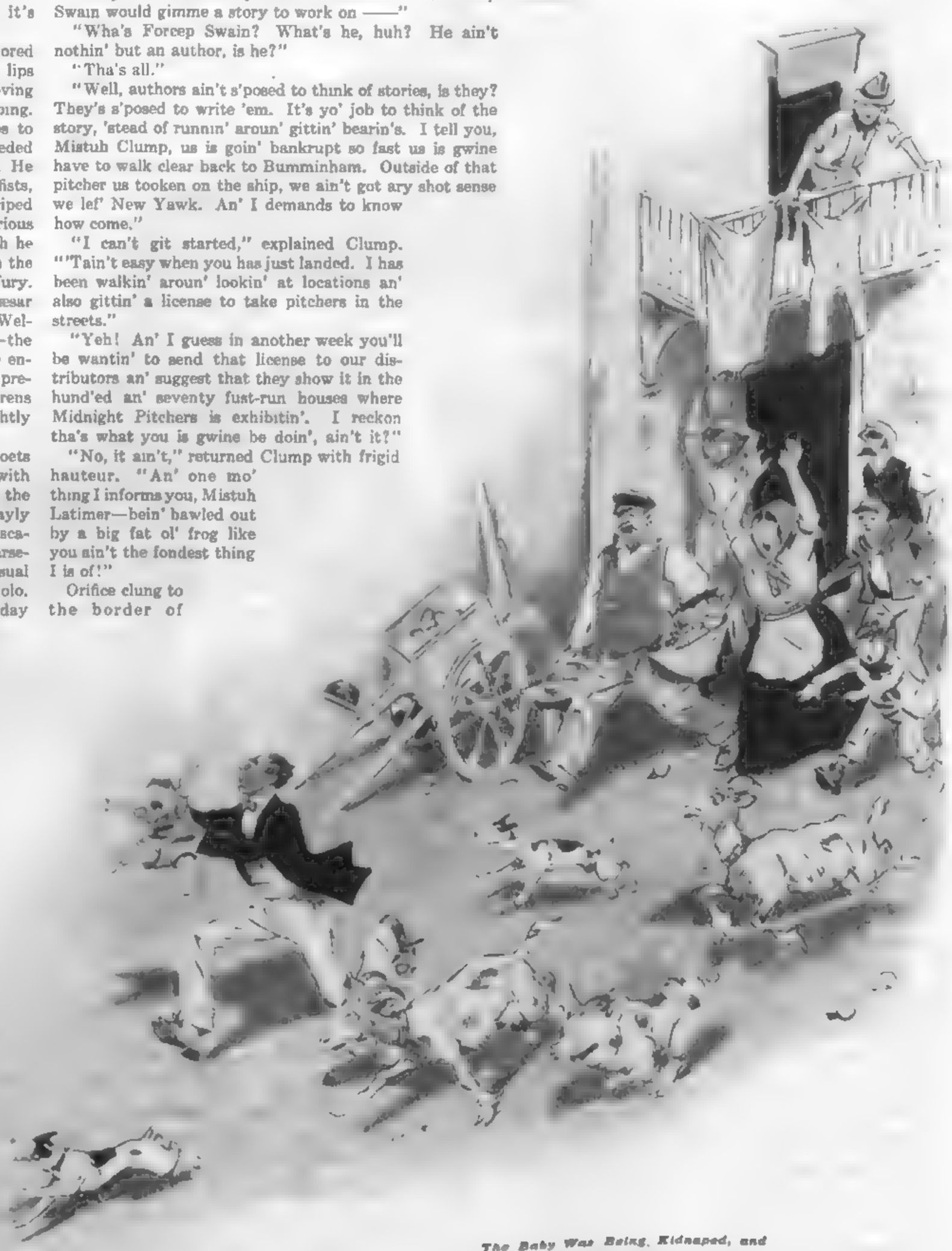
"Yeh! An' I guess in another week you'll be wantin' to send that license to our distributors an' suggest that they show it in the hund'ed an' seventy fust-run houses where Midnight Pitchers is exhibitin'. I reckon tha's what you is gwine be doin', ain't it?"

"No, it ain't," returned Clump with frigid hauteur. "An' one mo' thing I informs you, Mistuh Latimer—bein' bawled out by a big fat ol' frog like you ain't the fondest thing I is of!"

Orifice clung to the border of apoplexy. Worry was shot through with helpless anger. Only that morning he had busied himself with pencil and paper and discovered that the overhead was terrific.

Two weeks previously twenty-one colored persons, comprising a complete double unit of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., manufacturers of two-reel slapstick comedies, had left ship in Naples prepared to revolutionize the high-speed comedy situation by taking excruciating pictures against Old World backgrounds. And so far not a camera crank had been turned, not a foot of film utilized, not a single gesture of potential income made by any member of the troupe. Wherefore President Latimer had turned upon his most bosom friend and chiefest executive, Director Clump, as a person naturally and primarily responsible.

"An' has you got any idea," he inquired with cutting sarcasm, "when you finishes collectin' bearin's an' starts shootin'?"



The Baby Was Being Kidnaped, and There Started Up That Narrow, Picturesque Street Ladies, Children, Goats and Dogs, Yelling, Gesticulating, Leaping and Falling. Welford Leading the Way

amazingly accurate imitation of a flounder which has just been removed from its native brine. Because, after all, it was the old story of circumstances altering cases. Welford Potts had not been actually criticizing his director friend. He had only—but Cæsar was descending upon him and there were fire and brimstone in the glance of the harried director.

"Welford Potts, did you say to Orifice that it was my fault we ain't done nothin'?"

"N-n-n-now listen, Cæsar ——"

"Answer me. Did you did, or did you didn't?"

"Well, it was thisaway ——"

"I told you he did," roared Latimer. "Ev'ybody says it."

"But it took Mistuh Shrimp Welford Potts to rilly give you the whole idea, eh? Mistuh Potts which I made an actor out of an' thought was my friend. It was Mistuh Potts which stahted all this, huh? All right. Fum this minute on J. Cæsar Clump goes out an' gits pitchers—an' he does it without no friends n'r nothin'. Good, bad or rotten—I gits pitchers. You says all you craves is fo' us to shoot a lot of footage. A'right, I shoots it. An' as fo' you, Mistuh Potts—you po', misguided, lopsided, bandy-legged, three-toed son of a cockeyed buzzard, Ise sho gwine git even with you fo' stahtin' this mess."

"Pff!" Clump was now as angry as his chief. "Right now if you feels that way about it."

"That way! Sufferin' tripe! I feels wuss than that way. I feels ——"

"Like sendin' second-rate pitchers back to America when they is lookin' fo' comedy classics?"

"Us is the comedy classics! What they is lookin' fo' is pitchers—an' pitchers we has got to have. I want action ——"

"Well, whose fault is it we ain't done nothin'? Has you done anythin' but sight-see? Has Forcep Swain done any authorin'? Has Florian Slappey gotten any hunches? Has Professor Aleck Champagne made any money with that orchestra we brung over heah? Has ——"

"No! No! No!" shrieked Latimer. "Nobody ain't done nothin' an' nobody ain't doin' nothin', an' so far as I can see nobody ain't fixin' to do nothin'. An' whose fault it is is yourn on account you is chief director."

"Fumadiddles!" snorted Clump. "Who says so besides you?"

"Welford Potts!" roared the president. "He says so!"

A terrible and audible silence pervaded the room. J. Cæsar Clump turned with jaw drooping to stare at the dapper and elegant figure of his erstwhile bosom friend, the sartorially magnificent Mr. Welford Potts, one of the most shining stars in the Midnight constellation.

Mr. Potts was somewhat startled by the sudden turn of the quarrel. He sat on the edge of his chair giving an

"Cæsar, I never ——"

"I thought of it myse'f," howled President Latimer.

"Bah!" snapped Mr. Clump as he slammed out of the room. "You never thought of one thing in yo' whole mis'able life."

President and star stared at each other. The countenance of Mr. Welford Potts reflected an excessive lugubriosity not entirely free from resentment.

"Orifice, you done me dirt. I never suggested ——"

"I didn't say you was the suggestive one, did I?"

"No. But Cæsar thought ——"

"It's a good thing fo' Midnight if Cæsar thinks anything. Way money things is runnin' over heah in Europe, they ain't no diff'ence 'tween coffers an' coffins. An' as fo' that uppity director ——"

"I don't care 'bout heahin' you straduce Cæsar," said Welford firmly. "He's my friend, an' Ise gwine out an' make up with him."

Down the hallway of the modest and not overheated Regal Hotel went the unhappy Welford Potts. He faced the task of setting himself right with his director, and that task promised to prove anything but easy.

Orifice Latimer, after all, had been grossly unjust. Welford merely agreed that Midnight had fallen into a state of hopeless inaction since setting foot on the shores of sunny Italy. The time had been pleasurably spent, of course; carriage drives around the city and to Sorrento and Pompeii and Amalfi; a highly seasickish boat ride to the island of Capri and its Blue Grotto; soothing liqueurs in sidewalk cafés, and many trips to see American movies with Italian subtitles. But so far no slapstick footage had been shot by this company; no scenario had been concocted; nothing had been done toward taking pictures other than securing police permits to photograph on the streets of Naples.

As Welford Potts reached the door of Cæsar's room, Mr. Clump came slamming moodily into the hall. His putties had lost their luster, his long-visored cap was askew on top of his head and his eyes were blazing. Mr. Potts put a pleading hand on the other's arm.

"Cæsar, listen ——"

"Ise listened to all what I craves to heah. Git out of my way befo' I steps on you."

"Where you goin'?"

"Ise gwine out to take pitchers."

"Where?"

"In Naples—tha's where. I dunno what kind or how, but Orifice Latimer says git pitchers, an' Ise gwine git 'em. Nothin' don't matter no mo'—an' I suggests that you goes back an' commences to talk with him 'bout firin' me an' makin' Eddie Fizz chief director."

Clump stalked down the hall in majestic grandeur, and the distraught Welford Potts gave pleading chase.

"I never said ——"

"You said a-plenty. Ev'y time you opens yo' mouf, words falls out—an' they is mostly words without no sense."

Clump descended to the main floor and passed through the lobby into the street, Welford still in pathetic pursuit.

It was Mr. Potts' sole and simple ambition to set himself right with Mr. Clump.

"Cæsar, I thinks you is the wonderfulest director ——"

Mr. Clump strode to the corner and turned left on Via Caracciolo. The broad thoroughfare, parked on the right and bordering the Bay of Naples, seemed to soothe him not a whit, and he merely ignored the peacemaking Welford.

"I just told Orifice that we hadn't took no pitchers since we landed in Naples, an' if that ain't the truth, what is it?"

"Yeh. An' also it's true that Orifice is ugly an' fat. Now let's heah you tell him that!"

"But, Brother Clump ——"

"I ain't yo' brother. I ain't nobody's brother no mo'. An' I craves that you keeps yo' mouf shut. I yearns fo' solitude an' heaps of it."

Whereupon Cæsar strode moodily along the Riverside Drive of Naples in the general direction of the city's civic center. His face was darker than Nature intended and his heart was leaden. Presidential censure caused his soul to shrivel. It was the first he had ever received, and he knew that it was not entirely unjust.

"Turn Aroun', Welford," He Yelled, "an' Run!"

As a matter of fact, Director J. Cæsar Clump, usually fertile of brain and overflowing with ideas, had been decidedly bewildered by his transportation from Birmingham, Alabama, to Naples, Italy. He had not yet oriented himself to this exotic environment. The narrow streets, rising tier on tier in stone steps and balconies; the tall tenements, the mobs of indifferent people, the sobbing taxicabs, the noisy little trams, the multitudinous uniforms of the military and police—all these had conspired with the strange language to cause Mr. Clump wonderment as to what it was all about.

The simple truth was that he didn't know where to begin. He possessed a vague feeling that once he started shooting pictures, hunches would pile one on the other until he couldn't sleep nights; but that great, original, inspirational hunch which was to start the avalanche seemed farther distant with the passing of each interminable day.

He reflected, now, as he strode along and turned from the waterfront into the narrow, congested streets, precipiced on either side by five and six story tenements, that had Welford Potts not timed his critical suggestions so inopportunely, the divine hunch would have descended not later than that day; and so he despised his erstwhile friend and gave no heed to Welford's passionate peace offerings.

"Honest, Cæsar, I didn't go for to git you into no mess. I never thought Orifice was gwine 'cuse me of sayin' ——"

"I ain't interested in yo' talkment. I just nachelly ain't interested in you a-tall."

"But Ise sorry, Cæsar. Honest to goshness, I is. I thinks you is wonderful ——"

"But dumb!"

"An' I knows we is gwine git pitchers, an' Ise nachelly itchin' to help ——"

"Tha's all anybody has done since gittin' to Naples. Itch."

"Won't you make up, Brother Clump?"

"Only thing I makes up is my mind. An' I makes that up to show somebody somethin'. Now leave me be."

But Welford Potts did not leave him be. He trotted patiently along in the wake of the irate and troubled director, as that slender and wiry individual threaded his way through the tortuous maze of narrow, squalid, flagstoned streets which wander indiscriminately through the downtown section of Naples.

Cæsar was in an unforgiving mood. Welford was despondent. They knew not whither they went. Cæsar traversed one street and then another, Mr. Potts dogging his heels. Mr. Potts was desperate. He had unwittingly done his friend injury and found it impossible to make amends. And Cæsar's thoughts were going around in circles. His instinct was to forgive Welford, for he craved friendly counsel and an unburdening of his soul—but pride forbade. He liked Welford, yet he sought revenge even before peace.

They passed a corner. The wistful eye of Mr. Potts lighted upon a sign painted over the door of a tiny shop—a sign which announced to the world that here *tabacco* was dispensed. And in the window of that *tabacco* shop was something which afflicted Welford with an inspiration.

In full view of the multitude were some Virginia cigarettes. They were not expensive and they were not many, but at sight of them Welford smiled hopefully.

He knew that particular brand was J. Cæsar's favorite. What was more, Mr. Clump had sought wildly and vainly since landing in Italy for precisely that cigarette. And now ——

It occurred to Welford that here was golden opportunity to make a peace offering which could not be rejected. Cæsar's favorite cigarette! What iron heart would fail to melt under the white heat of such a gift? What granite soul could withstand the blast of such an offering?

"Cæsar," whispered Mr. Potts, "will you do me just one favor?"

"What is it?"

"Wait heah fo' me one li'l' teeny minute."

(Continued on Page 120)

RADIO

By DAVID SARNOFF—AS TOLD TO MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

There is Something Terrifying in the Utter Silence, the Total Lack of Facility for Determining What the Audience is Like

IT IS paradoxical, but true, that as radio sets get more complex, delicate and precise, they are more easily operated. It took an engineer to run the early sets, and even more recently timid folks, when tempted to go in for radio, were discouraged by the multiplicity of dials and the intricacy of the various accessories and control arrangements.

Several things have made operation simpler. The built-in loop aerial, now used instead of the outside aerial 50 to 100 feet in length, helps. So do built-in loud-speakers, dry cells instead of wet batteries, and lamp-socket power supply. But the most confusing feature of early sets was the system of separate tuning dials for each of the several stages of amplification. Frequently there were three dials to be turned for tuning and several dials for other adjustments as well. No operator could be found with more than two hands to turn these dials, and two hands were at a distinct disadvantage. Finally use was made of an ingenious device for the operation of all the tuning apparatus by means of a single dial. The original idea was worked out by Fessenden and was perfected by John V. L. Hogan, radio engineer, who worked out the details of the single dial while he was still in college. He intended it for ships at sea, where sometimes speed in operation might save a life.

The device was used by ships, but did not become a part of broadcasting until 1923. It is indicative of the extreme caution with which radio manufacture advanced that this invention, which seems now so obviously useful, should not have been snapped up at once. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hogan offered the patent to at least one large company for exclusive license at a price which was less than the same company now pays him for a nonexclusive license under the patent, shared with a score of other companies.

A Husky Five-Year-Old

AN UNEXPECTED problem was created by the sensitive new receiving sets. The same delicacy of perception that let them reproduce the faintest incoming impulses from distant broadcasting stations also enabled them to reproduce the impulses from electrical machinery and from other man-made disturbances.

Late in 1924, so many complaints regarding interference of this kind were received that the Radio Corporation organized a special staff to investigate. During 1925, 300 cases of interference caused by electrical machinery were tracked down and remedied.

Among the sources of interference which have been traced are: Street railways, arc lights, motion-picture machines, electric grills, elevators, defective house wiring, vacuum cleaners, electric heating pads and silent traffic policemen—that is, electric signals which control the traffic.

Another source of interference has been the use of regenerative receivers without devices to prevent radiation. Where too much regenerative amplification is used, such sets begin to whistle—that is, they cease to act as receivers and begin to create and radiate oscillations of their own. In this way the whole receiving set becomes a small transmitter and its waves can be heard over other sets in the neighborhood, to the annoyance of owners of those sets. This radiation is being prevented by loop aerials—coupling tubes, which include one or more amplifying tubes without feed-back, used between the aerial and the oscillating circuit to prevent the oscillations from reaching the aerial, and counter feed-back devices which automatically stop regeneration from building up to a point where oscillation begins.

From all this it may be seen that in five years receiving sets have advanced through six or seven stages. First came the simple crystal sets, or sets with one or two tubes but without substantial amplification. Then came sets with regenerative amplification. Tuned radio-frequency sets with several successive tube circuits and a fairly high degree of amplification and selectivity were next. There followed, in quick succession, the superheterodyne set with very high degree of amplification and selectivity; the completely self-contained set, with loop aerial and inclosed loud-speaker; and the set with lamp-socket power supply and a very powerful loud-speaker.

The most recent and, for many reasons, most interesting development is the combination of the radio and the phonograph, operated electrically and with the electric pick-up.

Naturally, this is only a rough classification of set growth, since some of the attributes of one set may have been combined with some of the others, but it serves to show what can be done in five years when the public takes an innovation to its heart.

So many are the changes that it seems it must have been further back than the fall of 1921 that crude affairs, operated with long outside aerials, heavy wet batteries and head phones, and appealing only to scientific amateurs who were enthusiastic over the chance to experiment with something new, were offered for sale. Yet it was 1921, and in those days plenty of people thought that radio was a fad, soon to be outworn.

At the transmission end engineers have been at work analyzing and studying sound as strenuously as their coworkers at the receiving end. The early imperfections of radio apparatus—distortion of speech and music, elimination of overtones, the accentuation of certain letters and the partial elision of others—have been overcome through better methods of modulation and transmission. Studio equipment also has been improved by the desired extent of elimination of echoes and the avoidance of over-accentuation of one instrument at the expense of others.

To get precise results, measurements of people's hearing of speech and music have been carried out. More faithful transmission has been achieved by transmission in a longer range of pitches. Originally transmission was 350 to 3000 cycles a second. Now it is 50 to 6000 cycles or more. This will be increased undoubtedly. Advances these days are made on the strength of scientific measurements. The old cut-and-try method has gone out in the laboratory.

The Microphone

RADIO owners hear much of the microphone, affectionately called the mike, into which music or speech is poured. The microphone goes back to the first decade of the history of telephony. In the form we know it, it was invented by a man named Blake, who used plates of polished carbon with granular carbon grains between. The microphone that is in use today substitutes gold plating for the carbon and has a diaphragm of stretched duraluminum, the same material of which the frames of dirigibles are made. This increases smoothness of response to notes of all pitches.

Study of the microphone has been carried to such a point that Dr. Phillips Thomas, a research engineer of the Westinghouse Company, has produced an instrument so sensitive that it is said to be able to "hear insects talk." It can also be used to help doctors locate defective organs in the human body through vibration. This is a valuable discovery, since it has been demonstrated that once the normal vibrating periods or characteristic sounds of healthy organs are known, the defective ones can be discovered by sound variations.

The early broadcasting stations used only a small fraction of one kilowatt. Then stations of 500 watts to 750 watts were introduced. Later stations of 5000 watts were built, and later still superpower stations, such as KDKA, WJZ and WGY, began to operate experimentally on power up to 50,000 watts.

This enormous increase in power required the development of water-cooled tubes of the high-vacuum type, with copper bulbs and special filaments.

Crystal-controlled transmitters reduce interference and make possible the close spacing of wave channels, by preventing stations from wabbling off their wave lengths and crossing with one another. The so-called piezo-electric effect of a thin slice of quartz crystal, which can be made to vibrate rhythmically at any desired frequency, controls the wave length of any station with accuracy, even when the oscillations run as high as 15,000,000 a second. In other words, a waferlike slice of crystal of almost diamond hardness of about two one-hundredths of an inch in thickness holds radio transmission constant.

It is difficult to give proper credit for a great many radio inventions, because so far the courts have handed down all too few decisions that really settle ownership of patents. The romance of radio is tremendously attractive to every man of imagination. We have had all sorts of would-be inventors—from the farm, from the schoolroom and even from the telephone switchboard. Most radio inventors are men, but women go in for it, too, sometimes.

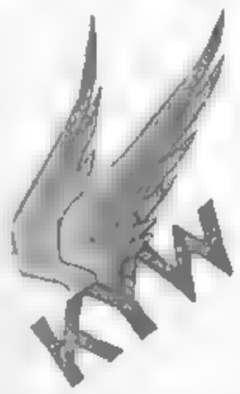
The uncertainties of the field are such that leading engineers insist that a patent must have been applied for before they inspect an invention. They don't want to deal with helpless people, who may later accuse them of having stolen an idea. The truth is, many inventions are the reinventions of older methods. When a science has gone as far as radio has now, the amateur in the proverbial attic is not so likely to make a revolutionary invention as is the trained worker in a well-equipped laboratory. This is because the big laboratories are working overtime to turn out mechanical perfection, and their engineers and scientists are provided with the necessary facilities for orderly experimentation. It is almost too bad that this is true, for it spoils the story. Even I would rather believe the thrilling tales about amateurs who wake up in the middle of the night with ideas for inventions that will net them many millions. But I can't remember any actual case of this kind in recent radio history.

Inveterate inventors are not, however, to be discouraged. One man has visited a certain radio-engineering department twenty-three times, always with a new scheme. Every one has turned out to be either useless or a reinvention. He never seems to be fazed by the inevitable report and always pops back serenely with something else. All sorts of interesting suggestions are made. A number of persons seem to have conceived recently the idea that it would be nice to paint domestic scenes on the side of radio receivers to give a pleasant homelike atmosphere. Others suggest painting studio scenes on the sides of the loud-speaker to make the listener think he is really in a studio. The wildest dreams of a futuristic furniture maker are tame beside the cabinets designed by some would-be inventors. They are so grotesque that if a timid person awoke and saw them in his room at night he would shriek for help. One man wants them carved to represent lions and panthers. Another brought in a skeleton model. A woman suggested that a phosphorescent glow about the cabinet would produce a delightful eerie sensation on long winter evenings with the lights turned off and radio turned on.

Amateur and Professional Inventors

A FAVORITE type of invention is what we call gadgets—things to be attached to some part of the receiving instrument to make it sound better. Often these attachments will cost more than the entire receiver, but this is a mere detail to the proud inventor. Tubes exert a strange fascination too. All sorts of arrangements have been suggested for coloring them so that they will glow with a soft light.

Everybody, it seems, must, at some time or other in his life, try building a loud-speaker out of wood in such a way as to get perfect tone. Sometimes the architect relies upon the shape of his instrument, sometimes upon the kind of wood or the veneer to produce this tone. There are some pathetic cases. I remember one gray-haired elderly man of the stoop-shouldered, deprecating, perennial-failure type who came into the laboratory accompanied by a determined-looking wife. He had a crinkly horn which he was sure would solve all loud-speaker problems. We tried to soften the blow, but had to tell him not to invest any money in the project. As he slowly took in what we meant, he seemed to crumple up before our eyes.



Although all are carefully examined for fear something may be missed, there is an astonishingly small percentage of workable ideas among those submitted. Out of 1000 suggested inventions there may be one or two that can be used—usually with modifications.

The great inventors and scientists I have known have been plain, friendly, humble men. My chief impression of Marconi was always of democracy. I remember one day an Italian boy came in to shine his shoes. Marconi got interested in something the boy said and detained him for half an hour, talking to him eagerly in Italian and shaking hands when they parted.

The greater the scientist is the humbler seems to be his attitude. If you asked Steinmetz "What is ether?" he told you that he wished he knew. A college sophomore, on the other hand, would answer glibly that ether is a medium through which electric waves travel. That reminds me of a story told to me by Melville Stone, counselor of the Associated Press, about Heinrich Hertz, discoverer of the theory of electromagnetic waves, which is at the basis of radio.

Hertz was a teacher of physics in a German university. One day a student asked, "What is electricity?" Before Hertz had a chance to reply, a boy in the back of the room held up his hand. When the teacher rather sardonically said, "All right, you tell him," the boy's knowledge seemed suddenly to vanish into thin air and he stammered that he had forgotten.

Hertz looked at him for a moment without speaking, then shook his head sadly. "What a pity!" he commented. "The only man who has ever known what electricity is has forgotten!"

When Albert Einstein, of relativity fame, was in this country in 1922, I gave a luncheon in his honor and invited Steinmetz, Irving Langmuir and other leading scientists. It was a rather thrilling event for a layman, seeing so many great men together. Einstein was shown through our radio station at New Brunswick. Queerly enough, I cannot recall any prophecy of his about radio. I am inclined to think that he did not make one. He seemed to be rather awed by the magnitude of the concrete development of theories that he understood better perhaps than any of us.

Doctor Goldsmith took Einstein, Steinmetz and Langmuir out to New Brunswick in his automobile, and they carried on an astonishing conversation in three languages—German, English and French. A rapid fire of ideas went back and forth, and the three promulgated theories and problems enough to keep the rest of the scientific world busy for a generation. They discussed the internal structure of atoms and the inmost secrets of science in much the same manner that we ordinary mortals would debate what to have for dinner.

Two inventors of especial interest to present-day radio fans are Armstrong and John Hays Hammond, Jr. Armstrong worked out his regenerator while he was still a student at Columbia University. In fact, he began inventing in his own attic when he was fifteen. His invention practically revamped the manufacture of radio sets. When he gave his first demonstration before officials of the Marconi Company, I remember that the tall young fellow carried all his equipment in a black box and each part was painted black. This was a camouflage arrangement to make sure that nobody should pirate his idea.

Seeing Things Up Gloucester Way

HAMMOND is a latter-day descendant of a long line of gentleman scientists, men of means who might have been content to live without work, but who have wanted to invent for the joy of it. Cavendish and Faraday were among this group; and so was the Marquis of Worcester, who built one of the original steam engines.

Hammond is a graduate of Yale and a democratic, unostentatious man, very pertinacious where his work is concerned. Two types of problems appear to interest him—national affairs and music. In teledynamics, the science of remote control, or controlling things at a distance, he has always worked with the idea of military defense in mind.

It is an uncanny sensation to stand on the shore of Gloucester Harbor and watch Hammond's unmanned boat start out at top speed when a button is pressed. As it sails along on top of the water it draws near another craft. A touch of the button swerves it to the side and it passes in safety, while the eyes of the persons in the other boat bulge out from astonishment. To end the exhibition Hammond wills his creation to do stunts and it begins to cut figure eights in the water.

The inventor has also controlled torpedoes and airplanes by radio, and has constructed a dog of metal which will follow him about the house until the neighbors think they're seeing things.

In connection with his torpedo control, he has perfected one item that seems like doom itself. There was always a possibility that persons on a boat toward which a torpedo

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Keeping on the Farm the Boy and Girl Already There is the Ultimate Service the Radio Will Render to Rural Communities

COUNTER ATTACK

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MARTY ROONEY, capitalist, mill owner and politician, was in conference with Melvin Palmer. Melvin, as the entire county was aware, supplied Marty with an extra pair of very bright eyes, and with a pair of hands which did not object to a certain quantity of surreptitious dirt. It was an excellent arrangement for both. Mr. Palmer performed work for which he was eminently fitted and for which he had an enviable genius—at satisfying rates of payment; Mr. Rooney occupied a position which made it possible for him, in unpleasant emergencies, to declare that Mr. Palmer had gone too far, had acted on his own, as it were, and in consequence would be removed from the pay roll forthwith. Excellent results were obtained.

"You can't buy him, seems as though," said Mr. Palmer, referring to a certain young attorney at law, Caleb Hope by name.

"I discovered that for myself," Marty said dryly but urbanely. He was industriously urbane; it was his avocation.

"And," said Mr Palmer, "he ain't any fool."

"In your former report," said Marty, "you took the opposite view."

"I'm cured," said Mr. Palmer, "and we better take steps."

"And contrive adroit expedients," said Marty, who had the gift of tongue and loved the sound of apt and musical words as they issued from his lips.

"He's gittin' quite a bit of business."

"And attending to it efficiently, which is worse."

"You think it up and I'll see it's done," promised Mr. Palmer.

"I like him. I confess I like him. But we mustn't let that interfere with business. No, in spite of his admirable characteristics, he must be abolished."

"How?"

"Melvin, the most effective way to abolish a young lawyer is to have him disbarred."

"But, dog-gone it, he's honest."

"You don't have to be a negro to sing a coon song," said Marty sententiously; "there is burnt cork, you know."

"Have you got any to smear him with?"

"I think so. Indeed, I may say that I have a can with full guaranty printed on the label. . . . By the way, what about this First Voters' League I hear of?"

"Kind of an organization," said Mr. Palmer; "and as near as I can git at it, the main object is to give minstrel shows."

"Is Caleb Hope mixed up in it?"

"Not that I kin find out. He ain't an officer and he's never been at a meeting."

"Watch it," said Marty, "and we'll arrange to take charge of it if it seems worth our while."

"When'll you be ready to set things to whizzin'?"

"Day or two," Marty said. "I'll send for you."

Mr. Palmer left the office and walked down the river road into town. As he turned into Main Street he saw walking slowly ahead of him a very tall, slender, stooping figure, and he quickened his steps presently to fall in beside Caleb Hope.

He Had Not Meant to be an Eavesdropper, But the Mention of Caleb Hope's Name Had Arrested Her

"'Mornin'," he said brightly.

Caleb turned his head to look downward. "Ah," he said in his melancholy voice, "Mr. Melvin Palmer, and no other!"

"It's me, all right," said Melvin. "How d'ye find yourself?"

"Now there's a question. How do I find myself? How does anybody find himself? Or, to go further into the matter, does any man really find himself at all?"

"I can't say," responded Melvin, somewhat nonplused, and with a resurgence of his old notion that Caleb was a button short as to intellect.

"Now is the time," said Caleb, "for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

"Why, yes," said Melvin; "but what put that idee into your head?"

"You ask the most fascinating questions," Caleb said sadly. "Conversation with you is a pleasure. You open up such vistas for speculation."

Melvin was finding the conversation difficult. His purpose had been to glean any wisps of information which Caleb might drop unawares; but if this were information, he did not know how to digest it.

"How's the law business?" he asked presently.

"Brisk," said Caleb. "You'd be surprised."

"It's gittin' so I ain't surprised at anythin'," said Melvin.

"Did you used to be surprised?" Caleb asked interestedly.

"Why—I guess so."

"At what?"

"Why—well, at different things."

"Sometime," Caleb said wearily, "I wish you would make a list of them for me. You know—the things you used to be surprised at which surprise you no longer."

"Land's sake! What for?"

"You ought not to ask that," Caleb said mildly. "Such questions should not arise between friends."

"Sufferin' mackerel!" Melvin exclaimed hoarsely.

"I leave you here," Caleb said. "This is my office, where I practice the law you spoke about."

Melvin made no response until Caleb was inside; then he clicked his teeth together and snapped his head sidewise on his shoulders as a man might do in a high state of irritation. "Then go practice it, dog-gone ye!" he said. "And next time ye meet a man on the street, talk sense."

Presently Mr. Briggs, station master, baggage man, telegrapher, ambled up the street and walked into Caleb's office.

"'Mornin', Mr. Hope," he said.

"'Mornin', Mr. Briggs."

"I've been thinkin'," said Mr. Briggs.

"A sudden attack?" asked Caleb with interest. "Or has it been coming on gradually?"

"Kind of a creepin' paralysis," said Mr. Briggs soberly. "I been givin' my attention to politics."

"Have you come to a conclusion?"

"This here town's a part of the United States, hain't it?"

"An important part," said Caleb.

"And the United States is run by the will of the people, hain't it?"

"At times I'm almost afraid it is."

"Uh-huh. Wa-al, this town hain't—that's what I'm gittin' at. It don't enjoy them rights and privileges I heard a Fourth of July orator speak about. Marty Rooney runs it and bosses it and sets onto it."

"And you conclude from that——"

"That suthin' ought to be done."

"As, for instance, what?"

"Marty's apple cart ought to git upset."

"By whom?"

"You," said Mr. Briggs categorically, "and me."

"How shall we go about it?"

"You do the heavy thinkin'," said Mr. Briggs, "and I'll do the stirrin' around. I hain't never amounted to much in folks' estimation here, but by dad, I cal'late to."

"Cæsar was an ambitious man," said Caleb.

"He wan't local. Dunno's I recall the name."

"He lived in Rome," said Caleb.

"Guess I know the feller. My wife's sister's married and lives there. We was there Thanksgivin' dinner. Kind of a heavy-set feller, ain't he? With whiskers? . . . Rome's a nice little place, but it's a sight colder'n this in winter, though it hain't but thutty mile off."

"But," asked Caleb, "what in particular have you in mind?"

"Mr. Hope," said Mr. Briggs, "I hain't one to go off half cocked, not to tackle suthin' without due preparation."

"I gathered as much from your conversations."

"When I was a young feller I laid me out what you might call a career, but I hain't never found jest the right day to git started on it."

"And this career?"

"I figgered I was cut and sewed by Nature to be a justice of the peace. My mind runs that way. I'm jambful of equitability, as you might say, and passin' judgments gives me a sight of satisfaction."

"But as to legal knowledge?"

"Mr. Hope, I'm fair bustin' out in a rash with it. I been readin' Tiffany's Justices' Guide these twenty-odd years. I read her evenin's and Sundays, and by dad, I kin recite her from kiver to kiver!"

"Mr. Briggs, if you know all the law in Tiffany, you are better informed than the Supreme Court of the United States. I gather you wish to enter politics as a candidate for justice of the peace."

"You guessed it."

"But not without a hint from you," Caleb said modestly.

"Marty he owns the town board and the county courts and the supervisors and the justice of the peace. Nobody kin get a fair deal in any argument with Marty. I wouldn't be no private justice if I got elected."

"The difficulty," said Caleb, "seems to be just that—to elect you."

"That's why I come to you. You beat Marty once. You kin do it again."

"We've got to start some place. Pick a stone out of the foundation. Concentrate on one pebble. Um—Mr. Briggs, I think you'll make a splendid pebble."

"Then you're fur me?"

"I am. . . . Now go away and sell railroad tickets."

"I'm goin'. I'm goin' now. I'm goin' to sell lots of 'em."

With this promise upon his lips, Mr. Briggs withdrew. Caleb Hope slumped back in his chair, a very figure of melancholy. He reached for a law book, but laid it down again and frowned at it as if it were an offensive person.

"It's curious," he said to himself, "how I abhor work." And with that he set himself upright, placed his disreputable hat on his head and went outside, where there was an abundance of sunshine. He was bent upon loafing and made no effort to conceal it from his conscience. He did not even pretend he was going on an errand.

He strolled up the street, climbed the pleasant slope of the westward hill and headed toward the open country beyond. A car approached from the opposite direction at a speed not smiled upon by the laws of the village, and as it came abreast of Caleb, it swished through a puddle left by the rain of the evening before. The motorist made no effort to avoid this congregation of muddy moisture, with the result that it was hurled outward with great vehemence. Caleb was there when it arrived, and as he wiped mud and water from his face and clothing, he gazed after the car with melancholy reproachfulness.

Then he strolled onward for perhaps five minutes, when the same car, returning, rushed past him, stopped violently, with a screaming of brakes, before the door of Marty Rooney's house, and Miss Seena Rooney, that gentleman's niece, alighted. Caleb hastened his steps by a very little, so that he met her as she stepped upon the walk. He lifted his hat with a weary gesture and did not smile as he greeted her.

"I beg your pardon," he said in his tired voice, "but don't you think you'd better back up a hundred feet and try it again?"

She wrinkled her brow at him and said, "What?" very shortly.

"You omitted something," he said, "by inadvertence. I hate to think of your day being spoiled."

"What are you talking about?"

"There's a puddle back there a rather nice and deep one."

"What of it?"

"I suggest that you back up. I will station myself beside the puddle. You can swish through it and the water will do the rest. Then everything will be all right."

"Did I splash you before?" Her cheeks became beautifully pink.

"Judge for yourself. Regard, for instance, my nose. I did such rough-and-ready renovation as was possible, but I seem to feel a smudge just there." He pointed to the spot.

"Send your clothes to the cleaner and the bill to me," she said loftily.

"And my face—what shall I do about that?"

"Do you want me to wash it?" she demanded.

"Are you good at washing faces? I don't care to trust mine to unskilled hands."

The young lady was twenty-two, but she suddenly relapsed to twelve. She clenched her fists and stamped a foot. Undoubtedly she would have made a face, but she caught herself at it in time.

"You are detestable," she said.

"And you're prescribing mud baths for it?" he asked.

She had reached that state of exasperation from which there is no relief but the spatting of a palm against the exasperator's cheek. But Seena did not spat. She snatched at her dignity and clutched it about her very much as a lady surprised in insufficient negligee will do with a boudoir gown; and then, with stiff back and erect shoulders, she turned and marched away from him.

Caleb regarded her with shadowed eyes, waggled his head once, and himself turned back toward his office. As for Seena Rooney, she paraded with military step up the walk, into the house and to her own room. There she regarded herself in the mirror to make sure she did not err in her recollections of her personal appearance. The glass satisfied her, but left her puzzled. How, she wondered vaguely, could any young man deal in such a manner with a young woman who looked like that? And then she sat down on the edge of the bed to give her whole attention to hating Caleb Hope. She did so thoroughly and enthusiastically. She called him names and landed what any pugilist would recognize as a knock-out punch in the solar plexus of her pillow. It was a great satisfaction, but left her still puzzled. To be puzzled about a young man is a perilous state of mind.

II

AGAIN Melvin Palmer and Marty Rooney were in conference.

"I got him here," Mr. Palmer said.

"Is he up to specifications?"

"I hain't seen him do it, but he claims he can. He lets on he's made a livin' by it."

"Have him in," said Marty, and Mr. Palmer ushered into the presence a shambling individual of middle age and not prepossessing teeth. A squirrel might have burst with envy at sight of them, but few human beings aspire to proficiency in cracking nuts.

"Your name is Maddock?" Marty asked.

"Yes, sir, Maddock—Maddock's my name," said the squirrel-toothed gentleman.

"You know what's wanted of you?"

"In a way. In a kind of a way."

"Can you deliver the goods?"

"This is a kind of a new lay to me, mister. I ain't never been paid to fake an accident before. Do I get protection? How about my get-away?"

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"This," said Caleb, "is My Late Client. His Testimony is Not Especially Credible, But I Have Corroboration if it is Required"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1926

Sign Shooters

THERE is hardly a state whose taxpayers do not complain at the cost of maintaining prisons and asylums. Yet at the risk of unpopularity with the hard-pressed rate payers we urge the enlargement of most of these institutions, and for a specific purpose. Room should be provided for the destructive hooligans who shoot holes in highway signs.

Whether these pernicious rowdies should be classed as criminal or insane, we leave to the experts. They seem to partake generously of both delightful characteristics, judging from their acts. One's first angry reaction to the sign shooter is to the criminal nature of his behavior. But second thought inclines one to the more generous conclusion that only a man with a decidedly defective mentality would shoot up the guide to safety for many a traveler. The sign shooter ranks with the paranoiac.

The automobile clubs do what they can, no doubt, to prevent the willful destruction of highway signs. The success of their efforts has not been reported to us, but anyone who makes an extensive automobile trip is aware that much remains to be done. If many of the sign shooters have been caught, no great amount of publicity has attended the fact. This type of mental defective or criminal not only deserves asylum confinement or a jail sentence, but he is obviously unfit to operate a car or own a firearm. The fact that these belongings have been taken away from him should be more widely broadcast.

The sign shooter takes particular delight in knocking out the distance figures. To a stranger on one of the great Far Western desert areas this may be a serious, an alarming matter. The main transcontinental highways, especially those which follow the railroads, pass enough small stores and section-gang stations to rob the water problem of its terrors, unless, of course, the traveler leaves the main road. But there are north and south roads and minor routes where it often happens that the motorist must find a water hole quickly, unless the supply he carries along is more ample than the average.

The human being who traverses some of the southwestern desert regions, especially in those at the lower altitudes, in the summer months, cannot get far away from a water supply without the most immediate danger. The number of large families in broken-down cars who attempt to negotiate these places at all times is surprisingly large. It was to prevent suffering among such as these that automobile clubs signed the country so generously.

Yet in regions terrible for their heat and aridity, creatures presumably in the form of men, but evidently lacking the brain which alone separates man from coyotes and wolves, have shot away many of the figures which indicate the distance and direction to the nearest water hole.

Incidentally, it may be asked, why is it so easy for any criminal or moron to become the owner of a gun?

Club Measles

IT IS the proud boast of our country that ownership of an automobile is almost as general as suffrage itself. Tomorrow the sign and token of democracy may take a new slant. Club membership is in a fair way of becoming a universal possession. Time was when to belong to a club was considered exclusive. But now clubs are organized and floated according to the most commercialized standards.

Men of character and ability differ honestly on the subject of clubs. Many of the highest type regard membership in these institutions as a foolish affectation of superiority. When they have occasion to visit a city away from home they prefer the impersonal service of a first-class hotel. Others just as sincere find clubs more homelike than hotels, and enjoy meeting men of their own tastes and interests in the quieter and sometimes more polished atmosphere which a real club affords.

But the club as an institution, regardless of its defects or merits, is being diluted with great rapidity. Its exclusiveness, if it ever had any, is undergoing a process of watering. If it ever was a good horse, it is now being ridden to death. One does not have to be either a famous or wealthy person to receive deluges of invitations to join beach clubs, country clubs, golf clubs, fishing clubs, gun clubs, ranch clubs, and scores of other varieties.

In numerous, if not all sections of the country, clubs are more and more being organized as business propositions, just as oil and mining companies are promoted. Sometimes the dues are high, but evidently the only other qualification for membership is the inclusion of one's name on an ordinary mailing list. Despite the costly stationery on which invitation is extended and the elaborate camouflage to the effect that "your name has been suggested to the board of governors for charter membership," the ink-stained hand of an expert addressing and mailing agency shows itself. The only real qualification for membership in thousands upon thousands of these clubs is precisely the same that is necessary to leave a cash grocery store.

There is a good side to all this breaking out of the body politic into clubs. Beaches, golf courses and trout streams are wholesome places to go. Then, too, the financial solvency required to join innumerable clubs is a high order of business merit in itself.

Yet this newer type of club, to which one is invited by means of a circular printed in three colors, does raise certain doubts. Woodrow Wilson once railed against the eating clubs of Princeton, and many an educator has fought high-school and college fraternities. In a thousand towns and villages the club crowd has been denounced by those who did not like its members, or who, perchance, envied them. Yet no power on earth, legal or of public opinion, will ever keep men and women from forming and joining organizations devised for purposes of sociability and comradeship. They may be wasteful and flippant, but human nature craves association.

But such association, such clubbing together, must be spontaneous and free from commercial suspicion, to be natural. When the only qualification to join a club is the purchase of a $500 membership, the whole thing becomes a tawdry joke. A club without standing, reputation and prestige is a pointless institution. These are intangibles, not to be gained by investing several hundred thousand dollars, obtained from the sale of memberships, in buildings and grounds.

Any group of men or women, whatever their names or positions, are at liberty to associate themselves into a club. It will be as fine an organization as they are, no more and no less. Prestige, or the reverse, comes with the course of time. A club is not put up like an apartment house or an office building. To organize one by the simple expedient of selling half a million dollars' worth of memberships is just as ridiculous as for a man to think he can become an artist by buying half a million's worth of paint and brushes.

A Mauve Decade

THE British Labor Government was too short-lived to make possible any estimate of the experiment. Ramsay MacDonald and his confreres were so busy keeping the wheels turning and coping with the appalling problems at home and abroad that they could not give thought to economic or social change. In any event, they lacked the authority of a majority in their own right. Just how far they would have gone if conditions had been favorable is still a matter for conjecture. The British Labor interlude, therefore, established only one fact conclusively: That the shackles of responsibility can enchain the socialist as well as the conservative, and that change must wait on expediency.

In Queensland there has been a Labor administration for ten years, however, with conditions more or less normal throughout; and certain things can be deduced from the results. The population of Queensland—something less than a million—is scattered in meager units over its broad area, but the bulk of the people live in the capital city, Brisbane, and its environs. The Queensland Government has faced conditions essentially local, and that must be borne in mind in drawing conclusions from the results that have obtained. The ten years have been productive, in the main, of little change, and nothing essentially revolutionary has been accomplished. It has been a mauve rather than a red decade. The conditions under which workingmen live have been improved somewhat according to some estimates, but the administration generally has been rather inefficient. The improvement will prove transitory if business initiative is held down by conditions, as at present.

The outstanding feature is the distinctly narrow scale on which the principle of state ownership has been applied. There is a state insurance department which operates successfully without crowding the private companies out, a string of state butcher and fish stores, a few state factories, state cattle stations, state mines and a government-controlled organization for the marketing and sale of farm produce. The fish and meat stores were the most spectacular of the state enterprises, but, after an initial flurry when the population flocked in droves to take advantage of the lower prices offered, they have not upset the retail situation in any very material way. The shops are located in the poorer sections of the various towns, and people soon tired of standing in long queues waiting for their turns. Today the governmental stores do a reasonably large trade at prices a little below the scale of the private merchants. The trades unions are not interested in keeping down prices, however. Wages are based on living costs and the workingman cheerfully pays the standard price. The State Produce Agency was organized with an eye to preventing undue profits at the source, but little was effected in the way of reducing the farmer's price. The farmer, after all, is a potent force at the polls and cannot safely be exploited for the benefit of the city dweller.

Protection has been one of the main planks of the Labor Government. The trades unions, which dominate the administration, demand protection from outside competition and nonunion labor. Their policy is to foster home industries, and with that purpose in mind they are striving to cut themselves away from every vestige of dependence on outside sources, even for raw materials. It is this plan of isolation, combined with the lack of real efficiency inevitably accompanying any form of state industrial control, which threatens to slow up industry and make a retrograde movement inevitable.

It is not possible yet to balance the scales. But one fact stands out: Radical government, after a ten-year test in an isolated and more or less economically independent country, has settled down to an administrative jog trot. It has found radical change either impossible or unnecessary.

WHAT PRICE BRIBERY?

By Walton Green

Chief Prohibition Investigator

BRIBERY and corruption are intrinsic to commercial bootlegging. The seducement of officialdom, great and small, commences in near-by foreign ports with the buying of fraudulent ship's papers. It ends in the United States only after the cop on the beat has got his rake-off and after the jury fixer has finished his dirty work.

Now, of course, the amateur automobilist can smuggle over an occasional case or two and the free-lance bottle fisherman may run ashore a few unprotected cases from time to time. But for the professional bootlegger who survives and makes money, bribery is just as fixed and calculable a part of overhead as faked whisky, imitation bottles and counterfeit labels.

In the case of the international smuggling rings, corruption comes into play long before the liquor leaves the ports of some of our neighbors. False registration of vessels, fraudulent manifests and clearances, returns to port in ballast in ridiculously short time—all these little collusive accommodations have to be paid for directly or indirectly.

Let's get this clear at the outset. The trouble doesn't lie with the European governments—especially with the first-class powers like England. England has consistently frowned upon the predatory machinations of her nationals, even when these operations have been technically within the law. The British Government has time and again gone out of its way to let Uncle Sam try to debooze the Western Atlantic in his own hit-or-miss fashion. The only real sticklers for the alcoholic freedom of the seas have been sundry American courts. And there is another angle. John Bull is properly and traditionally jealous of the kind of trade that receives the protection of the British flag. It doesn't always lie so well in Downing Street when the Union Jack decorates the peak of a converted Gloucester fisherman loaded with Belgium alcohol, owned by a bunch from Broadway, and manned by a crew of West Indian renegades.

Still and all notwithstanding, there are today literally hundreds of vessels under foreign registry—chiefly schooners—which are violating the laws of their own and this country. A large proportion of these vessels are, in fact, owned by American criminals, no matter what flag they fly.

In an earlier article we traced the successive stages whereby the so-called Rum Row had been pushed off the ocean and back into the ports of our neighbors—to be brought from those ports by coasting vessels to hovering positions off our great shore markets. The great liquor dumps of today are in Canada and the West Indies. Let's outline a few typical instances to show how these hovering schooners operate.

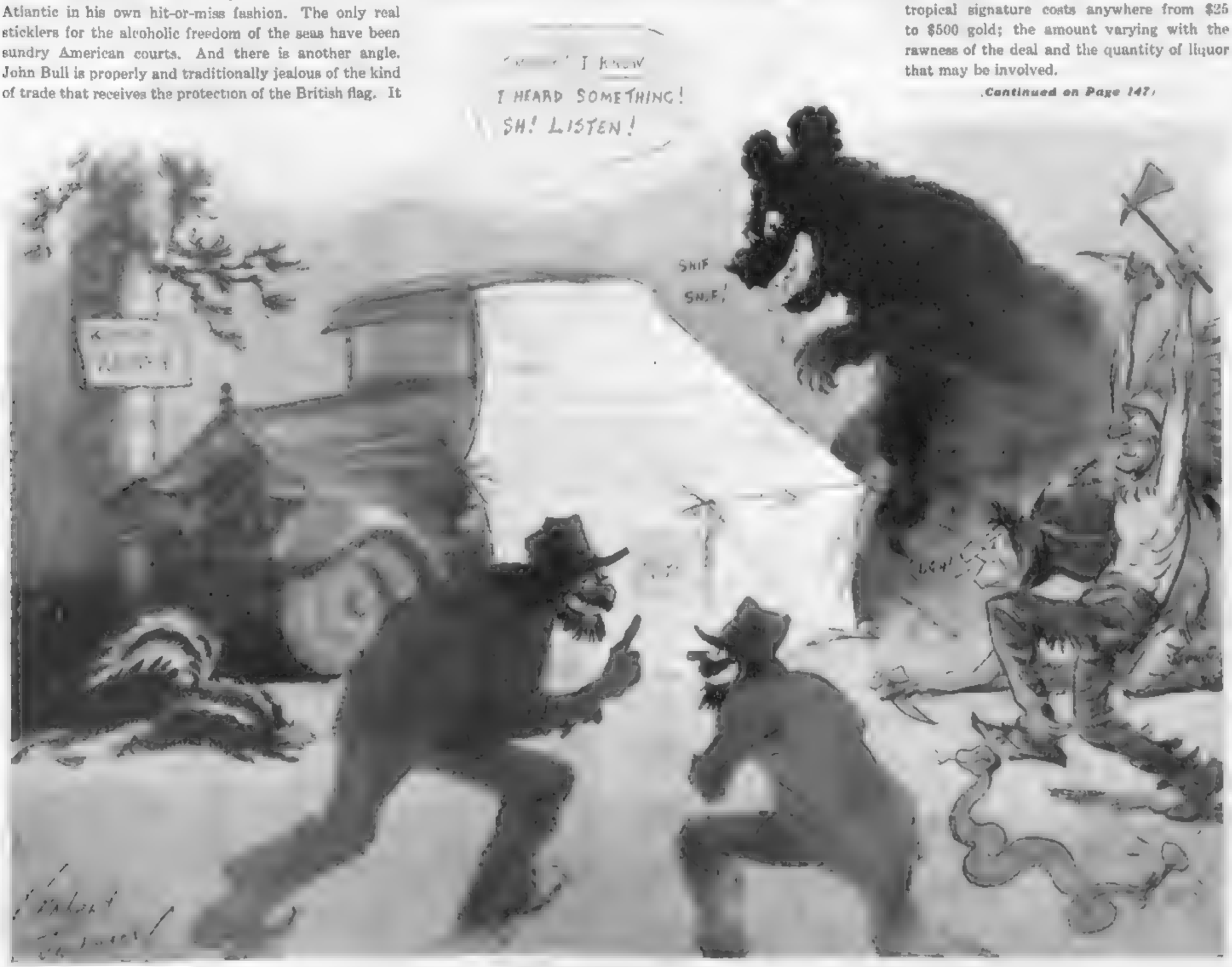
A schooner clears a Canadian port, let us say, with a cargo of whisky consigned to Nassau. The fact that Nassau already has more stored-up liquor than the entire Bahamas could drink in a hundred years is no bar to the proceeding, because the supersaturation of a given bunch of coral islands is no official business of Canada's, one way or the other. What happens is this. The master makes the Customhouse outward declaration—called a transire—and is cleared for Nassau. Then he sails blithely down the coast, unloads his liquor into contact boats a hundred miles or so off Montauk and sails right back again.

When he reënters Canada he turns in his ship's register and crew list and reports amiably, "I'm from the high seas—in ballast." Everything is all right and that ends it—except that he couldn't possibly have done it; which all hands know only too well. The outward transire and the quick return in ballast from the high seas simply can't exist together. If Canada chose to check up she would find a false master's oath on the outward declaration; and this not once, but twenty or more times a year for the same vessel.

But Canada doesn't check up. Canada winks. And the best that can be said is that the wink is sympathetic and economic rather than actually corrupt or paid for.

But in some parts of the West Indies collusion is softened neither by thirsty sympathy nor Anglo-Saxon apathy. It is on a strictly professional and cash basis—so much to wink, so much to close the eyes, so much more to become an active partner in the enterprise. The absent-minded tropical signature costs anywhere from $25 to $500 gold; the amount varying with the rawness of the deal and the quantity of liquor that may be involved.

Continued on Page 147



THE FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Christopher Voter, Who Will Always be Very Young

(With Apologies to Mr. A. A. Milne and Ever So Many Other People)

I HAD a ballot,
A nice long ballot,
I went to mark it
In the proper square.
I wanted an issue,
Some great big issue,
And I looked for an issue
Most everywhere.

For I went to the Republicans, who showed me a record—
"Only a ballot for our fresh-made record!"
"Have you got an issue, 'cos I never care for records?"
But they hadn't got an issue, not anywhere there.

I had a ballot,
A nice long ballot,
I wanted to mark it
In the proper square.
But I did want an issue—
Just any little issue—
And I looked for issues
Most everywhere.

Awful Predicament of the Man Who Was Told to Meet His Wife at a Beauty Parlor!

And I went to the Progressives, who showed me a farm bill—
"Now then! Ballot for our lovely farm bill!"
"Have you got an issue, 'cos I don't count farm bills?"
But they hadn't got an issue, not anywhere there.

I took my ballot,
My nice long ballot,
I tried to mark it
In the proper square.
I was finding my issue—
I do like issues—
And I hunted for my issue
Most everywhere.

So I went to the Democrats, who showed me some promises—
"Walk up, walk up, all sorts of promises!"
"Could I have an issue, 'cos I've got lots of promises?"
But they didn't have an issue, not anywhere there.

I had nuffin'
No, I hadn't got nuffin',
So I didn't mark my ballot
In the proper square.
But I walked on the golf links—
The cold November golf links—
And I saw little voters
Most everywhere!

I'm sorry for the party now who sells fine records,
I'm sorry for the party now who sells fine farm bills,
I'm sorry for the party now who sells fine promises,
'Cos they haven't got an issue, not anywhere there.

—Katharine Dayton.

One or the Other

"I HAVE been to Washington to see the President," announced the Hon. Thomas Rott.

"Ah!" returned J. Fuller Gloom, the human hyena. "Were you appointed or disappointed?"

A Modern Symphony

FORMERLY, when those of us who lacked a musical education went to a concert, we mustered an I-just-love-that-number expression, glanced at our watches frequently and remonstrated with the children because they wriggled. Then came the lecture recital and the program with notes. We learned that every little movement has a meaning all its own. We found out things that had been in the minds of the composers—things that doubtless would be great surprises to the composers themselves. This fad for knowing all about what a composition means having increased by leaps and bounds, there is no telling when we may go to a concert, pick up our programs and read something like the following:

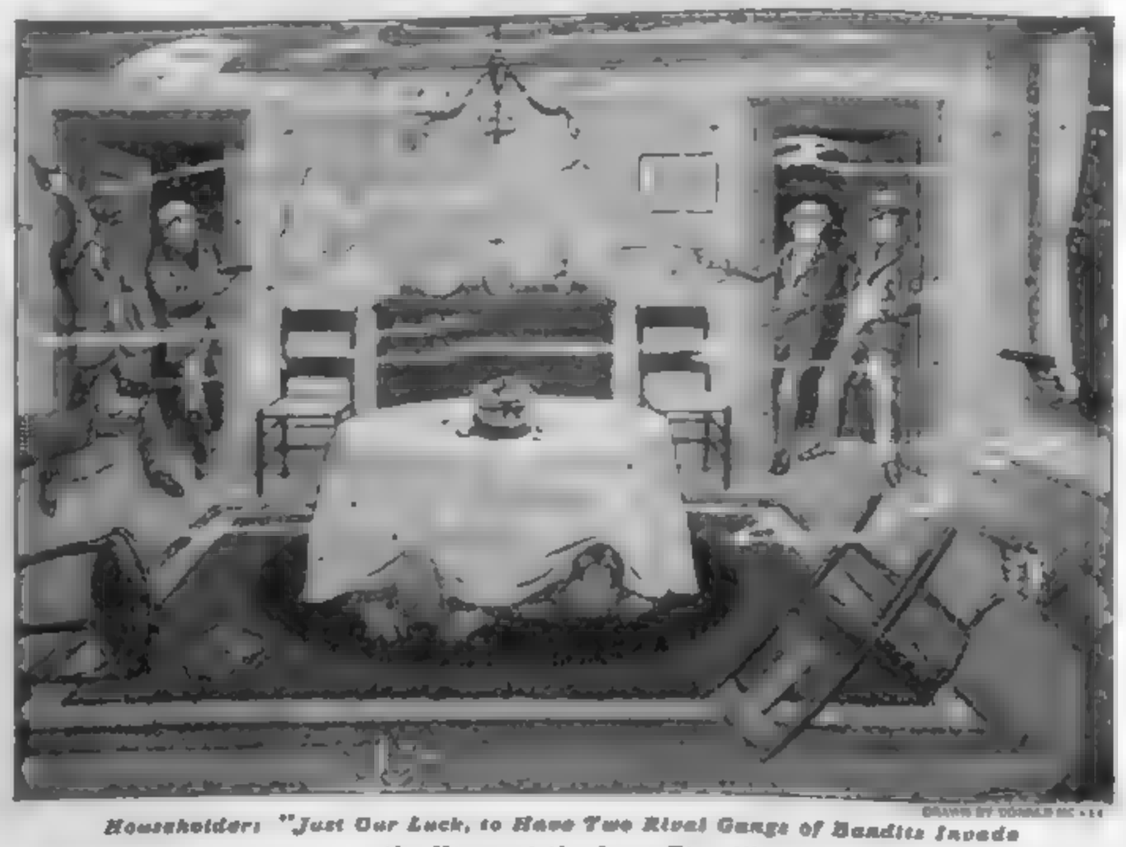
A Modern Symphony. This composition represents a day in the life of J. Henry McGoofus. At the opening we hear the rattle of the snare drum, denoting the alarm clock that awakens Mr. McGoofus from his slumbers. There is an *allegro* movement in which the entire orchestra joins, it being evident that Mr. McGoofus is going through his setting-up exercises. The morning-shave motif is introduced by an *allargando* strain, which is changed to an *allegretto* tempo as Mr. McGoofus goes down to breakfast. Breakfast is finished *animato* and Mr. McGoofus starts for the train, *ben ritmato*. He is, in fact, *calmato* and the morning to him is *cantabile*. There is a sudden, sharp note from the piccolo, telling us that the morning train is approaching.

There follows a lively quickstep, as Mr. McGoofus rushes for the station. This becomes more stately, and finally we hear a *dolcissimo* movement as he settles into his favorite seat and opens his newspaper. There is a sustained *legato* movement as the train sweeps on to the city. The music becomes *forte*, then *fortissimo* as the roar of the metropolis is encountered. There are sharp distinctions and a seesaw between the strings and the wood winds as traffic goes one direction and then another. Accompanied by a *leggiero* strain from the violins, Mr. McGoofus lightly escapes being run down by a truck and enters the building where his office is located. There is a long pause during which nothing is heard except the slow, steady beat of the bass drum. Mr. McGoofus is in conference and cannot be disturbed.

Sudden activity on the part of the bass viol repels a book agent. Here Mr. McGoofus leaves the office, *energico*, and

(Continued on Page 118)

The Law-Abiding Citizen



Householder: "Just Our Luck, to Have Two Rival Gangs of Bandits Invade the House at the Same Time!"

Hearty, healthful, tempting Vegetable Soup!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup! How popular it is! What a great need it answers for a hot, splendidly nourishing luncheon or supper that can be so easily prepared! How generous and welcome a part of the family dinner! Fifteen vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Strength-giving cereals. Savory herbs. Delicious seasoning. And just the soup for the children!

32 different ingredients 12 cents a can

SOUP

for your family's health

WITH the meal, or as a meal, soup belongs in the diet! Why? We all know that soup is delicious and tempting to the taste, that it offers a fascinating variety of flavors not to be had in any other food. But it is a mistake to think of soup merely as a food to be served or omitted from the meal as you please. Soup should be served *regularly*, and not just occasionally. And for these reasons:

Every housewife knows that if the family appetites are good, her meals will be enjoyed. She realizes that more than half her daily battle is won if those who assemble at her dining table are attracted *at once* by the food and start the meal eagerly. To win this victory, good hot, appetizing *soup* is most helpful Soup is invaluable as a wholesome, healthful stimulant to the appetite. The blended flavors of many different ingredients in soup appeal instantly to the sense of taste, arouse it, make it vigorous and keen.

SO YOU see that serving soup regularly is one of the most important secrets of successful planning of the meals. Apart from the splendidly nourishing value of soup, which it shares with other foods, it helps to keep the appetite active and healthy. In doing this it also has a beneficial effect on the digestion. Soup causes the digestive fluids to flow more freely. The result is that food is eaten in greater quantity and assimilated into the body tissue more promptly.

If every housewife only knew these facts about soup there wouldn't be a home in America where soup was not served *every single day!* Soup today is one of the most popular foods—one of the great national dishes in the United States. But the utmost attractiveness in the family meals will not be obtained until soup is eaten by everybody, every day, for luncheon, dinner or supper.

And so we make to you this suggestion: Start now and serve soup every day for the next two weeks. See if it doesn't make an immediate difference in the way your meals "go". Notice how every member of your family responds—how much brighter and more attractive your table seems to be.

VISIT your grocer's and familiarize yourself with all the delightful and different kinds of soups you will find there, already prepared and cooked for you by makers of world-wide reputation. Tempting vegetable purees, such as Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus and Bean Soups which, by the way, you will often serve as Cream Soups. Hearty substantial soups, such as Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef, Beef, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Pepper Pot, and Clam Chowder. Dainty clear soups, such as Consomme, Bouillon, Julienne, Printanier, Clam Bouillon. An almost endless variety.

Above all do not overlook soup as one of the ideal foods for your *children!* And what a help the different soups are to the mother so anxious to keep digestions sound and little bodies sturdy! The vegetable soups, and the cream soups especially, are splendid for the children.

With the meal or as a meal, soup belongs in the daily diet!

TWIN PROPELLERS

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IV

LANTY was not entirely surprised, but he was decidedly upset. The pearl necklace had fallen in the center of the table directly in front of where he sat. Thus placed, it was within easy reach of himself and the woman on either elbow at his side of the table, and of the three persons opposite, of whom Twining was on the right. And as J. J. had demonstrated, the pearls were within possible reach of any person there, having fallen to stream out in the long axis of the table.

But even if Lanty had felt it incumbent to demand that they be found and restored before anybody left the room, it was too late. The guests were already streaming out after Angela.

Miss Satterlee pressed his elbow. "Angela's bluffing again. She couldn't have seen anything. But like Cliff, she's a sport."

It Was a Perfect Example of Quick-Wittedness Backed by Strength, Skill and High Endeavor

"Carrying the sportsmanly to an extreme, I'll say," Lanty muttered. "And you and I were nearest them."

"I reached for them the moment the lights went out," Miss Satterlee said, "but they were gone. Whoever got them must have been a fast worker."

"Unless it was prearranged."

"They couldn't have known she was going to throw them on the table. Our talk started that."

"Do you know what I think?"

"What?"

"That J. J. whipped them up and passed them to Cliff to teach Angela a lesson. She's quick as a flash—mentally and physically. Very likely Angela suspects the same thing, and that's why she takes it so calmly, though she'd do that anyway. Come on, Cliff's waiting."

The others had already gone out on their way to the upper deck to the smoking and card room. Lanty wanted to talk to J. J. and so passed by Cliff, who was waiting by the door, smiling a little grimly at the jokes on the great jewel robbery. For none of the guests appeared to take seriously the disappearance of the pearls. They were mostly people who had met year after year, season after season, both winter and summer, in Florida and the North, so well acquainted not only personally but mutually through others of the same set as to be like a large family the members of which live apart, but between whom the clannish spirit prevails. This would often account for the well-bred license of speech, startling to a stranger like Lanty. Going above, he failed to find Pax or J. J.

Miss Satterlee, who had lingered after the others to speak to Cliff, came up just then. "They've slipped over to the club for a dance, I fancy. J. J. can't go long without a whirl."

"Who was with them?" Lanty asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps they went alone. J. J. knows everybody over there and she doesn't stand on ceremony. Besides, there isn't any aboard this boat. They leave it in the frozen North."

"Then let's go over there ourselves," Lanty suggested, "if you're sure it's all right."

"Perfectly. They'll all be over as soon as they have coffee. Don't you want yours?"

"No—never take it."

"No more do I, unless I've got a lot of night work. Come along then." They went across the short gangplank to the wharf. Strains of music, full and stimulating, were coming from the yacht club. "Somebody's having a party," Miss Satterlee said. "That's not the machine."

"I wish I felt easier in my mind, Miss Satterlee."

"So do I, Lanty. Cliff told me that he doesn't know who's got those pearls. He laughed it off, said somebody was trying to be funny and that the pearls would show up presently, but I don't think he's entirely at ease."

Lanty paused before they reached the clubhouse and out of earshot of some loiterers outside. "Why did his sister toss the pearls at him if they were real?"

"I don't know. You can never tell what's in Angela's mind and, of course, she hadn't counted on the lights going off just at that moment. They may have been copies for all we know."

"Let's hope so. But somehow I doubt it."

"I don't. I'm sure they were the real ones. Her mother's. I know something about pearls. More than I do about Angela. But Cliff was right in saying she likes to play with fire. The chances are she thought they'd be passed round the table and wanted to see what we'd all say and how each one would look when examining them. People are apt to give themselves away when anything of great value is placed in their hands."

"Yes," Lanty said slowly. "I know the look. That rotten Monte Carlo glare. It's beastly."

"Well, Angela likes that sort of stuff. She's like myself—believes almost everybody's got a price."

"I don't agree with that."

"You're young and uncommonly clean of soul. But I've seen too much of the raw side, and the devil workings of money lust. My department doesn't focus on other sorts of crime. I've seen master craftsmen of engravers and metallurgists with a long record of upright living fall for a temptation to defraud the Government or whoever might suffer from a clever piece of work. And I've known some women of the country's cream to pull the rottenest sort of smuggling tricks. Sometimes I think that honesty is only a word and not an abstract fact."

"Hope I'll never get that way. But this makes me rather sick because, you see, Pax and I are the only strangers here."

"Forget it. Anybody with a grain of sense would spot you two for babes in the wood. Cliff was afraid you might feel that way and he was all set to give you a fearful call down if you had tried to say anything of the sort."

"I felt that. Well, let's go and see what those two girls are up to."

They went into the clubhouse, not meeting anybody whom either of them knew. As Miss Satterlee had said, there was a party in progress, though a comparatively small one. Then glancing at the dancers, of whom there were some score of couples, Lanty frowned. J. J. was twirling in and out with Twining, the girl doing a Charleston in masterly style, while Twining, rather heavily set but surprisingly agile, was likewise performing, and not so badly. Pax, not yet acquainted with this innovation, was dancing with a tall, dark, handsome man who looked about thirty and odd, graceful in the extreme. He was broad of shoulder, trim of waist and perfectly in accord with his lissom partner.

"So Twining brought them over," Miss Satterlee murmured. "That's his new buddy dancing with your sister. Horace Dade, a native of this burg. First family down here, and all right enough so far as I know."

The music stopped just then. Dade, who appeared to be giving the party, led Pax over to the table where the others were assembling, presenting Pax to some of the guests. J. J. and Twining joined them, the girl seating herself when Twining crossed the room to speak to a couple he knew. Lanty, watching him, observed that after a few brief laughing words Twining stepped outside.

"Do you mind my leaving you for a second or two?" he asked Miss Satterlee.

"I was going to suggest it. I'd like to know if he goes to his car. Don't cross the floor. Go out and round."

Lanty followed her advice. In the bright lights he saw Twining's well-knit figure swiftly making its way to the head of the pier. Then before Lanty could step out of the glare Twining turned, recognized him and paused.

"Hello, Lanty. Looking for Pax? She's inside. She and J. J. wanted to dance. Be with you in a moment. I want to tell my chauffeur not to wait. Friend of mine wants to take me home with him."

Lanty walked up to where he stood. "I say, Mr. Twining, I wish you'd give me a little dope about that string of pearls."

Twining laughed. "Good Lord, Lanty. Don't let that bother you. Somebody trying to get a rise out of Angela."

(Continued on Page 34)

S W I F T

SOME prefer Premium Bacon as it is shown here—in the convenient pound and half pound cartons, evenly sliced, free from all rind and ready for cooking. Others, in order to have a supply always on hand, buy it a whole piece at a time in the original parchment wrapper

Especially good with salads for summer luncheons and suppers

To women who plan their hot weather meals with care, it is the main course that presents the greatest problem. It must be at once dainty enough to rouse summer appetites and substantial enough to provide generous nourishment. Many have found a delightful and simple solution in special ways of serving Premium Bacon.

With tomato, lettuce or cucumber salad—with almost any vegetable or fruit salad—the savory richness of Premium Bacon adds a particularly pleasing relish. And the broiled slices, so unusually light and tempting, furnish just the solid food that is needed for luncheon or supper. You will be delighted, too, with Premium Bacon in sandwiches—either with plain bread and butter or with tomatoes and salad dressing. This choice bacon comes in the whole piece, and also in convenient pound and half pound cartons, evenly sliced, and free from rind.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 32)

"Well, I don't like it. They fell right in front of me, and I'm not one of the crowd."

"You are now, on my say-so. I've known them all for years, and besides, any fool could see that you were the right sort."

"Mr. Twining, were those pearls real?"

"Blest if I know. They looked real enough on Angela, and I've seen her wear them many times. But she might have had them copied, at that. Lots of women do, and they make such clever reconstructions nowadays that it takes an expert to tell them apart. Just you forget it. I say, Lanty "

"Yes?"

"I want you and Pax to be my guests down at the Beach. I've got a bully little bungalow."

"Thank you, sir, but we're rather keen about the boat. Like the life. It's no end jolly and foot-loose."

"Well, we'll talk about it later. Somebody may grab my dance with J. J. if I don't hurry back. There's a girl for you, boy! A live special wire. I'm onto you now, but what did you do with that mustache?" He gave a laugh.

Lanty hoped that his flush was not apparent. "That was J. J.'s idea. She didn't want to stop and talk, so she smeared me with her eyebrow pencil."

"Like J. J.," and laughed again. "I'll get her for that. Well, see you shortly."

He turned and hurried to where a car was waiting. Or as Lanty told himself, where it might or might not be waiting. He would have liked to assure himself on this point, but could not see just how to do so without making a *démarche* which, as he quickly decided, was not yet advisable. Twining would be certain to see him snooping about.

As he turned to walk back to the clubhouse Cliff's voice called from the Hyacinth.

"Oh, Lanty. Come here a minute, will you?"

Lanty walked quickly to the yacht. Cliff had come out on the wharf. In the glare of light Lanty saw that his face was set in hard and rigid lines.

"Where was Twining going?"

"To send away his car," he said.

"Send it away? He's got a chauffeur?"

"Must have. Maybe it's a taxi."

Cliff said, as if to himself, "Why should he have ordered a taxi right after dinner. Lanty, I want you to tell me something. Have you any idea who grabbed up my sister's pearls? Did you hear or see anything when the lights were out?"

"Nothing significant. It was too dark and there was too much noise. Miss Satterlee told me she grabbed for the pearls as soon as she'd got her wits together, but somebody had beat her to it."

"Did you see anything when I struck a match?"

"Only that Twining seemed to be standing back of his chair."

"Yes, he threw that napkin. But how about my sister? I couldn't see Angela because of the flower centerpiece."

"I didn't look her way, Cliff"; and Lanty burst out impetuously, "This is pretty rotten for me, an outsider."

"Now don't start anything like that." Cliff's voice was austere. "All of my guests"—he emphasized the "all"—"are above suspicion of course. But my steward and electrician are new men this voyage. The steward was at this moment serving Miss King, directly opposite where you sat. That's what I'm trying to get at."

"The pearls were real, of course," Lanty said.

"Undoubtedly. I haven't had a chance to talk to Angela. I made my mistake in not jumping up and grabbing the steward. He'd slipped out to get lights. I thought at first that somebody was trying to get funny. One hates to make a sudden row."

"That's easily understood."

Cliff was silent for a moment, then said, "Angela could have reached them easily. J. J. demonstrated that."

They were standing at the end of the gangway. From the upper-deck smoking room, of which the windows were opened but screened, came a chatter of talk. Then in a pause Angela's voice said, "Who wants to dance?"

"All of us. Let's go."

"You people go ahead. I'll follow."

Cliff took Lanty's elbow and drew him back some paces to where steps went down to the landing.

"Wait a minute "

The guests trooped down onto the pier and made for the clubhouse. Then after they'd disappeared Angela came out of the door of the main deckhouse, stepped onto the pier and walked rapidly toward its head. Coming to where the others had entered, she kept straight on. At the same moment Twining's white shirt front gleamed out as he approached from the opposite direction. He and Angela met, although Twining's figure was partly obscured by Angela, who appeared to be very close to him. Lanty got an impression as of their shaking hands. Angela turned then and they went into the yacht club together.

Cliff said shortly: "Say nothing to anybody about this, please, Lanty, and don't worry. It's all right—so far's you're concerned. Now go and dance. I've got some work to do aboard."

■

PAX and Lanty, breakfasting heartily aboard their boat about ten of the morning, were greeted by a cheery hail. They looked out, to see J. J., very fresh and vivid in a white crêpe de chine costume that was businesslike, yet of an outing sort. Behind her stood an elderly negro in a quasi uniform of manservant. He had just set down an English fitted bag.

"If you'd thought you'd got rid of me, then guess again. I've engaged myself to pilot you down river through the canal to St. Augustine."

"Grand," said Lanty. "Been dreading that bad spot by the old sawmill. We don't want to lose our screw on a sunken log."

"I know 'em all by name. Let's get off before Hyacinth. Did you enjoy the party?"

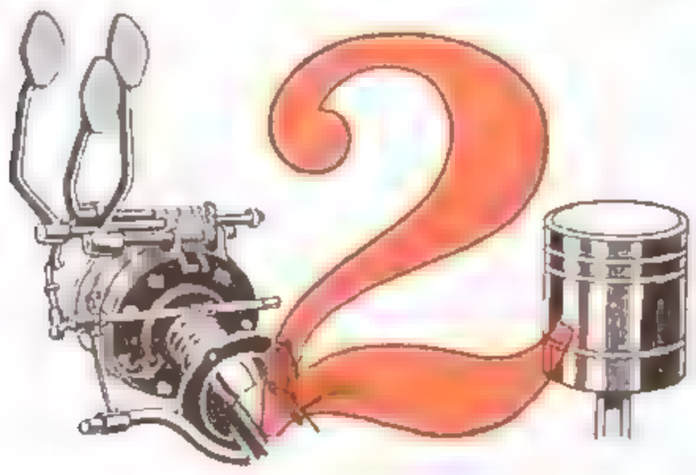
"All but the missing pearls," Pax said. "That joke got past me, and Lanty shuts me up when I speak of it."

"Perhaps he scoffed 'em," J. J. said. "It is a little raw to have a string of pearls disappear that way and nobody give heed. As if they'd been five-and-ten stuff."

(Continued on Page 66)

They Held on Down the Canal, and Went Through the Woods With Always Their Dark Shadow Astern

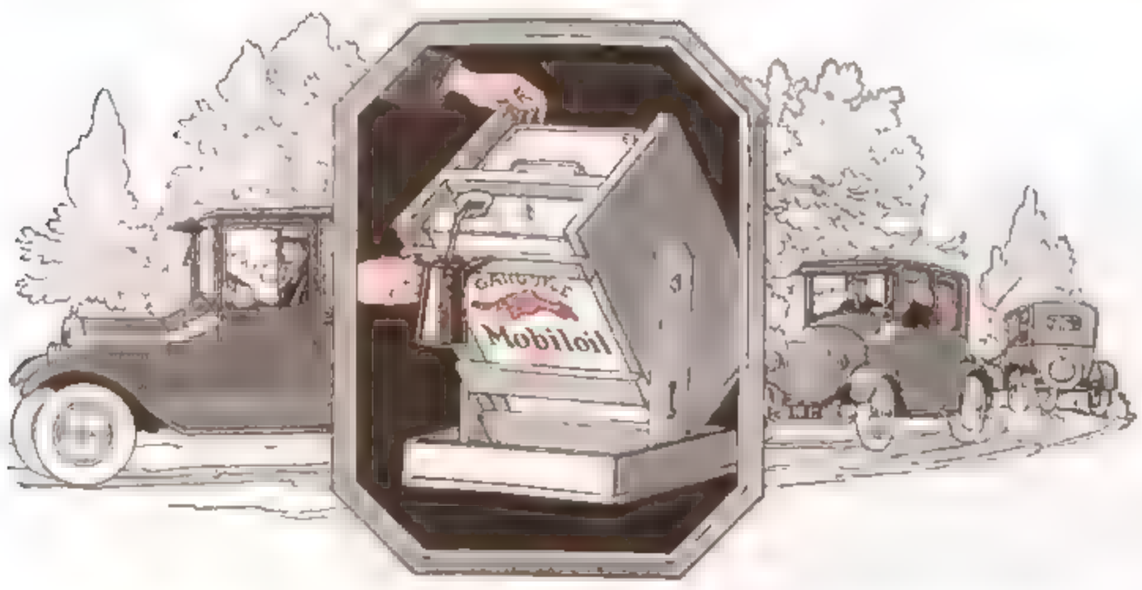
Expect two things from your Ford lubrication. Smooth starting alone isn't enough.



The smoother starting and stopping which follow the use of today's Mobiloil "E" in your Ford engine result from the ability of this oil to keep the transmission bands soft and pliable. The band surfaces do not become hardened and glazed. Thus jerky action in starting and stopping is ended.

Even more important: *The life of the bands is greatly increased. Thus replacement cost is lowered—a very substantial saving.*

You should get the greatest obtainable freedom from carbon, too .. because ..



Only such an oil will give you quiet operation, fullness of power, free valve action, clean spark plugs and general smooth running.

To *combine* this freedom from carbon with freedom from glazed bands in Ford lubrication has taken years of study on the part of the Mobiloil engineers and chemists.

In this combined effect, we sincerely believe that the Mobiloil "E" of today is unequaled.

An economical demonstration

It will cost you only a little over a dollar to fill your Ford crankcase with the new Mobiloil "E." Any Mobiloil dealer will be glad to assist you in discovering for yourself the new smoothness of operation that follows the use of this unique lubricating oil in your Ford car.

Make this
CHART
your guide

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for [illegible] prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926 Summer	1926 Winter	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter	1923 Summer	1923 Winter
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	A		
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A		
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
[illegible]	BB	Bb	Bb	BB	Bb	BB	BB	Bb
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]			A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc				

GARGOYLE
E
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

"I have served this drink to 500,000 people"

I AM a food demonstrator—a humble calling, you may think. But I don't think so. Because my work helps people by the thousands, to better health and greater happiness.

I "demonstrate" Postum. I spend some time at Expositions and Food Fairs, and the rest of the year here at Battle Creek. People visit me from every State in the Union. I personally prepare Postum for each one, and serve it. After a sip or two they usually say, "Mrs. Blanchard, this is the finest drink I ever tasted."

They seem surprised because Postum is so good. They possibly have been thinking of it as "something for sick folks"—like a patent medicine. How absurd! Of course Postum is good for the sick, but it's even better to help people keep well. Why shouldn't it have a wonderful flavor? It is made of wonderful materials—whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted.

How much better to enjoy Postum at mealtime, than a drink containing caffein—an artificial stimulant. A stimulant every school child is taught to avoid!

You try Postum, too! Try it for thirty days—long enough to show results. Note how much better you look, how much better you feel, at the end of the test. *Then* decide!

I will start you on the test with one week's free supply, and my personal directions for preparing it. I'll tell you, too, about Postum made with milk, for children—and *Iced* Postum, a wholesome, refreshing drink for warm days.

Or if you want to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup!

You *can* be free of the effects of caffein—easily! Make the thirty-day test right away!

Carrie Blanchard

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—S. E. P. 8-28

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum without cost or obligation. Please send me,

Instant Postum prepared instantly in the cup ☐

(prepared by boiling) ☐ I prefer

Name

Street

City State

In Canada address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd 45 Front St., E., Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum. Instant Postum is made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is prepared 20 minutes

Changing Johnny's Behavior

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

WHAT makes Johnny so bad? And by Johnny, you understand, I mean the apparently healthy, normal lad, thousands of whom all over the land are today stepping out on careers of crime or of distinctly antisocial behavior, which, if unchecked, will inevitably, in the course of time, land them in the reformatories, the jails and state prisons, to be locked up as hardened offenders for a good portion of their natural lives.

This young Johnny of whom I am speaking, let it be stated most emphatically at the outset, is not a moron. Far from it. This Johnny of ours knows beans when the bag is open, and often when it is shut. His intelligence and educational tests reveal a normal quantity of intelligence or even a distinct superiority. So far as his mental equipment is concerned he may become a president or a criminal. He is therefore worth saving. Worth more to the community out of jail than in—if we can turn that intelligence into productive channels before criminal patterns of behavior have stamped his nature like a die.

As to his social status, Johnny may come from a multimillionaire family with a princely allowance and numberless menials to obey his slightest caprice, or he may come from a well-to-do family in the professional or business class, or he may come from a poor, struggling family where every nickel counts. He may go off the deep end into crime, either from the extreme bottom of the social ladder, or from the extreme top, or from the middle rungs. Without doubt you can all name particular examples in your own community of lads who have had everything, who have had nothing, who have had enough, and who still have taken the wrong turning of life's road. Scientifically there is nothing in the contention so dear to socialists' and sentimentalists' hearts that material poverty is the greatest single wellspring of crime, or its equally unscientific corollary: Remove poverty, remove crime. Flatly, that's not true. At least not in America. It's emotional poppycock. Medical science has a big word to say on this point. And it says that grave conduct disorders in youth which lead, if unchecked, into crime, have as their greatest underlying cause, not poverty, but some form of family disharmony.

When Johnny Develops a Moral Limp

"IT IS not so much the economic pressure in the home," says a well-known psychiatrist, "as the psychological strain, which causes the great majority of behavior difficulties. A child can endure going without material things vastly better than he can endure going without intelligent love, affection, family harmony. It is the disturbance in his emotional milieu, rather than in his material environment, which causes the damage." I shall give you some figures from medical science in confirmation of this point later on.

But no matter what his social status, no matter how superior his mental equipment, the fact remains that Johnny is indubitably a problem child. Why is that bright little atom of humanity who looks you so straight in the eye a liar and a thief? Why did he rob the cash register or hold up the department store with a gun? Why does he play hooky from school, rebel at teachers' authority, sleep out all night with the gang, try to kill a little girl who squealed on him, brutally knock down his mother, lie in wait to "get" his father or the cop who arrested him, and glory in his toughness and the number of times he has been up before the judge?

Why is he so savage, suspicious, moody, irritable, pilfering, bumptious, arrogant, given to wild tantrums or fits of black, murderous rage, boasting to his companions that he is a young Napoleon of crime? Is it sheer innate cussedness and original sin bubbling up in that dark, mysterious little mind of his, that terra incognita to the average adult mind? Is he, as the good old Puritan dogma had it, among those eternally predestined to be damned, with his ticket to perdition punched for him before ever he was born? In short, how did he get that way? And what are we going to do about it anyhow?

If Johnny develops a bad limp his anxious parents take him straightway to a doctor to discover what is wrong. They realize, even the most ignorant of them, that it is not original sin or innate wickedness which makes Johnny limp; the limping is simply a sign, a symptom, of some physical defect or disease; and instead of beating him up or locking him down cellar or warning him that God will burn him up forever and ever like a carbonized beefsteak, they take him to the doctor for treatment. They understand that limping is a symptom, like running a temperature, of some underlying trouble. It is Johnny's way of advertising to the world that something is wrong. Very often it requires months of treatment, iron braces, plaster casts, diet and massage to cure Johnny of that limp, but the time, money and scientific treatment expended in making him normal are generally considered worth while.

But when Johnny develops a limp mentally or morally or emotionally; when his behavior appears wicked, vicious or disgusting to his parents, teachers and adult friends; when he breaks out into destructive, antisocial or abnormal behavior, very few parents, teachers or judges up to the present time have realized that what Johnny is doing by his extraordinary or atrocious conduct is simply advertising to the world, wigwagging to all and sundry, that something has gone wrong in his obscure little insides. What it is Johnny doesn't know; how should he, not being a doctor, any more than if he suffered from a physical limp?

But Johnny is flying behavior signals of distress; he's running a temperature, so to speak, in his conduct; he's betraying a limp, not of the body, which is visible, but of the invisible members of that part of him which is not flesh.

The Crooked Path for Self-Expression

HE IS in the position of a sturdy little plant growing under a stone which presses and weighs it down so that it grows crooked and askew. Science calls that process compensation, meaning that since the pressure of the stone prevents straight, normal growth, Nature, life, the vital power, call it what you will, takes another, compensating path—the crooked path—for self-expression. If it didn't take the crooked path it would die. The plant does not know the stone is on its chest any more than Johnny does; both are up against it; both are blindly seeking a way out; both are going to grow up to a crooked maturity, unless something is done about the stone. It must be remembered in Johnny's case that the stone is invisible—invisible to Johnny as well as to his adult friends. Science, with groping hands, is only just beginning to get its grasp on that invisible, imponderable obstacle and to say: "I can't see it, but I know it's there because of Johnny's behavior signs just as the behavioristic rustle of the tree leaves betray the invisible wind."

Before the keen-eyed battalion of medical scientists entered this field—a field still so new and unexplored that

(Continued on Page 165)

Thus Far the Examinations Have All Been Largely Objective—a Study of the Various Forces Playing on Johnny

Any Room *will respond to the magic of color* . . . and how easily and inexpensively it can be employed now!

OF course you recognize the *magic of color*. You've often seen cold north rooms that appeared warm and sunny because of the generous use of yellows, tans and golden browns—and sunny, south rooms "cooled" with greens, blues, grays and violet.

But perhaps you have hesitated to attempt such transformations in your home, because you thought they would prove too expensive! If so, you need wait no longer. For *now*, at trifling cost, you can buy curtains, upholstery, fabrics—even floor-coverings—in the loveliest and most artistic colors and patterns imaginable.

It's the floor—decorators will tell you—that should provide the color keynote for every room, as it does in these two illustrations. For this color keynote you will find Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs ideal. They have always been famous for their good looks, practicality and economy—and today their patterns are more artistic than ever before, with so much decorative value that they offer a most helpful basis for the decorative scheme.

Every *Gold Seal* Art-Rug pattern—from the simplest geometric to the most elaborate Oriental motif—has a distinctive atmosphere of colorful charm.

Below is the "HOLLAND" design, Gold Seal Rug No. 594—blue and white Dutch Tiles with a quaint windmill border.

Below is the "KURDISTAN" design, Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 560—reproduction of an Oriental pattern in taupe and brown.

Fill out the coupon below for your copy of *Color Magic in the Home* by Anne Pierce.

Miss Pierce shows how *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs may be fitted into different color schemes. Their money, time and work saving qualities have long been admitted by all. For only occasional light mopping keeps them spotless and —though they require no fastenings— they never curl at the corners.

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S. E. P. 8

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ART-RUGS

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Temperament and Turnover

A FRIEND of mine, whom I'll call George Hill, is a man of vigor and ambition, possesses considerable mental driving force and is one of the most courteous and considerate persons among my acquaintances. It must, therefore, seem paradoxical when I declare that Hill has a reputation among certain people for boorishness, is commonly supposed to lack the capacity for being decent and has recently experienced a considerable lapse of fortune because of it.

When the man was named head of the New York office of the concern with which he was connected, the action was warmly commended, for George was conceded one of the most promising of the younger executives. Increasing responsibilities, however, seemed to evoke and magnify a certain defect of character: Habituated to self-restraint, he seemed unable to control the sudden flaming of his temper.

If a visitor happened to be announced during these outbursts he would likely be met with a savage "What do you want?" Or maybe with a still more uncivil "I have no time to consider silly nonsense. Get out of here."

The climax of the situation was reached with the arrival of the company's Paris representative. He called up George on the telephone.

"You want to pay your respects?" repeated Hill. "This is a business office, not a social organization." Bang went the receiver.

This little incident cost the man his job, for it so happened that the head of the Paris office met the president of the concern the very next day. When more important matters had been dismissed and the men were chatting, the visitor casually asked, "What kind of a man is this fellow Hill, of the New York office?"

"Why do you ask?" queried the president. The story of the telephone conversation was related. Just as it is the last straw that is said to break the camel's back, it was this incident that caused the president to make a decision he had long been contemplating. There had been at least a dozen previous complaints of Hill's brusqueness and incivility, and since it was realized that a man who has been a captain rarely makes a good private, he was entirely divorced from the firm.

There is many a man who, in a fit of bad temper, has thrown away the golden opportunities of a lifetime. How often have you heard a boast something like this: "I guess the boss thought I had no backbone, but I told him just what I thought of him and his job—snapped my fingers right under his nose. I'll bet he felt foolish with everyone looking on and wishing they had enough nerve to do the same."

Not a few men are failures because of this propensity to boil over. They no sooner get established in a position than anger commits them to some foolish and irrevocable step. Then, instead of advancement where they are, they must find opportunity elsewhere. All employers know the type.

I have had at least one experience with persons of this breed. Paul Varrish—not his real name—was one of the college graduates who had been in the employ of our organization about two years and who, by an exhibition of brains and grit, had been definitely named for further responsibilities. Then one day he was assigned to a task commonly given to the callowest of the budding executives. There was nothing personal in the matter; the work had

to be done and there was no one else available. Varrish chose to construe it as an insult, and in the heat of his anger walked from the office.

It was a week before we saw him again and his return was sheepish enough. The hint he longed to hear was not uttered, for the president of the company, learning about the matter, declared it was just such hair-trigger-tempered men who could not be depended upon. "Let him go," he declared. "Such birds usually leave about the time spring business begins to roll in like an avalanche."

I, however, liked the fellow and called him into my office and gave him a bit of advice, which, I presume, he did not soon forget.

For eight months Varrish walked the streets; then he took a position in a company similar to our own. Again the young fellow prospered, for he seemed to have just the proper poise of mind and temperament to succeed. About a year and a half after he had left us I was surprised to see him enter my office.

"Do you think they'd let bygones be bygones and let me have my old job back again?" he asked. "I'm disgusted. I'm going back to the office and tell the boss just what I think of him. I won't stay with the Welton Company another day."

"You are only going to make a fool of yourself again," I said sternly. "Don't dare go near your office. The best thing you can do is to take the very next train for the country or seashore. Spend a day or two doing nothing, consider the situation, and then if you feel the way you do now, it won't be too late to speak your mind."

When I saw Varrish again he had just been promoted to an important position. Shaking my hand warmly, he declared, "That was the best advice anyone ever gave me. If I'd gone back to the office that afternoon I suppose I'd be walking the streets hunting another job."

Temperament is by no means confined to employes. There are plenty of employers whose organizations, in the last analysis, are selected for their mollifying characteristics. I know of a certain manufacturer who had to hire three men before he could get an office manager capable of enduring his peccadillos. With seemingly equal abilities the first was fired, the second quit and the third, hardened and impervious to little insults and incivilities, seems to have become a right-hand man.

Temperament does not exist solely in the artistic world; it is only more at home there.

—J. L. MILLER.

Peddling Bonds

NOT long ago I saw the following dig daubed upon a transparency in a parade of college alumni who were in the throes of their first annual reunion:

"We graduated 60 civil engineers; 59 of them are in the bond business."

Today, at odd moments, it bobbed to the forelock as I sat and listened to Hollar, who had dropped in from up the state. He did not want a job. He sells investment bonds. I met him first shortly after the war. There was little you could mention he hadn't sold; in his sphere a sort of Lightnin' Bill Jones.

"Books? How did you make out with them?" I had asked him then.

"All right. When I was on the road if I didn't sell I didn't eat; and I always ate," had been his rejoinder.

Today he sells public utility, railroad and municipal bonds and, occasionally, the preferred stock of well-established companies, as well as supervising the work of other salesmen in his territory.

"Well, what do you think of the game after six years?" I asked.

Legs crossed, he settled back in his chair. "I'll tell you. In many respects it's like selling anything else; then again it isn't. But if you have any young men on your lists who are considering going into it, tell them, for me, it's a tough road. I don't know of a harder one for green men.

"First of all, you're not selling a commodity, something a man can see and order by sample or trade-mark. You're selling the most intangible thing I know—credit; you're asking a man to exchange his money for an engraving, and for all he knows he may be buying a dog license. When you talk to a prospect who has never bought bonds it's like collecting a war loan to get him to come through, even when you've been in the game as long as I have. It took me a year to eighteen months to work up any kind of clientele and I needed all the encouragement and leads the office could give me. I didn't make a sale the first two months.

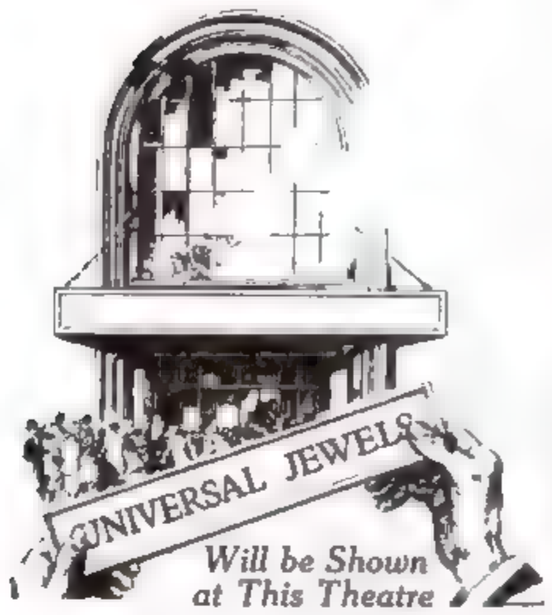
"The biggest mistake I made at the outset was in trying to sell to my friends, the same mistake hundreds, yes, thousands of new men are making today. I wasted weeks and weeks.

"There ought to be a law passed"—he stepped on his cigarette—"a law prohibiting green salesmen in this business calling on their friends. It would benefit all hands, the salesmen, their friends, and the houses that give them a drawing account; but the salesmen most of all. The psychology is all against them for the simple reason that their friends know they're green and, therefore, know as little as they probably do about what they're trying to sell. Of course I sold to several friends after I'd learned more about the business, but I'd have done better for myself and the house if I'd avoided them at the start and taken my bumps from people who didn't know me.

"I was lucky, though, to connect with a first-flight house instead of one of the fly-by-nighters. I came down in the train last night with a clean-cut youngster who gave me an earful; he's quitting a house today. He hadn't even taken the time to get a line on them through his bank; simply answered their ad for salesmen and fell for the mahogany furniture and the big commissions.

(Continued on Page 45

Watch This Column



"Why don't you suggest to the exhibitors that they should include Universal Jewel Productions in their advertisements?" writes a picture follower, Frederick C. Sutherland of 1124 Trenton St., Los Angeles, Cal.

He then goes on to say: "Then, by reading the ads we 'fans' could know beforehand that we were going to see a really worth-while picture, instead of perhaps a weak, shallow, spineless mess."

I am grateful to Mr. Sutherland for his interest and to the hundreds of others who have written me along the same lines. In the thousands of letters that I receive this is a note that comes up most frequently.

But there is nothing I can do about it. It is up to the theatre owners, and YOU. I can't influence the exhibitor's advertising.

I *can* tell him I think it is *foolish* not to let the millions of Saturday Evening Post readers know when he is showing a Universal Jewel Production, but the real influence must come from you.

If *you* will let your local theatre man know that you want him to advertise when he has a Universal Jewel—he will do it. The exhibitor is the most willing public servant there is. He wants your good will, and will respond to almost any request you make.

I am proud of the Universal Jewels that will come to you this Fall, so proud that I have named them the GREATER MOVIE LIST. I don't want you to miss seeing *"Poker Faces," "The Marriage Clause," "The Old Soak," "The Whole Town's Talking,"* or any of the many exceptionally worthwhile productions of the GREATER MOVIE LIST.

Your advice and suggestions are always welcome and I will be glad indeed to answer.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photograph of Laura La Plante, Reginald Denny and Hoot Gibson

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

SPORTSMAN

(Continued from Page 17)

judging that the gallery would delight to watch for this year, and roused in them such a determination to show that gallery that they owned no such weakness that they would unconsciously lean over backward in maintaining their uprightness in this regard.

For what that paragraph in Dog Monthly, under the guise of genial commentary, really said, was this:

The doubtful charm of bulldog ugliness is always doubled by the time-worn device of putting him on beauty's leash. Except for this, Mrs. Somner-Olkin's grand borzoi, Astronov Krilatka, would have walked off with the big A. K. A. award last year at the Garden. This year the wolfhound will have the same handicap to overcome, for without doubt a feminine loveliness which holds no secrets from its public will again be called to bulldog colors. The judges are the same, and there is not much question that as long as A. K. A. appoints arbiters as susceptible as high-school boys to the charms of Thespian ladies, the blue for the climax special of the dog year will be awarded according to allurements stronger than mere excellence of dog flesh.

Well might young Becky de Havin hope to kiss a pig. Dark-of-the-moon work at the crossroads, as we say. But at the same time a challenge to the wits of A. Beckwith de Havin, III, which he accepted with alacrity.

It was on the evening of the day before the final judging of the A. K. A. classic that Slugs O'Boyle took on the rising young heavy, Tinner Binns, throwing such a gear-busting monkey wrench into the Tinner's works that it took two years of lusty youth for the repairs necessary to get that promising young glove shooter back into the race toward the top spot again. As usual, Mr. O'Boyle had come up from behind after eight rounds of taking it which had made no noticeable improvement upon his bovine beauty, and in the ninth round slugged the Tinner to the canvas. As usual, the Baiter had baited his opponent into reckless rage. It took eight rounds of withering insults to do it—eight rounds of blistering comment on the Tinner's entire family connection, father, mother, brother, three sisters and his sweetheart. For seven rounds the Tinner weathered the sulphurous gale, but in the eighth Slugs started in to discuss the Tinner's dog. Now if you want to see some little, wizened, shrimp-souled, half portion of a man rise up to knightliness and give you the clawing of your young career, just take a small kick at his mongrel pup. The Tinner was a full-serving of man, and was not shrimp-souled by a long shot; and so when Slugs intimated, among other things, that Tiger Mike, the Tinner's fighting terrier, had jumped the pit fence to get away from McDonald's Grip, the Tinner tossed caution over the ropes and waded in.

For eight long rounds the Slugger had been digesting every dish that was on the Tinner's menu, and the overeating had not sweetened his disposition much. He had that lethal left hook to the liver all cooked and loaded, ready to go off, when the young Mr. Binns came wading in. Close in, Slugs pulled the trigger, and when that ball of knuckles hit, Mr. Binns thought that his opponent weighed not two hundredweight, but two tons. That sock jarred through the tough muscle shield of the Tinner's hypochondrium to the liver. And when a man's liver's hurt, he's hurt. Binns' face showed that. He doubled, pulled his abdomen back out of range, laid an elbow on it for protection.

"Straighten him!" came from K O Pat O'Boyle in the Baiter's corner.

And the Baiter straightened his suffering opponent up with an uppercut that rattled his skeleton to the heels.

"Gore him again!" yelled K O Pat. And the house caught up this new contribution to ring parlance in a split second.

For the Slugger had a trick of not only hooking to the liver with the kick of a blunderbuss, but of sharply following the impact with a hard shove. Like a bull's horn, that murderous left hooked into the Tinner's side again, just below the rib cartilages, and followed through with a lifting shove that tossed the big boy as a bull would toss a dog.

"Gore him!" shrieked the house, as it hit.

But there was no need to gore again. The big boy lay where he had dropped. Entirely conscious, that was the pitiful part of it—entirely clear as to what was happening to his bright career as the referee's arm rose and fell. But he was hurt so badly—his nerves and brain were so completely occupied with the vital business of registering pain—that he could not find a wire vacant on which to send a message to his legs that they must stand his suffering body up again.

No doubt about it, there was something distinctly taurine about Slugs O'Boyle. The rolling eye, the tossing head, the hulking shoulders, the savage recklessness of pain or punishment, the pitilessness of his attack.

Doc Holden saw it. Doc Holden, who had been induced a second time to make the journey to New York to judge the setters, pointers, spaniels, Chesapeake Bay dogs and retrievers. Doc had a ringside seat. Doc liked to hear 'em grunt. And so Becky de Havin saw to it that he got a seat where he could catch 'em in his lap as they came flying through the ropes. Not directly did De Havin get these front-row ducats for old Doc. Doc was the world's best mouse smeller, and he would at once have refused any favor, however small, from anyone who owned a dog he might be called upon to judge. But Becky de Havin knew Jack Footer, he who writes the unapproachable bird-dog stories, and Jack Footer, of course, knew Doc, the dean of bird-dog men. So the stratagem was easy.

Doc nicely placed, the next move was to implant in his head a bull complex, and with this in view, Becky de Havin and his good friend and prospective brother-in-law, K O Pat O'Boyle, evolved the new contribution to the fight fan's vocabulary, "Gore him!" which was accepted with such alacrity.

But the finest stroke of strategy came about through the fact that Becky de Havin numbered among his many worthwhile friends, Ted Ripper, the best sports cartoonist of his day, if not of any day. Him young Becky persuaded, as a personal favor, to draw a cartoon covering the go between the Slugger and the Tinner, which he did, with the result that on the morning following the fight, which was the morning of the day of final judging of the A. K. A. classic, old Doc Holden, over his grapefruit, buckwheat cakes, maple sirup and sausages, oatmeal, bacon and eggs and buttered toast, bran muffins, coffee, cantaloupe for dessert, and whatever other small knickknacks it took to start the Doc's day with a smile, saw glowering at him off the sporting page of the New York Present Era the tough mug of the winner of the previous night's entertainment, set forth in all the vitalness that Ted Ripper could put into black and white. What's more, Ted had the Slugger clad in skin-tight breeches to the knee, with huge hammer fists held out square-elbowed, gloveless, after the manner of the old bare-knuckled days. And below this sketch was one of Ted's terse and picturesque paragraphs:

SLUGS O'BOYLE, THE BAITER, WHO LAST NIGHT LAID TINNER BINNS, ANOTHER HEAVYWEIGHT ASPIRANT, ON THE SHELF

This makes about the twentieth notch on the post in Mr. O'Boyle's corner of the ring. This pleasant-faced gentleman, who has never been able to make the top spot himself, has the unique record of having stopped more promising young men who tried to crowd him off that road than any scrapper that ever taped a knuckle. Can you doubt it, looking at the piece of meat the youngsters have to push over in order to get up there to the champ? One tough serving of marmalade, this O'Boyle party, who, as you may find it difficult to believe, is brother to none other than the handsome and dapper K O Pat of the same name, the king of all the little fellows.

In the present day of fighting decadence, when the dollar, and not the grim fighting heart, is the important consideration of the honorable old roped square, the Slugger is an anachronism—a throwback to the old days when it was not necessary to bait an opponent into giving the fans a show. In that day the Slugger's extra monniker, the Baiter, would have been given him not because his tongue dripped vitriol. You could get a fight without much talking then. He would have been the Baiter then because between fights his avocation doubtless would have been the barbarous old sport of baiting bulls with dogs. If you don't believe it, take another slant at that mug up there.

And with the assurance of his good friend, the head waiter at the Hendryx Hudson, that a copy of the Present Era, open at the sporting page, would be on old Doc's breakfast table on the morning of the final day of the A. K. A. show, Mr. Becky de Havin called his campaign against the Somner-Olkin type of dog-show sportsmanship complete, and rested from the ardors of his operations.

It had narrowed down to four. The crowd packed round the judging ring and leaning against the railings of the dingy galleries of the old Madison Square Garden was tense with the drama of the last three eliminations.

Good that the judges were old-timers. A job now faced them that would try their nerve and coolness and their calm judicial powers to the limit. The four dogs before them had come through three days of competition with the finest dogs America could produce. Each was about as near perfection for his breed as mortal canine could approach. Was one of them any closer to the absolute ideal of his kind than were the three others? If so, by that infinitesimal shade, so difficult to measure, that dog would be adjudged the best of the two thousand splendid specimens that had been in competition for the last half week.

The beautiful greyhound bitch Landsend Marigold, an old campaigner with a hundred blues and points enough for half a dozen championships, was on the judges' stand. Her handler played his trump card with her now. One hand under her lean tucked-up belly, one grasping her long fine muzzle, he lifted her up, clear of the stand, so that her legs hung plumb and straight. Then, very gently, he lowered her to her paws and very carefully took his hands away from her. And there she posed, exactly as he placed her, muzzle a little lifted, tail swung motionless under her in its perfect curve. She did not move a muscle, twitch an ear, blink an eye. She scarcely seemed to breathe, a thing compounded out of merging lines of beauty almost too perfect to be real. A statue molded out of flesh into proportions of such utter economy and efficiency as only centuries—nay, tens of centuries—of selection that took the record of her forbears back to ancient Egypt could have effected.

How could a judge give such an animal the gate? Yet only one out of that four could win; and so presently she walked majestically to defeat, leaving the judging ring to three.

One was a little Scotty, packed so full of terrier pepper, humor and approval of the world that life and vim sparked from the harsh coat of him as though he were a high-eared, wire-coated Leyden jar on four short sturdy legs. The magnificent Russian wolfhound, Astronov Krilatka, was one of little Hoot's competitors, and the White Monarch of Glenmere was the other.

What a contrast in character and appearance, in use, and in the mental impression each left on the observer! No animal has so lent himself to the forming hands of man. Sometimes this seems his greatest proof of friendliness. Whatever use man has for dogs, for that use dogs have let themselves be modified into the form and character best suited for the service.

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For gentlemen too, of course.

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Scotty to go to earth. Very epitome, Scotty, of the terrier tribe. Terrier, from the Latin, *terra*. Sturdy short legs to force his hard little body into warrens where there may be no room for battle maneuverings. There he must meet his enemy, often, fang to fang, down in the black under-earth galleries. And so he is provided with the weapons of a dog three times his size, his strong bewhiskered muzzle, heavy and long, a very armory of lethal tools. Game little Die-hard, blessed little clown, quaint pertness mixing with a certain indefinable solid dignity in everything he does. A blues chaser and a dog, from the first bristle of his beard to the last hair of his high-swung jaunty tail.

And against him that day, borzoi. Borzoi, made to chase man's ancient enemy, the wolf. Built to run down the deadliest of the canine breed, the wiliest and the cruelest, and, having run him down, to knock him down, and to keep knocking him down till the hunter's ponies can come plowing up through the snow. Made for sheer swiftness, narrow to the wind, chest of tremendous depth but flat-ribbed, even the section of his leg bones running fore and aft. In the proportions for sheer swiftness lie the proportions for sheer beauty always. A very symphony of curves, the borzoi, clad in a silky Russian winter robe that hides the almost painful gauntness that goes with greyhound beauty. A lofty dignity and aristocracy is his, caught without a doubt, for dogs do catch the human atmosphere in which they live, from the fact that for centuries none but the nobility of old Russia dared to own him.

Those two, so opposite, in competition, and against them one as different from each of them as they were from each other. Against them good old good-for-nothing Sour Mug.

Tough going for old Sour Mug that day; for, instead of helping him on this occasion, as she had done a year before, the dazzling girl who held his leash was this day handicapping him. The subtle medicine of Mrs. Somner-Olkin's paragraph in Dog Monthly was at work upon the judges. They were on trial. All right, then; they would show the Gardenful of wise ones watching them that no mere lovely piece of femininity, even let her have the loveliest, suppleat slenderness that had ever graced the stage, even let that loveliness be alluringly half revealed by the present scanty mode—they would show the watchful wise ones that nothing could influence their critical faculties regarding dog flesh. And so resolving, bias, unsuspected by them, entered.

So at least with two of them. But not with three. Not with Doc Holden. Doc Holden did not give three whoops in Tophet what the gallery thought of him. Doc was gray where he wasn't bald, and stout where he wasn't fat; and if the gallery wanted to think of him as some tight-hosed, velvet-jerkined, feather-bonneted Romeo, swayed by mere feminine allurements when he was busy judging dogs, they were free to think what they ram-whacked pleased. The Scotty there, bless his sunshiny terrier heart—the Scotty—that was the business in hand. And he, tough luck, had just a trifle too much spring of ribs.

Full many a Scotty's life has ended tragically deep in some vermin's earth, because his strong short legs in eagerness to get to game had wedged the angles of some sharp constriction of a rocky burrow between his ribs so tightly that he could not extricate himself. Many a man has dug and dug, hearing that brave bark far underground grow fainter and fainter until at last came silence. Had his rib spring only been a little flatter, his rib skeleton a little bit less barreled ——

Doc Holden stooped and took the rough-haired, thick little chest between his hands again. Then he arose and talked a word or two to his confreres—and little Hoot went jauntily pattering through the gate, ears up, tail up, eyes full of fire, cocky as though he had just now, single-handed, whipped an Irish wolf dog. Defeated? Well, what of it? Next year you big mutts better watch my smoke!

Now only two. Muscovite prince and British commoner. Ultimate fineness and ultimate brute force. Sheer breath-taking beauty arranged against the last word in squat forbiddingness.

Now, bulldog, show! Now show, old Sour Mug, if ever you showed, for you are up against it! Two of the judges have read Dog Monthly, and all unconsciously, on account of a certain paragraph in it, they hold a need for vindication. The third judge holds no such need, but, in spite of that, in him lies a bulldog's highest barrier to the big award.

Doc Holden did not give a cuss what anybody thought about his susceptibilities to sex appeal. Sex was great stuff. Doc Holden was distinctly for it. But Doc agreed with the lad who summed up the appeal of sex banalities as now foisted upon a much-bored world, with the knockout observation that the place for sex was in the home. For Dog Monthly and all its paragraphs, Doc did not give a whoop. But Doc was swayed by a much more powerful bias against the bulldog than were the other judges—a bias more powerful because it was built on honest convictions.

Doc Holden was a bird-dog man. Doc liked a sporting dog, a working dog, the breeds that had a job, for him. Quail finders, waterfowl retrievers, coyote coursers, cougar destroyers, man trailers; pointer and setter, Chesapeake Bay dog and Irish water spaniel, borzoi and Irish wolf dog, Airedale and otter hound, German police and bloodhound. Out upon pets and handsome decorations! Chowchows, schipperkes, Bostons, Italian greyhounds, poodles, Poms and bulldogs—mere social debtors, all! If you wanted the benefit of any bias from Doc Holden, you had better be a sporting dog. And mighty well did Becky de Havin know it, laying his plans accordingly. And it seemed almost as though his bulldog knew it too, for he showed as bulldog never showed before.

His lovely handler walked him down the sawdust, and as he rolled along, the surging power in him fairly bulged his snow-white coat. Terrific head uptilted toward this charming pal of his, delicate rose ears cocked on the corners of that great square skull, huge front paws flipping smartly, thick-muscled thighs kicking the light back end of him sidewise back and forth at every step, he swaggered down the judging ring like some swashbuckling, mighty-muscled canine Porthos, bristling with belligerence like a battleship with guns.

"I'm a tough muffin," said every bully lurch of him, "and every time I sneeze I blow a tree down! Where's all the trouble? Bring it on! Let's see it!"

Well may you show, you wrinkle-mugged old troglodyte! For against you stands another fighting heart, but this one panoplied in stateliness, magnificence and beauty. Difficult to believe that a thing as exquisite as that long hound was a wolf hunter, unless you visioned his weapons of the chase as not in his slender elegant muzzle but as in his legs and lungs and heart. A chevalier whom you would vision fencing gracefully and coolly with long rapier fangs, he used instead a mighty bludgeon. The name of it was speed. And with that murderous war hammer, speed, he clubbed his victim down, knocked his wolf sprawling into the snow and sprang aside. Pursued again, caught and clubbed down again, with his high, driving, wind-swift shoulder. He had the heart to catch his wolf, the heart for contact with him to spill him head over heels; the heart, indeed, without a doubt, to close with him to the death, were he not trained from puppyhood that he must not sacrifice his priceless life in such encounter, but that to man belonged the kill.

Against that picturesque aristocrat of the hunt—against that bold-hearted sporting gentleman par excellence, the White Monarch, the sweet old good-for-nothing house pet, now made his last gallant stand. The two of them were on the little raised judging platform now, the judges slowly circling them, frowning, hand to cheek, head to a side. Occasionally one would reach out a hand to test the firmness of the thews that lived under the coats of those two totally different competitors, occasionally stopping in their circlings round the pair to run judicial fingers down into the marvelous winter garment of the Muscovite, or to get the feel of bursting muscular power that pulses underneath the living velvet of a healthy bulldog's coat.

Man, how he showed, that bulldog! The spread of him! The heft of him! The truculence of him! The utter immovable, unupsetableness of him! How he showed those very attributes that have made him famous over all the world!

And how that lovely girl did handle him! No silly tossings of a little ball to get his ears up. No tempting with small bits of liverwurst to put life in his eyes. No hinting at the possibility of cats around the corner. She merely let him stand. She did not even look at him. And, bored to extinction by four days of gaping people and the senseless, endless yapping of two thousand crazy dogs, sick of the whole colossal foolishness of dog showing as he saw it, a disgust so heavenly wrinkled his honest mug and laid his ears back that the true sourness of expression arrived—that very perfection of bulldog type which is all too seldom seen today; that glum surliness which adds the ultimate charm to the sweetness of his disposition.

Worthless old good-for-naught house pet perhaps—but take a good look, you three, scratching your heads and circling, at that wide-braced front, at the upsweep of that jaw. House pet or not, what that lad starts, that thing, dog judges and audience, friends, enemies of old Sour Mug, if any—that thing he will, by all that's fat and brown, see right through to the torture-blinded, blood-drained finish.

And now the judges have their heads together. Now they are sorting out the ribbons. There is tension in the audience of doggy folks that throng the Garden, like the tension when the score is nothing all and the star drop kicker is falling back, and the crowd sees the timer start to lift his whistle toward his lips. For old Doc Holden is lifting his stub pencil to his mouth to moisten it. He moistens it and poises it above his scoring pad. And does he write? We ask you. We ask you, does a man of old Doc Holden's years and rotund proportions, leaping blithely through the air, pause in mid-flight to jot down winners on a scoring pad?

With an agility unsuspected by his closest intimates, Doc leaped aside to let a snow-white thunderbolt go by him. For all in an instant that static little chunk of crusty truculence turned dynamic, and with a voice like a dropped half pint of nitroglycerin went away from there. With trailing leash, he left his lovely handler's side and headed for the ring fence, and the close-jammed crowd against it somehow miraculously made a lane for him. He took the ring rail in one quick, thick-muscled leap, shot roaring through the crowd and disappeared.

A tale is told of one who was inspired to play a good joke on the judges and the fancy through knowing an acquaintance who had raised a wolf whelp to maturity. The animal had grown into a magnificent creature and had retained an unexpected tractability. The jokester borrowed him from the friend and entered him as a Lapland reindeer dog in a big show, and brought him through to winners in the variety classes. So thoroughly had the judges and the fancy been hoodwinked that the reindeer dog was entered for the grand special, best-of-the-show, and would in all likelihood have won it had not the handler made the error of leading him to the judging ring for this final event past the borzoi stalls. That big lobo could fool the judges and the fancy, maybe, that he was a Lapland reindeer dog; but with the Russian wolfhounds—not so, as has been elsewhere

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said, Bolivia! Perhaps not two dogs of the borzois benched had ever seen a wolf; but instinct and racial memory were not to be cajoled, and that aisle of tethered long hounds nearly tore the stalls up by the roots showing the world the hoax that had been played.

Now Sour Mug Alley at a dog show is the aisle along which the bulldogs are benched. And Sour Mug Alley, instead of being the rough-and-ready brawling neighborhood that its name would imply, is about the best behaved and most peaceful spot that could be found in a dog-show hall.

Along it sits old Short-Nose on his usual good behavior, bored stiff by endless "Ohs!" and "Mys!" of timid visitors, and by the constant vocalizing of the windy breeds. At intervals, from causes not to be explained, an epidemic of barking may break out in which even the stately bloodhound's deep clangor may be heard. Some telepathic disturbance it must be, for the bedlam is universal and threatens to bring down the roof beams.

But through it all Sir Wrinklemush will sit silent, nursing his apparent grouch, or snoring, like as not, his disregard of all such addle-pated racket.

But now! May heaven defend us—now! There were a hundred and fifteen bulldogs benched that evening at the Garden, and when Slugs O'Boyle, whose little two-tone whistle had summoned the Monarch from the judging ring, came striding down through Sour Mug Alley, with the Monarch leaping up on him with all the playfulness of some baby hippogriff, the other hundred and fourteen bullies rose up wriggling and declared themselves. As Slugs plowed down the alley, he gave them all a bat across the rump that knocked them up against the side wall of their stalls, and he cursed them severally and collectively in language that scorched stiff the yellow-satin linings of the Pekingese boudoirs five aisles away. And Sour Mug Alley ate it up. Sour Mug Alley to a dog twisted its well-slapped back end ecstatically about to get another whack from that rough hand, and Sour Mug Alley to a dog laid back its head and opened its huge trap and told the cockeyed world that here was a guy at last that knew his bulldogs.

Noise? Listen, brother! Up until then no dog show auditorium never heard no noise!

Up in the first gallery of the Garden, where they sat, looking down into the judging ring, young Becky de Havin, III, thoroughbred, and his brother-in-law-to-be, young K O Pat, who deserved the greater credit because he was a thoroughbred without the advantages of thorough breeding, exchanged wise glances and bestowed a pair of happy ones on a Tipperary-haired Polynesian mermaiden of delicious slimness who approached them, her left arm now conspicuously bare of the show-number tag that it had lately worn.

These three then, looking down again upon the judging ring, saw with great satisfaction the stub of pencil go back into Doc Holden's pocket, and the score pad, all unmarked, go after it.

For suddenly, as at the explosion of a well-placed mine, the bull complex which by this and that device had been so carefully engineered by Becky de Havin and his friends for the investment of Doc Holden's mental citadel, breached that hard skull and he surrendered. Doc knew, as every dog man knows, that Lapland reindeer-dog story. And if the borzois raised all that rumpus when a wolf went past their stalls, what beast, in heaven's name, was traveling down old silent Sour Mug Alley now?

Doc will tell you to this day, and you may take it or leave it, accordingly as you are intimate with Doc, that when the crowd before the ring gate opened again, he honestly expected to see a bull come snorting through. And it is not likely that the crowd would have parted any more quickly for a bull; for what came snorting through was the White Monarch of Glenmere, hauling Slugs O'Boyle back of him on a leash stretched as rigid as a thin bar of steel.

"In here," the bulldog seemed to say. "Here's where it is. Come on in here and let's show these stuffed shirts something, you and me!"

And he dragged into the select precincts of a ring for thousand-dollar dogs with million-dollar owners the hardest egg that ever got that way through years of boiling in a far different sporting ring, and one from which the genteel ring might learn much sportsmanship.

Under the visor of a down-yanked cap, small black eyes glittered from the two sides of a nose that looked as though it had, in some past year, been sideswiped by a box car. And Nature had built up calluses to protect the sinuses of the brows until they beetled like a penthouse roof. On either side of the Slugger's onion, ears stood out—shell-like ears if you will but keep in mind the abalone. His head, without the usual formality of a neck, sat on a pair of bulging shoulders, and over a chest of the general proportions of a quarter of beer, a limestone jaw projected; and, strange to note, upon the biceps of a liver-wrecking left rested the Monarch's show-number tag, which had a minute previous been attached to an arm as famous for its loveliness as the Slugger's was for blocking paths to pugilistic glory.

In praise of Slugs O'Boyle! No minstrel Irishman ever sang as beautiful a romance to plain honest strength. Old Sour Mug opened up his bear trap and let the music flow.

"Look, stiffs!" in a good roaring contrabass. "Look, you pooch nurses and flea-powder sprinklers! Here's a dog man! And to play his game, you gotta be a dog, not some silk-cushion cootie. Where do you keep your bulls, you bonbon nibblers? Trot one in, judges, if you really want to do some worth-your-while dog judging, and me and Slugs'll show you how to haul him down! And I might also remark, in passing, a couple of gr-r-r-r-rs and six or seven woofs!"

"Aw, button your lip, you old baboon!" said Slugs O'Boyle amiably, and reached down and slammed the Monarch one across the jaw that would have rolled a collie over twice, and brought him in bare-fanged at the striker's throat. But that sweet cuff never budged that little marble monument. He wagged the whole back end of him in appreciation.

"Ain't we got fun?" he growled, and chewed the Slugger's ankle viciously in retaliation.

Nothing to it, friends of old Sour Mug, and enemies—if any.

Beauty and the beast? That's out! Instead of contrast, consonance. That pair belonged together; buddies, like rack and ruin. And a sour truculence radiated from that brace of cutthroats that you could fairly taste. Two of the judges, watching them, breathed great relief. All question of their susceptibility toward dazzling dog handlers was removed, and they swung away with alacrity from Mrs. Somner-Olkin and her dogs and wiles and voted the bull-pup ticket straight.

And old Doc Holden, sportsman and lover of sporting dogs, saw now in front of him the Baiter, the true old-time tough bull baiter and his tough, gallant dog. The one too brutish to be called sportsman in this year of grace, but the other one the very essence of sportsmen any year. One who has not for centuries pulled down a bull, but one who'd tackle it tomorrow. One whose heritage of courage is so magnificent that the centuries have not diluted it a drop. Sportsman? To face appalling odds unwhimpering, to fight them gamely, with no falterings whatever, to the end. Today he'll do it—Sour Mug.

The White Monarch of Glenmere stood, a dog alone, in the long judging ring, the Garden shaking with applause about him, over him.

There is one thing in sport more admirable than a good loser. That's a good winner; a winner that holds fast to modesty with the world's plaudits ringing; a winner that holds fast to balance, too, eschewing that puerile display called temperament, whose right name is ego.

"Did you ever hear such a nutty bunch of dogs and people?" asked the Monarch of Glenmere and of all dogdom. "Don't wonder much. They've all been living on show grub, dog cakes, half a week. Four days of dog show would make most anybody nutty."

There came the irresistible wheedling waggle of his whole back end.

"You know me, Slugs. I'm the guy down at the club that takes the road work with you in the mornings. Kennel name of Jerry—Jerry A. Roundsteak, Esq. Let's you and me go home and eat!"

Is your shave a major operation?

The tonsil, appendix and beard may have served some useful purpose once, and Nature hasn't yet learned to omit them as standard equipment.

Until Mennen chemists got on the job, removing any of them was a major operation. And when the beard was lopped off, no anesthesia eased the agony.

Before the shave there was first a regular hospital routine of finger-massage, heating, etc. Then a post-operative schedule of hot towels, styptic pencils and resuscitation.

All that is prehistoric stuff to Mennen Shaving Cream users. They dally not with rubbing in lather. They scorn the use of steaming cloths. Hot or cold, hard or soft, water is all the same.

First an economy squeeze from the Mennen tube. Then a magic swell of super-moist lather. Permutation softens every hair. A few bold razor strokes like a passing breeze, a rinse, and the shave is over in record time.

I guarantee you'll like Mennen Skin Balm, the new after-shaving lotion. You'll like the man-style bite of it, the pleasant odor, the cooling, refreshing sensation that floods the face. It not only feels great, but has definite antiseptic value as well. Comes in tubes and costs half a buck.

Only one thing can add more luxury—Mennen Talcum for Men—fragrant but not perfumed. Tinted to match your skin. Covers up the shine. Protects from scraggly collar and *doesn't show* on the face. Two-bit tins.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 39)

"But you asked me how I liked it." He straightened in his chair. "From my slant there's nothing better. First of all, there's no labor trouble to hold up deliveries. There's competition, of course, on quality and price, but it's not so keen as the cutting I used to run against in other lines, for prices on most of the issues are fixed and maintained by the underwriting houses. Another reason I'm for it is you take a large part of your clientele with you wherever you go, provided you've sold them good stuff. That isn't true in many other lines, where people buy largely according to price or trade-mark.

"Perhaps another reason I'm sold on the game is that I got into it at about the right age, thirty. Twenty-eight to thirty-five is the ideal age to make the break. A man starting at thirty has a big edge on a boy in the early twenties. He's picked up a business background that enables him to talk intelligently not only about what he's selling but about business as well. The average youngster who goes into bond selling in his early twenties—what does he know that would interest a banker or business man he's trying to sell bonds to? When he's finished chattering what he's memorized from a bond circular he's through; so is the prospect.

"The old psychology's the same there as it is in trying to sell your friends before you know what you're selling. It never flatters a man with money to have a boy tell him how to invest it. Understand, I'm not telling a boy he shouldn't try his luck if he wants to; I'm only telling him what he'll be up against until he has grown several years wiser. Enter at any age you want, but give me around the thirty mark. It's tough enough for a year or two at any age. I had to cut my cloth to a nominal drawing account for a year and a half before I saw daylight.

"But you can throw that to the poultry. What fills my sails is this: Your market's wherever you find money; a limousine, a street car, a man or a woman, at home or at the office, Broadway or Main Street, anybody, anywhere, any time; if there's money there, there's your market. Outside of the stick-up game where can you match that?"

I'm quite sure I can't match it, yet as Hollar's figure faded, that transparency gave a final bob and I couldn't help but wonder what they'd be doing a year from today, the one and the fifty-nine.

—KENNETH COOLBAUGH.

Keeps Ice Cream Firm *all the way home!*

NOW, Dad can get a quart of the family's favorite ice cream on his way home without having it melt and leak or drip all over his clothing. That's the beauty of ice cream packed in genuine Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers. Being practically air-tight, Sealrights keep the cold air in and the warm out. Naturally, ice cream will keep in fine, firm, edible condition longer in a Sealright than in any other paper package.

Sealright Containers are absolutely leak-proof and crush-proof. They are a distinct improvement over every other paper container for ice cream. They assure you full measure, always. The ice cream serves easily, in dainty round slices. (*See illustration below.*)

Most progressive merchants use Sealrights because there is no other paper container "just as good." For your protection, the name "Sealright" is stamped on the bottom of every genuine Sealright Container. If your dealer does not use Sealrights, send us his name and we will send him samples.

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Dept. A-8

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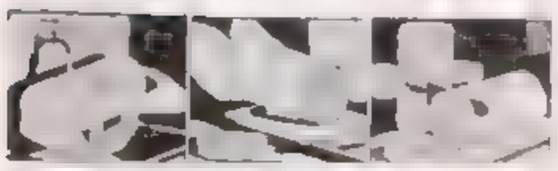

Hold container under cold water an instant. *Remove top, press bottom evenly with thumbs.* *Then cut in attractive round slices to suit.*

SEALRIGHT
Liquid-Tight
Paper Containers

SHEIK'S CLOTHING

(Continued from Page 9)

"What shall I look at?"

"I don't care."

"Want a cigarette?"

"No."

Silence settled on them.

"I guess I will have a cigarette after all," the beauty said, after a time.

Reg held out his packet. She looked at it disdainfully and fished one out. One could see she wasn't used to cigarettes in packets. She was one of those silken women right enough.

"Which end do I light?" she inquired, patently to underline the meanness of his offering.

"The end you haven't got in your mouth," Reg told her briefly.

If she was going to degrade herself by smoking his cigarettes she needn't get sarcastic about it.

"Humph," she returned in a tone which implied that he thought he was smart.

Never, in so short a time, had a woman been so consistently and gratuitously disagreeable to Reg. It puzzled him, till he remembered that that was the way of the type dangerous to man. He had seen it so depicted on stage and screen, and here it was in real life. It must appeal to some, but it didn't to him, and if it hadn't been for the taunts of Mrs. Dana he would have left her flat and invaded the kitchen in search of Miss Shipman. As it was, he couldn't appear to run away.

"Are they going to keep us waiting all night?" was the next pleasantry of the silken woman.

"Who?"

"Miss Shipman and that fool, of course. Who did you think?"

"Are you in a hurry?"

"No, but I don't like to be left."

"You haven't been left very often, have you?" he asked, reckless in his confidence in his immunity from her charms.

"Humph," she said again. "You're quite a sheik, aren't you?"

She said it as though, when she found a sheik in her catch, she threw him back in the brook.

"No," he answered truthfully, but with an air of badinage. "Just an upstanding young American."

"With that shirt?" she asked, and she made a strange sound, a little like a peacock's cry.

It was the beginning of a demoniac laugh, but she cut it short.

"All right, have it your own way," Reg said.

She looked at him and narrowed her eyes.

"Well, don't try any sheik business on me."

Reg felt himself so very safe that he played up magnificently, leaning forward and thrusting out his chin.

"I won't."

"Get away," she said, after their eyes had clashed for a second or so; and she added in repetition, "I wish they'd come."

"I can go out and get you something to drink," he offered, "if you're dying of thirst."

Just then a round little woman with dyed hair under a gold-lace hat, entered the street door, put back her head and yodeled, "Ship-e-e!"

"What-e-e?" came from the kitchen.

"It's me-e."

Ruby Cook Shipman's plump, youthful face, under its boyish bob, exploded into the kitchen doorway, a bombshell of delight.

"Clarakin! Oh, I could hug you to death. When did you get back? Snifter and I have been making a cake. Bring it in, Snifter. Clara's here. You know Snifter, don't you?"

"The show closed in Boston. Isn't that the rottenest luck?"

"Oh, there's no audience for a really lovely thing. Doesn't it break your heart? . . . Where are you, Snifter?"

Snifter had been preparing one of his comedy entrances. He'd thrust a large candle in the center of the cake and tied Miss Shipman's apron about his middle. He came in on mincing tiptoes, balancing the cake on long fingers, his other hand on his hip.

"Birthday! Birthday!"

"Oh, it is not."

"Isn't it honestly, Shippie?"

"I made him promise not to tell. I'm getting too old to have birthdays."

"You!"

"Shippie's one year old," Snifter's voice dominated. "See the candle. Shippie's one year old."

"I really don't feel any age at all, but when you're thirty-three ——"

"I know. Last year, when I had my thirty-second birthday ——"

A perfect frenzy of misrepresentation seized the two ladies. They went off into two mutually unattended monologues concerning their hypothetical emotions on certain fictitious dates.

"While those two Ponzis juggle figures, I'll go haul in the hooch," Snifter said to Reg and the silken woman.

Shrill cries came from Miss Shipman and the lady who'd been stranded in something really lovely in Boston.

"What did you say about us?"

"What did he say?"

"Oh, isn't he awful?"

"Why, I haven't shaken hands with Weggie Peggie," Ruby Cook Shipman noticed, flinging up both arms in a gesture which implored forgiveness, "and I've left him alone with an actress." Miss Shipman lowered her voice, "A lovely little *artiste*, isn't she?"

"Hello," the silken woman said to Miss Shipman a little abruptly.

Miss Shipman put one arm around her. "Has she got naughty eyes?" she warbled in a voice more elderly than anything else about her. The silken woman gave her a look like Exhibit A in a murder trial; a look rusty with old blood.

Just then three new people arrived—all women—and Miss Shipman and her Clara threw themselves on them in a deafening hullabaloo of greetings, a hullabaloo which rose and fell like the sound of the sea; a little inlet of the undying and cosmic hullabaloo which must be the mob soul of womankind.

Snifter came back, a cocktail shaker under his arm, and a tray of glasses in his hand.

"Catch the shaker," he cried to Reg.

Reg made himself useful filling glasses and passing them.

"My, what big ones!"

"Do I have to drink this, Shippie?"

"My! That's yummy."

The sharp "No" with which the silken woman refused the glass he proffered her was rather a relief.

"There's baby d'ink in the pitcher," Miss Shipman called to her, and the silken woman gave her an exact duplicate of her former look—Exhibit B.

When it came his turn to drink Reg found the cocktails far from yummy. They were a scalding composition of lye and gall.

Standing a little dazed with all the clamor, Reg felt eyes on him. They were the eyes of the silken woman, and her glance was almost as savage as those she had given Miss Shipman.

"Want some of the punch?" he asked.

"Maybe. I wouldn't trust their gin."

He poured a glass.

"Any good?"

"It quenches your thirst," she answered, holding out her glass to be refilled. Then she commanded, "Talk to me."

"What about?"

"Anything. I don't care."

He understood that it was not for the sake of his conversation that she had made the demand, but for some ulterior motive, probably sinister.

"Do you prefer poetry or prose?" He sustained the bantering tone which he felt was safest with her.

She gave the harsh peacock laugh again.

"Poetry," she said.

Rather stumped, he began a nursery verse he hadn't thought of for years.

"Away far off in Lapland, mid its never melting snows,
Where the roly boly Alice in her ruddy beauty glows,
There lived a little tinker, who in height stood three feet two,
And from his endless shivering they called him Chi Chil Bloo."

"What's that?" she queried.

"A poem; not the poem for you though."

Then, quite abandonedly, he apostrophized her in the words of Mr. Swinburne.

"Oh, Garment not golden but gilded!
Oh, Garden where all men may dwell!
Oh, Tower, not of ivory, builded
By hands that reach Heaven from Hell."

"That's wonderful," she breathed.

He went on with it.

"Oh, mystical Rose of the Mire!
Oh, House not of gold but of Gain,
Mysterious Flower of Desire!"

That was as far as his memory went; in fact, a little farther. Her glass was empty and he filled it again. He also took one for himself. Possibly it was the aftertaste of the cocktail, but it seemed a strange beverage for anyone with a deep-rooted distrust of Miss Shipman's gin.

"Pink lemonade," she remarked, apparently disgusted. Of course it wasn't the drink for her. Champagne or absinth or vodka should have been her tipple. She finished the glass however.

"You're on the stage?" he said to her, though somehow it seemed hardly an urbane remark.

"Yes."

"What in?"

"Broadway Moon."

"I haven't seen it yet."

"It's rotten. Rotten."

"Why do you stay in it then?"

"I have to," she replied mysteriously. "Give me some more of that stuff."

"Do you like it?"

She leveled at him a look of supreme indignation.

"You can't stand around and drink nothing. It looks queer. Take some more."

She was daring him to drink as much as she. Reg filled his glass.

Ruby Cook Shipman came up.

"Having a good time?" she asked them. "Take some cake. It turned out pretty well. Snifter mixed it. We neither of us knew how to know when it was done though."

"You seem to have found out," Reg remarked politely.

"I never could have; but Snifter called up the Plaza and asked for the head chef, and he told him. You stick in a fork and if it makes a neat hole it's done. Isn't that cute? I'm going to read some of my Sex Songs. They all seem to want me to."

Miss Shipman wandered away vaguely.

The silken woman took one bite of the cake.

"It tastes as though Snifter had mixed it," she declared, the homely culinary term sounding piquant on her lips; and she gulped some more of the punch to wash it away, adding, "This isn't so bad, though, when you get used to it."

It was quite true. Reg had another glass too.

"Everybody get cushions," Ruby Cook Shipman was commanding. "Make yourselves comfy. Ruby's going to read to you." She'd got a batik scarf and flung it about her shoulders. Everybody knew what to expect. She would wallow on a

(Continued on Page 49)

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Representative when he calls at your home or office.

THE TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLAR BUTTON

A tiny insignia which has gained recognition for its wearers in 5,000,000 American Homes

You make your selections leisurely in the comfort of your own home

Jewelers probably will tell you that the emerald is the most valuable gem in the world . . . and undoubtedly it is. Yet here is an unobtrusive little gold button worth far more than any single emerald or any one collection of these rare stones.

It is the button which all Realsilk Service Representatives wear . . . a button which has gained recognition for its wearers in over five million American homes and offices.

When Realsilk started the idea of selling hosiery and lingerie *direct to the consumer* some six years ago, it was deemed highly important to have an insignia by which genuine Realsilk Service could be quickly and easily identified. It was then that the Realsilk Button was adopted.

And what a happy and tremendous success has followed the inauguration of Realsilk Service and the Realsilk Button! Last year, the men who represent the Real Silk Hosiery Mills and wear this button did a hosiery and lingerie business of over twenty million dollars. It seems reasonable that by next year they will exceed *twenty-five million dollars*—a vast business indeed to be influenced so greatly by a tiny insignia.

Remember the next time the man at your door says "Realsilk" you have only to look for the button in his lapel . . . then by all means have him come in. He brings to you a rare opportunity to save not only on your own hosiery and lingerie, but on the hosiery requirements of the entire family, as well.

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The rock that saved the house

This new home, at Newcastle, Indiana, was saved by its Gyp-Lap Sheathing

Here's where the fire centered. The Gyp-Lap is sound—merely discolored

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A kettleful of roofing material bubbling away beside the new-sheathed wall of a residence in building. A roar of explosion—a burst of flame—and a mass of blazing pitch hurtles against the wall, threatening both the new house and its neighbor with total destruction.

Thirty-five feet high the column of fire shoots, and for 30 minutes burns full force against the building.

When finally the firemen subdue the flames, what damage has been done? The wooden window frame near where the fiery spatter struck is burned to a char. But the building wall itself is safe and sound—because it's sheathed with Gyp-Lap. The *mineral* lumber has met the fire and defeated it.

Where the burning material struck its outer surface, the fibre covering of the Gyp-Lap is charred. But the core of gypsum rock within is white, intact. And on the inner surface, next the framework it protected, no sign shows of the fire that raged only one-half inch away.

Not so much as a smoke stain showed behind the joint where the tongue-and-groove units of Gyp-Lap met to form a fireproof barrier.

This is an actual occurrence. It happened recently during the building of two fine homes, of Spanish design, for Dr. H. Edwin Kiddy and Mr. G. O. Newton, of Newcastle, Indiana.

Sheathe your house with Gyp-Lap. This *mineral* lumber puts a rigid, bracing, lasting wall of fireproof gypsum around the framework and under the roofing. *It protects, insulates, strengthens,* and all at *no more cost* than ordinary wood sheathing—indeed, generally for *less.*

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(Continued from Page 46)

couch, very early Sarah Bernhardt, declaiming about the Sex Thrill of buttering bread, and the Man and Woman significance of locomotives. Still, if one knew very famous people one had to expect to suffer a little.

Not the silken woman though.

"Do you want to stay any longer?" she demanded of Reg, savagely.

"Lord, no." Last time he'd gleaned quite a bit of amusement from Ruby Cook Shipman's readings to her little audience; but with creatures like the silken woman, who'd tasted all the fruits of the garden, one must always appear bored with everything.

"Then why don't we go?"

"Let's."

"Shall we say good-by?" She hesitated, apparently pondering some more subtle alternative, then answered herself, "Oh, let's not. Let's just go."

In the meantime the other guests had found cushions and arranged themselves. Ruby Cook Shipman was clearing her throat. The silken woman glided along the wall toward the door. Ruby Cook Shipman stopped clearing her throat, and just then Reg stumbled on an easel, which clattered down.

"Who's that?" Miss Shipman queried, straining to see.

"It's I," Reg answered sheepishly.

"What's the matter?"

"Why, I –I ——" Reg stammered.

"I have to go. I'm taking him," the silken woman snapped. "I'm sorry."

"I don't care if you go," Miss Shipman returned tartly. "Shut the door after you."

Considering her poem, it was perfectly plain what that meant.

"Pooh!" said the silken woman, and made a particularly scornful face at the door. Then she sped down the three flights of stairs as though the devil were after her.

In the street she drew a deep breath.

"It's spring," she said.

Reg knew that she didn't mean the apple blossom and hepatica spring of Elinor Dana, but something elemental and fierce—jungle spring; the spring of the snow-swollen torrent.

"Isn't it great?"

"The idea of her thinking we'd sit on her filthy floor and listen to that rot!"

"Where now?"

"I'm going home."

"I'll try to get a taxi."

"You don't have to take me."

He found that the fresh air was stimulating the effects of his drinks amazingly.

"I'm going to though," he told her with a swagger. Then he went to the curb, waved his stick and bawled, "Taxi!"

A taxi approached, passed; he ran after it.

"Hey, taxi!" he shouted; the driver snarled something inaudible and sped on.

From the opposite direction came another cab.

"Taxi!" Reg shouted at it angrily. The driver ignored him.

Reg went back to the sidewalk to find the silken woman, with her head flung back, laughing a horrid laugh.

"They won't stop for me."

"Couldn't you see they had their flags down?"

"Did they?"

"You're drunk."

"Well, what of it? They could have said they were busy."

He hated her.

"I can walk, I suppose," she said.

"No; I'll get you a taxi."

Only there was none in sight.

"I walk I'll said."

"You can't talk straight yourself. Who's drunk now?"

"Don't you dare to call me drunk."

"Well ——" he began. She glared him to silence and started up Lexington Avenue, he beside her.

"I told you you didn't have to come."

"I'm going to."

She didn't speak for at least a block.

"That's the first time a man ever told me I was drunk," she then said resentfully. It seemed as though she were going to howl imprecations, but she didn't. She changed the subject. "I hate New York," she said.

"So do I," he agreed, principally because he was so relieved.

"I hate it and I'm going to beat it."

He could picture her belaboring its towered skyscrapers unmercifully with some scorpion whip of unholy power. He felt definitely sorry for the metropolis which had incurred her animosity.

"I gave up everything for New York and now I'm going to get even. It's rotten."

He was silent.

"Well, isn't it?" she demanded.

"Uh-huh."

"Look at the Vanderbilts." He could remember no particular iniquities of that rather rococo family, but he was agreeable with gin.

"Look at them," he said.

"Look at the Rockefellers."

It seemed to him that she was defiling the inner fastnesses of purity, but he hadn't the strength of purpose to combat her just then.

"You bet," he agreed.

It was evident, anyway, that she played with the big leaguers.

"What do they know about love?"

"Nothing."

She gave him a look which shivered him profoundly.

"What do you know about it?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean you don't know anything about it, and it's wonderful; only you can't find it in New York."

Russia! Vienna! Paris! Those were the places she must have looked for the strange heady love which could move her.

"Don't you suppose you ever do?" he questioned, and he was not thinking of his love for Elinor Dana.

"No," she tore from her throat and threw at him.

They plodded on in silence. Walking was a distinct effort.

"Where are you going?" she demanded of him at last, abruptly and angrily.

"I don't know."

"This is my street."

They turned down it. He didn't notice the number.

"This house."

She stopped before a noncommittal brownstone one with long front steps.

"Oh," was the most intelligent comment he could think of. "Can't I come in?"

"No"—she gave the strange laugh again; "I should say not."

Probably that sober-faced old building was full of Chinese servants and sliding panels.

The drink in him made him reckless.

"I've got to see you again though," he told her, seizing her hand. There was a vague memory of Mrs. Dana's talk and his earlier intentions in his mind; but was there something else too?

"Why don't you come to Broadway Moon?"

"I will. But I meant without having to buy a ticket. When?"

"I don't know," she said. "You'd have to find me in the mood. I'm like that. I'm moody; I'm temperamental."

"Gee, I wish you liked me."

"I do. I like you a lot. Let go my hand."

"All right."

He did so gravely. He felt that a duel was on between them.

She climbed the steps just a little crookedly, called good-by over her shoulder. At the top she fished in her purse for her key, found it, dropped it.

"I'll get it," Reg volunteered, stumbling up a few steps.

"Go away," she stormed at him. "Aren't you ever going away? You make me nervous."

He turned and made off, all dull resentment, but he couldn't resist looking over his shoulder once with a sheepish grin.

She hadn't found her key, but she'd taken off her hat and was standing laughing at the way he walked.

Tubby Preston was sitting on his shoulder blades in a deep chair in the club library, reading the racier case histories in a medical book he'd discovered there.

"What do you think?" Reg demanded, panting in.

"I never think at all if I can help it," Tubby replied. "What's struck you?"

"I've met one."

"One what?"

"One of those women you were talking about the other night. The silken kind that are dangerous to men."

It wasn't the time of day to take such phenomena seriously.

"Aw, apple sauce," Tubby said.

"I have though. Wait till you see her. She's in Broadway Moon."

"Are you tight?"

"A little. I had to keep up with her and you ought to have seen her pour it down."

"Was she pretty?"

"She's so beautiful it scares you. And mean —— Wow!"

"Where'd you meet her?"

"At that Miss Shipman's."

"I thought you couldn't look at any other woman with Elinor Dana in the world."

"Gee, do you think I'd have had the nerve to tackle this one except to prove just what I said?"

"You sound pretty well hooked to me."

"Good night, Tubby! I've got more sense than that. I think it's up to me to get to know her, though, don't you? If I can do that and keep out of trouble it ought to shut Mrs. Dana's mouth all right."

"She gives a Ph.D. in learning about women, does she? What's her name?"

"Gee! I don't know."

"How are you going to continue your course then?"

"I thought I'd go to Broadway Moon tonight and pick her out on the program and maybe take her to supper afterward."

"How much money have you got on you?"

Reg took out his pocketbook and began thumbing over some bills.

"And where do you figure on taking her?" Tubby questioned, without waiting for his calculations.

"I don't know. A Major Sedgwick that takes Mrs. Dana around was talking about a place called the Thermidor. He gave me a card to it."

Tubby whistled a "Whew!"

"That's the widest open space in our midst," he said. "Eddie Bezer runs it. His places are always the hottest while they last. At the Thermidor they bring a bottle of champagne right to your table and open it with a pop and everything. But you can bet you have to pay for courage like that. What's the report on your assets?"

"Say, will you count it?" Reg asked. "I can't, with you talking. Anyway that's the only kind of a place you could think of taking this woman to."

Tubby took the wallet.

Reg sank to a wide leather couch, and his head drooped forward as Tubby ran over the contents.

"Forty-eightsmackers," Tubby reported.

"Oh!" Reg blinked open his eyes.

"Suppose I lend you about thirty dollars more."

"That ought to be plenty."

"You think it. You can't spell plenty in a place like the Thermidor under three figures. What I suggest is that you don't waste ten dollars on a ticket for the show, but just go around to the stage door afterward. Then you can set her up to a light supper—a light one, mind you—and a couple of bottles of wine, with a halfway easy mind."

"You're a genius, Tubby," Reg told him, slurring the syllables of that bright epithet slightly; "and say, can I borrow your dinner clothes? Mine are at the tailor's."

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"Why not wait till tomorrow night then?"

"Aw, you have to do this sort of thing while you've got your nerve. Anyway, Saturday night"—it seemed as though his energy was guttering a little too low to complete the sentence, but he did—"Saturday night I'd never have a chance."

Tubby considered his friend.

"Don't borrow my dinner clothes or anybody else's," he advised. "She's seen you in what you've got on. It looks a good deal doggier than Bond Street's best built for somebody else."

"Aw right," Reg acquiesced, very very close to the land of Nod.

Tubby added a twenty and a ten dollar bill to the collection in the pocketbook, which he still held.

"This fixes the financial end," he said. "Now you catch a little sleep. That'll be good for what ails you."

"I'm not a bit sleepy," Reg murmured, never opening his eyes, which were shut.

Tubby swung his friend around, lifting his legs to the seat of the couch, arranged his hands on his chest, and folding the wallet into a neat black calla lily, thrust it between them.

Reg grinned.

Tubby then wrote out a sign that Mr. Brown was in conference with D. T. Morpheus and pinned it on the door.

Ruth Mosher climbed the long walnut flights to the apartment she shared with her sister Madge, in a glow of something not unlike triumph. As she looked back a little hazily on the afternoon, she realized that she hadn't had such a bad time. To explain why that should have been a cause for exultation will require some historical paragraphs.

The summer before, Madge Mosher, the pocket comedienne, had gone home to Hudson, New York, for her first vacation after three solid years of hard work and had found her little sister Ruth no longer little, and glueyly involved in a love affair which simply made Madge sick—one of those silent, glum, hopeless love affairs with a gigantic bumpkin named Henry Boyd, who came twice every day and sat and sat.

Of course Ruth was green or she never would have chosen Henry in the first place or stood for him in any of the other places, but she was as beautiful as a thunderstorm and she had style, even in Hudson and on the few pennies a year which were left of their patrimony. Madge decided to play fairy godmother as well as big sister.

With a little insidious propaganda she made Ruth wonder if Henry Boyd was the complete dream prince she had been picturing him, and then she suggested a job as show girl in Broadway Moon, which was just going into rehearsal—a job all applause and spotlights and commissions to pose for the magazines in breathlessly recent frocks.

Ruth, besides being human, was one of the most romantically minded young women alive. The thought of herself as a tinsel figure on the Broadway for every one of whose lights, she had been lyrically informed, there was a broken heart, swept her from her feet. Madge carried her back to New York in triumph.

Things hadn't gone exactly as either of them foresaw, however. The group which shrewd, funny little Madge had collected as friends in the city were not very romantic, and their demand was for a humorous good fellowship, which was the last thing in the world Ruth Mosher could supply.

Ruth, who was cursed with a shyness such as few people have to endure, who was grotesquely awkward in her treatment of strangers, and who was both homesick and lovesick, had passed a winter of complete misery during which everyone concluded that she was an old grouch.

With the best intentions, Madge had done the worst thing possible under the circumstances. All winter long she had nagged Ruth with one consistent plaint.

"Why don't you step out, dearie? What's the good of looking like a certified check if you're just going to sit around the home and mope? When I introduce you to somebody why not pretend, for a change, that the whole world isn't dead and you left for chief mourner? Give 'em a smile, dearie; it's good for your ear muscles."

The effect had been an almost complete paralysis of Ruth's powers of enjoyment, and that is why, climbing the stairs, she looked back on the afternoon, to which she had been driven by the fact that Madge was entertaining a suitor in their minute apartment, with a certain tipsy elation. It certainly hadn't been so bad.

She opened the door. Madge was lying on the article of furniture which the sisters called by the rather stingy title of day bed.

"Has he gone?" Ruth asked.

"Yep," Madge answered in her customary vein. "You can crawl back into your hole. Did you have a good time? No, don't answer. I know you didn't. Your shoes hurt, or something, and you got off in a corner and were scared, and looked mad, and didn't speak to anybody till you saw a chance to skin away."

Ordinarily Ruth would merely have given her sister a hurt look, and so for granted did Madge take her attitude that without hearing Ruth's quite belligerent "Is that so?" she went right on.

"I was saying to Bill Trumbull this afternoon that they ought to run a special number in the show for you, called She's Only a Hick at Heart. Why, if I had your looks —— I was saying to Bill that if I looked like you I'd go to Flo Ziegfeld's office, or as close to it as I could get, and say, 'Now, Flo Ziegfeld, either star me tomorrow or cut out this nonsense about glorifying the American girl.'"

"Well, I hope that Trumbull man slapped your face," Ruth said.

"And that's another thing about you," Madge went on in her praiseworthy attempt to improve her little sister's technic; "the way you get shocked. My Lord! I'm as good a girl as works on Broadway, but thank heaven I've got a good loose tongue and an eardrum that never even heard of the blush department. That's something you want to learn. You can wake right up to 1926 and never disqualify for the Epworth League; and what's more, you've got to. Sister's decided that this is wake-up week."

It was then that Madge noticed a change in her sister's demeanor.

"Now you cut that out," Ruth said to her. "I'm tired of that line, do you understand? Cut it out."

If Madge hadn't been in the middle of the day bed she'd have fallen off.

"Well, for the love of Pete!" she said. "What's the matter with you?"

"About everything, according to you," Ruth returned. "I'm dumb. I'm countrified. Your bright little friends can't stand me. Well, I've found somebody who can, see?"

Madge's ability for wise-cracking had entirely deserted her.

"What do you mean?" she asked, just like the heroine of a legitimate piece.

Ruth was so sleepy she could just keep her eyes open, but all the resentment against Madge she had been piling up all winter was finding blessed expression.

"I mean," she said with a glare, "that we don't all have to be the life of the party. He liked me, and he was a sheik with a pink necktie and a lot better looking than Bill Trumbull or any of the rest of your old joke makers. He liked me a lot. And now I'm sleepy and I'm going to take a nap. You've had the room all afternoon. Get out."

"Ruth Mosher," Madge said succinctly, "you've been drinking."

Ruth looked at her and emitted that strange laugh of hers.

"I?" she said. "That's the first good one you've made for a month. And now I want you to get out of here. Do you understand? Get out. Get out."

With that she flung herself down, and before Madge had time to obey her, had Madge so intended, she was sound asleep.

Madge leaned over her and smelled her breath. Madge herself smoked, of course, toyed with cocktails occasionally, and even described herself, for the sake of drama, as "tight"; she'd made fun of Ruth's primness on both points, and yet at the reek of Ruth's breath she was thoroughly scared. Had she, by her fool talk, given Ruth crazy ideas?

Madge could trust herself to keep within caution's limits; she wasn't an inexperienced beauty.

For several moments Madge indulged in the weakness of something very like wringing her hands, then she pulled herself together. This was probably the first time with Ruth, and whether it was or not, Ruth must sleep off her condition and be ready for the evening's performance.

To that end Madge made black coffee and drew a cold tub. At the latest feasible moment she awakened her sister and applied them. Thereafter Ruth was herself again.

"I don't know why I ever went to sleep in that dress, or you let me," she fretted.

Madge exercised tact.

"The wrinkles will hang out of it," she counseled. "Why don't you wear that red dinner dress you've hardly had on, to the theater? It's easy to get into. We haven't time to eat. I'm going to supper with Bill after the show. I'll get him to take you too."

"I don't want to butt in," Ruth said, as she'd said a great many times, but Madge wondered if she had some secret engagement.

"Just as you say."

Ruth looked at her, pleased and surprised at the absence of persiflage.

"I don't know what made me so sleepy," she remarked. "Spring, I suppose."

"Perhaps," Madge said.

Did Ruth actually think she was getting away with something, she wondered? Or had she perhaps been getting away with something up till now? It was up to her to find out.

In the taxi she laid her hand on Ruth's arm.

"Look here, old-timer," she addressed her. "What about this afternoon? Who was the man?"

The change from her habitual manner was most welcome to her sister's ears.

"Oh, somebody," Ruth answered, protecting the new relationship. "You don't know him."

"Well, why don't I? I thought you'd have better sense than to go around with any man before I gave him the up and down. New York's a pretty tricky place, you know, Egg."

"You're funny," Ruth accused her. "Up till now all I've heard is what a fool I've been not to know more men and have a good time."

"I didn't mean that an inexperienced kid like you ought to start twosing with some stranger."

"Well, I've got to if I'm going to twose at all," Ruth said, thoroughly enjoying her sudden promotion to the rank of a serious problem. "Your friends don't like me."

"Now look here, Ruth Mosher," Madge said tensely, "you've simply got to tell me all about this business."

"Sometime, maybe."

"This minute." Madge was almost crying. "How do you expect me to go and be funny for a fifteen-thousand-dollar house if I'm worried to death about you? I can't and I won't. You've got to tell me everything. In the first place, where were you this afternoon? I thought you were going to that crazy Miss Shipman's."

Ruth was really touched. "I did," she said.

"Then who was the man?"

"Just a man I met there."

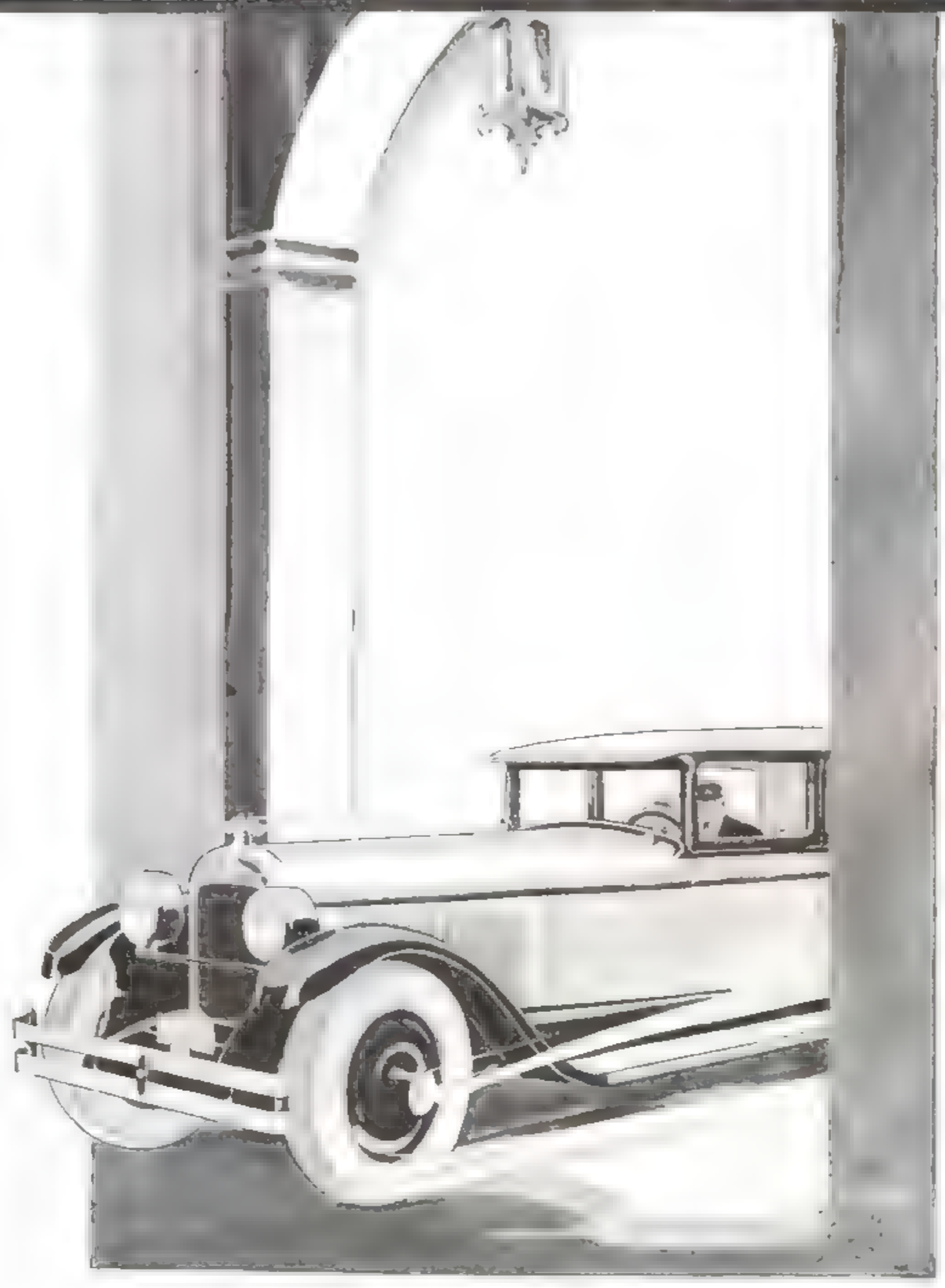
"Never seen him before?"

"No."

"What did you drink?"

"Not a thing but a little fruit punch. I wish you'd get over that idea."

(Continued on Page 52)



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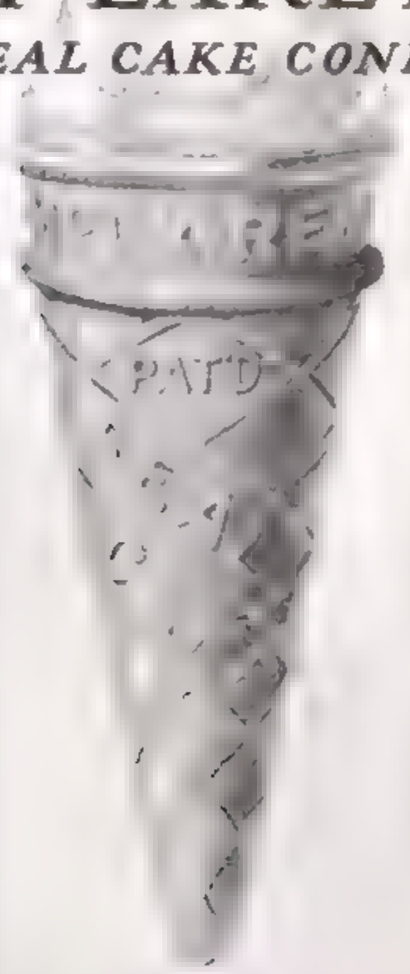

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(Continued from Page 50)

"Fruit punch! Why, that's the deadliest drug they brew in this town. Didn't you honestly know you were boiled when you came home this afternoon?"

"Oh, Madge! Was I really?"

"Kiss me, my lily!" Madge cried. In her relief she would have liked to turn a row of her famous cart wheels. Instead, noticing that they'd passed the theater, she pushed back the front window and communed with the driver.

"Hey, you poor fish, backwater for half a block or two. I said the Bijou."

"I've always wondered," she explained to Ruth as they were jerked along, "whether these meters refunded when you're in reverse. They don't. Hop out. It's late. We've got to switch the tin hips pretty fast if we're going to beat the call boy."

Just from her tone in saying those few words, Ruth suspected that she, Ruth, had backslid to the unenviable position she'd occupied all winter.

How hopelessly she'd regained it she didn't realize, however, until the interval in the last act when, the stage being occupied by a stretch of plot, Madge was free and dropped into the dressing room Ruth shared with five other statuesque beauties.

"Sure you don't want to slide out with me and the boy friend tonight, kiddo?" she asked.

"No, thanks. I'm going right home to bed."

"I should think you'd played enough shut eye for a while," Madge answered and began to snigger devilishly.

"What's the laugh?" Flora Breteche inquired.

"Don't you dare tell," Ruth implored her sister.

"Oh, what is it, Madge?" Liane Lacey evinced her interest.

One thing Madge Mosher could not resist was a chance to clown before an appreciative audience.

"Oh, I couldn't tell on Woothums," she said. "You know Woothums is a home girl. She's the original Bright Eyes that looked under the cabbages for what the stork brought."

Ruth was at that moment getting into the costume she wore as Héloïse in the Cycle of Great Loves.

"Shut up, Madge," she commanded.

"Would you think, to look at her," Madge went on, "that all you have to do is give her an egg to fry on the gas plate and she's as happy as a chorus boy in polo clothes? Oh, it's a crool shame, fellas, when she's got six dimples in her back. Six—count 'em—six."

To do so was perfectly possible when Ruth was in the Héloïse costume.

"But what's the special joke?" Flora Breteche persisted in her rather dull blond way.

"Woothums just made a little misstep that perhaps we'd better forget," Madge told her.

"If you really must know"—Ruth faced them all fiercely—"I was drunk this afternoon."

"And what's worse," Madge said, pointing one finger in the Beatrice Lillie gesture, "she never knew what was wrong with her till sister explained. Can you beat it? You can, but it seems a little cruel before it's even hatched."

With those words she made a running exit.

Ruth had never known it was possible to hate anyone as much as she hated her sister at that moment.

A bluff! That was what Madge was, a show-off bluff! Why, she'd been almost sick with worry until Ruth took pity on her.

Next time maybe she wouldn't get off so easily; maybe there'd really be something to tell.

"A Broadway butterfly," Ruth murmured through clenched teeth as she made up her lips for the final time. "That's what she's driving me to be. All right for her."

The only thing was that the chances of there being a next time were very slight. Madge would see to that.

It was rather the face of Lucrezia Borgia than that of the lorn Héloïse which Ruth Mosher saw in her mirror.

Reg Brown was the second person to arrive at the stage door of Broadway Moon, and he might have been a little abashed to hang around it had not the first comer been so obviously ill at ease. The first comer's discomfort was impressive because there was so much of him to be self-conscious. He was tremendous. Even the outermost outsizes in garments, with which he had evidently fitted himself, were inadequate to his proportions.

"Say," he asked Reg, after teetering around for some time and looking at his watch twice, "had you ought to go up and ask for the girl you want to see?"

Reg flicked an ash from his cigarette.

"If you know her name," he said.

The first comer looked at him with distrustful eyes.

"Know her name!" he repeated. "Of course I know her name."

"Then go ask for her."

The first comer went to the door.

Reg heard him inquire for Miss Mosher, and heard the doorkeeper tell him it was against orders to admit anyone.

"He wouldn't let me in," the individual reported in a resentful tone.

Reg was prepared.

"Did you slip him a fiver?" he asked, as though he'd taken it for granted that anyone speaking to a stage-door man did that.

"Had I ought to have?"

"Never hurts any."

Reg wished Mrs. Dana could have heard his tone.

The first comer teetered some more in miserable indecision, but several young men came up, and finally he lunged to the entrance again, conferred with the door man and disappeared.

After some minutes girls began pouring out.

Reg kept his eyes on their faces, which were amazingly alike in smart posterish make-up. He wondered, in a panic, whether he would recognize the silken woman among them. Then suddenly he knew he had wronged her. She stood before him unique, unparalleled in her cruel beauty.

"Hello," he said. "I've got a taxi waiting this time."

"Oh," she returned. "It's you. What for?"

"To take us to the Thermidor."

"You're crazy," she told him in perfectly automatic reaction. "What do you think I am?"

"Why, I—I——" he stammered, completely deflated, "I'm awfully sorry."

At that instant she remembered how angry she was at Madge.

"What's the Thermidor?" she asked.

"A night club."

Kinnerly Peak, Glacier National Park

Of course, Reg thought, she was used to secret, private places practically none could get in.

"Is it gay?" she questioned.

"I guess they keep it as cheery as they can."

"I'll go with you," Ruth Mosher flamed forth; but she added with deep, instinctive caution, "Only you're not going to get away with a thing. Understand?"

It was the preliminary, flourishing salute to another round of the duel. Reg had to live up to it.

"Neither are you," he said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do you?"

Somewhat shaken, both of them, the duelists entered his conveyance.

The first comer had asked for Miss Mosher. Officially there was only one Miss Mosher in Broadway Moon—Madge Mosher the pocket comedienne. The syllables "Ruth Mosher" would have looked very mean indeed among the imaginative designations of the ladies of the chorus, and they had been forsaken for the more practical working name of Yolande Worthington.

The first comer climbed iron stairs to Dressing Room 12, and rapped; Madge Mosher's eye appeared in a crack.

"Henry Boyd, as I breathe and bellow!"

Covered as she was with cold cream, and in her messiest kimono, Madge threw open the door.

"Hello, Madge."

"Well, how did you get here? Come in."

"Where's Ruth?"

"Oh, you courtly old thing!" she called him. "Always lingering over the little courtesies that mean so much to a woman. She's on the other side of the stage in Room 21. Beat it right over."

Henry found Room 21 after a search. It was dark. He went back to Madge.

"Ruth must have gone home," Madge said; "unless she's stopped to talk to some other girl. Go ask the man at the door if Miss Worthington's left. That's Ruth."

Henry said nothing, as was his custom, and descended the stairs. Four minutes later he was again pounding on Madge's door.

"Say, the information clerk was just about to leave," Madge said. "What's the question now?"

"Ruth's gone with some man that was waiting outside."

"Oh, she has not."

"The door man saw her."

"Well, I don't know who." Madge racked her brain.

"Of course you don't," Henry was infuriated by her calmness. "I was talking to this man. I know what this thing is. He didn't know Ruth's name. He was just waiting for a girl."

"Didn't know her name!" Madge echoed.

Henry Boyd proceeded to have a gigantic clumsy, uncoördinated *crise de nerfs*.

"That's what I said. He was just a stage-door johnny. That's what you've got her into. And I'm going to find them, and I'm going to smash his face. I'm going to beat the stuffing out of him. I hate him. I hated him the minute I saw that pink tie of him."

"Pink tie!" Madge cried. "My Lord! Henry, that's the one. We have got to find them."

"Where'll they be?"

"At some night club, I suppose."

"Well, we'll find them," Henry proclaimed, and Madge saw that in his nervousness he'd twisted the structural iron of the staircase considerably out of true, "if we have to go to every one in this rotten town. We'll find him and I'll teach him what he can do to my girl."

He brought his fist down on a marble window sill and it cracked.

"Come on," he urged.

Madge grabbed her hat. They tore down the stairs and into the night.

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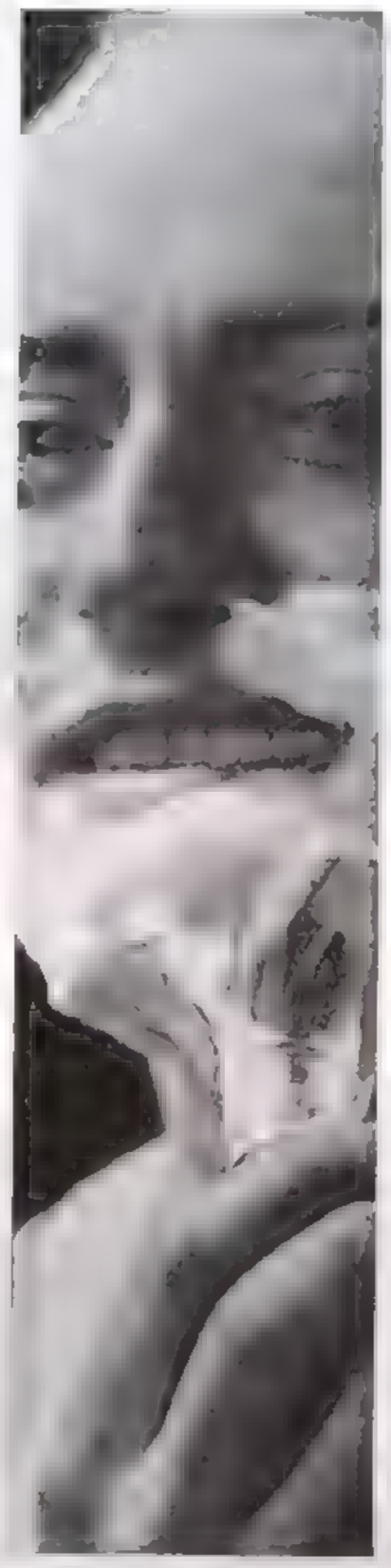

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Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

It's the way the lather brings water deep down to the base of the beard that really makes shaving easy—for water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

And it was upon this principle of softening the beard at the base with moisture that this new type of shaving cream was developed.

Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form—super water-absorbent—different in action and result from anything you have ever known before.

In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows; they hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair.

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—soft and pliable—softened down at the base, where the razor does its work.

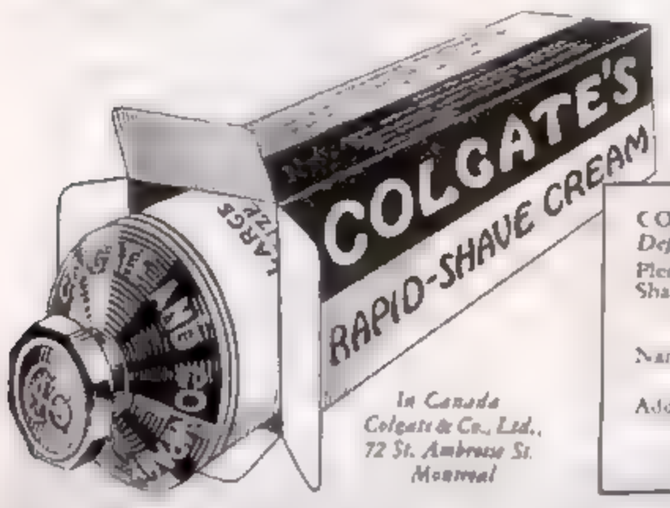
In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where the cutting takes place. "Razor pull" is entirely banished.

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Here is a shaving experience such as you have never enjoyed before.

Test it 10 days

Clip and mail the coupon printed below—just to learn what Colgate's offers. Compare it with any other shaving method you have ever used and note the remarkable improvement it brings.



Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK

In Canada
Colgate & Co., Ltd.,
72 St. Ambroise St.
Montreal

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 140-H, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c

Name

Address

© 1926, Colgate & Co.

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

PRODUCTION AND PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page 13)

Nothing destroys more completely the orderly conduct of business than the existence of political risk.

"Happily the relations between business and our Government are becoming better understood. There has been a definite correction of abuses in business conduct on the one hand, while on the other a wider distribution of corporate ownership has given an increasing percentage of our people a voice in corporate management, resulting in management recognizing that one of its most important obligations is the necessity of conducting business within the law. Today, upon the whole, American business has confidence in the stability and fairness of the Government. Herein is an important element of our continued prosperity.

"Second come the results of the productive effort of the nation. Other factors being equal, that nation which possesses and properly utilizes the most abundant and diversified supply of raw material for industry and manufacture and has an adequate area of fertile soil under suitable climatic conditions to sustain its people and furnish a surplus food production should be the most prosperous.

"In these respects the position of the United States is not approached by any other nation. With about 6 per cent of the population of the world and 5.7 per cent of the land area, in 1924 it produced 38 per cent of the world total of coal, 70 per cent of the petroleum, 54 per cent of the copper, 40 per cent of the lead, 25 per cent of the wheat, 30 per cent of cereals other than wheat, 55 per cent of cotton, 52 per cent of lumber, 46 per cent of pig iron, 49 per cent of steel ingots and castings, and 58 per cent of paper. It possessed 38 per cent of the installed water power, 58 per cent of the telegraphic and telephone lines, 33 per cent of the railroads, and 83 per cent of the automobiles and motor trucks of the world. These are the basic elements of our prosperity.

"Third, I place organized industry. The mere possession of potential elements of wealth is valueless unless they are properly utilized. The function of organized industry is to coördinate and control the factors of production and distribution, so as to make available in adequate quantity to meet consumptive demand at a price that can be paid, the commodities required by the markets of the world."

Our Many Irons in the Fire

"Perhaps no accomplishment of national effort has been more successful than the standard to which America has organized its industry. Scientific study of cost data, elimination of waste, promotion of efficiency, and perhaps more than any other one factor, the mechanization of industry, has established the supremacy of American production methods. As a result, the volume of production has been greatly increased, the hours of labor have been decreased, wages increased, and to a great extent, manual labor has been robbed of its most onerous burdens. The relations between employer and employe have been improved. Comparative industrial peace has been achieved. Costly and wasteful controversies, resulting in idleness and poverty, have been greatly lessened. The social status has been improved, making not only for a more contented home life but for a better citizenship as well. This is a vital element in our prosperity.

"Fourth is diversity of occupation. No well-founded conclusion as to the permanency of national prosperity can fail to give important consideration to the number of factors that constitute the whole. While the industrial fabric is more or less interwoven, the relationship is not so close but that some lines may go bad without affecting the others. A nation dependent upon a single or comparatively few lines of gainful effort is much more likely to experience violent fluctuations in its general economic status than one more fortunately environed by a multiplicity of gainful pursuits. This is what insurance companies designate as a diversity of risk. In this respect the United States is most fortunate.

"Few realize the extent of the transition that has occurred in the United States which has transformed it from an agricultural to an industrial nation. Out of our total population nearly one-half are engaged in gainful occupation. Of these, the number employed in manufacturing and mechanical operations has steadily increased in proportion to the number employed in agriculture, the relative loss of the latter in 1870 to 1920 being nearly one-half. The contribution to national income now comes from so many sources that we have an additional assurance of prosperity.

"In addition there should be mentioned the possession of a sound currency, adequate banking facilities, and an unequaled transportation system."

Efficiency in Management

"All these spell the factors of enduring national prosperity for the United States, if we but exercise a reasonable self-control, avoid reckless overproduction, unjustified expansion, and extravagant expenditures. If we only maintain our governmental institutions and carefully manage the vast heritage of industrial and agricultural wealth that has come to us, our country and its people should continue to enjoy the blessing of a prosperity never before attained by any nation or people. So far as America is concerned there can be no cause for pessimism, and dread forebodings are unjustified. We shall continue to have good times in America."

While quantity production has been made possible by individual initiative and labor-saving effort, efficient management methods have contributed largely to our immense industrial achievement. I therefore asked John W. O'Leary, of Chicago, banker, builder, and president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, to emphasize its place in our expansion. He said:

"The differing replies to a query on the contributory causes of our present prosperity are manifold. One says reduction in taxation; another, our creditor position as a nation; the third, our newly acquired habit of investment; the fourth, an attitude of coöperation of government and business as contrasted with a former attitude of antagonism. Our banking system, our credit system, our natural resources, our immigration policy, all have their advocates.

"There is a measure of truth in each answer. Many factors have contributed to our present prosperous position. Fortunately we have, through intelligent management and cooperation, utilized all of the factors.

"After all, wise management of our opportunities has been largely responsible for our present prosperity. We might have continued the extravagances which immediately followed the Armistice, and suffered today as a result. We might have maintained our wartime taxation and thus hampered our progress. We might have sold our Liberty Bonds, spent the money, and been poorer today. We might have drifted back to a policy of restrictive business legislation, and discouraged initiative. And we might have made none of these mistakes, but failed to follow new policies of management of purely business enterprise, and not have prosperity.

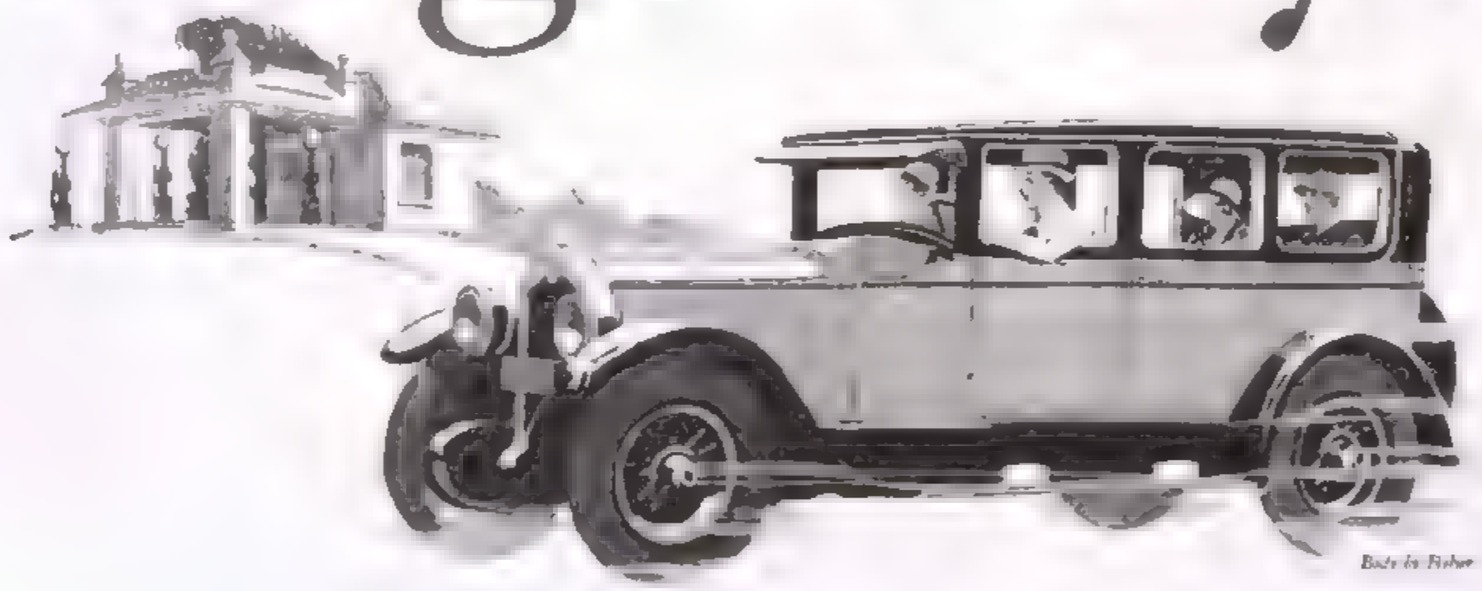
"The responsibility of management of business enterprise during and following our deflation period has been large.

"The responsibility to the public to see that the price of the product is kept as low as possible and yet permit the industry to

(Continued on Page 58)

In the GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT—

only 4 oil changes a year



The familiar warning, "Drain Crankcase Oil Every 500 Miles" does not apply to the 1927 Buick, because it has the Vacuum Ventilator.

This remarkable new device protects the engine from diluted oil, and reduces to 4-a-year the recommended number of oil changes.

There is *not a single moving part* in Buick's new guard for lubrication efficiency. Vacuum created by the air flow does the work. It pulls all harmful vapors out of the crankcase as you drive.

With the 1927 Buick, all you need to do is add oil occasionally to keep the proper level. Then change it each Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter as a supercaution.

Never, in the 22 successful Buick years, has Buick produced a car so far ahead of its field in performance and value.

Convince yourself! Go to your Buick dealer and drive this great new car.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

There can be no Compromise with Safety

"no harm done – Weed Bumpers meet"

They save a lot of cuss words—as well as car scars—do WEED Bumpers and Fender Guards. They let you laugh at ordinary traffic wallops.

You ought to see how they're made! Out of spring steel best suited to the purpose—formed and heat-treated by the most advanced methods. Ends are properly curved to prevent hooking. Tested constantly. Finished off with a coat of nickel, then a heavy plate of copper, and on top of that a heavy nickel coat. That's why the WEED finish *lasts*.

WEED attachments are extra strong. Furthermore, they fit, stay put, and don't rattle loose. No running in for replacements after every little bump. WEED attachments place WEED Bumpers and Fender Guards *at the correct height to meet, not interlock, with others.*

Great bumpers—be sure to tell the man you want WEEDS. He has them or easily can get them for you.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
In Canada: Dominion Chain Co., *Limited*, Niagara Falls, Ont.
District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco
Makers of WEED Chains and WEED Levelizers

WEED BUMPERS

Sensible protection—fore and aft

(Continued from Page 54)

prosper in order that it may serve adequately, and at the same time safeguard the national economic security; the responsibility to labor to see that the productive efforts of individual workmen are compensated for by adequate wages; the responsibility to capital to see that an adequate return is made on the money invested, offer no mean task. To accomplish all this with coincidences is even more difficult.

"If the policy of securing the first reduction in cost through reduction in wage had been adopted, if the policy of basing the sales price on the cost of the product, without regard as to how that cost was obtained, had been followed, the constantly increasing purchasing power which has made possible the vast consumption of our products would not have resulted. Increasing purchasing power has made possible increasing production, with lowering costs and orderly deflation.

"The problems confronting management have required great resourcefulness. The development of our national resources no longer offered a field of opportunity. Thought and energy were given to the expansion and the better operation of old industries and the development of new ones. The radio industry began but five years ago. Today the value of equipment-manufacturing business is twice the value of our rug-and-carpet business and nearly three-quarters as great as the jewelry business of the country. We are spending $1,000,000 a day on radio sets and parts. The automobile industry has reached new peaks of production, and the constantly lowering costs of the product to the public and the volume of sales have brought the industry to the head of the list of manufactures in the United States.

"Problems of production have been met, with amazing results. As a muscular process, labor does not differ in effectiveness, whether in England, China or the United States. Coupled, however, with tremendous development of primary horse power per workman, discarding good machinery for better, the opportunity for the individual workman to earn in proportion to production, the expenditure of vast sums for technical education, scientific research and experimentation, all increase the effective use of labor enormously. With all the increased effectiveness there has come a higher standard of living, a general reduction of working hours, and a decrease of unemployment. The mutual satisfaction of management and labor has brought about a feeling of partnership in the responsibilities confronting industry."

Problems Still to be Met

"Somewhere in each industry we reach a point where the effectiveness of further increased production no longer expresses itself in benefits, but success in meeting the problems of production encourages us to meet with energy and determination other problems which confront management and which will make for further progress. Among many problems, that of distribution is now engaging our best thought. In its solution we may find one of the means of either maintaining or even improving our present prosperity.

"Wise management has been an important contributory cause to our present prosperity. We have been witnessing a change in the control of industry from individual ownership to corporate ownership, and from large individual holdings in corporate ownership to diversified holdings. With more than 15,000,000 stockholders in our corporations, and the number increasing daily, we are reaching a position where demagogic interference with business progress will be frowned on. Good management will not be interfered with. Public confidence will be maintained by fair dealing. Management may concentrate its energy on constructive programs. Prosperity must follow in an industrial nation rich in natural resources, agricultural wealth, and having as a basic policy the encouragement of private initiative."

With efficient management must be linked power, the growth of which has been one of the outstanding events in our material advance. No man in the United States is better qualified to speak of this phase than Samuel Insull, president of the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, and many other large public-utility enterprises. He is not only a power in power but a keen and balanced observer, as this interview with him shows:

"Since Adam Smith, economists generally agree that labor is the basis of wealth, using the terms labor and wealth in the broadest economic sense. If that is so, whatever tends to increase the productive capacity of labor also contributes directly to increasing the available supply of wealth.

"Capital, the dictionary says, is 'wealth employed in or available for production; the aggregate of the products of industry directly available for the support of human existence, or for promoting additional production.'

"It follows that as wealth is increased, capital is increased; as capital is increased, under normal conditions, productive activities should increase, and consequently general prosperity, if other conditions are normal, should increase."

Labor and Time Saved

"Prosperity is best promoted, therefore, by encouraging the influences that make for increased wealth. Evidence of it has multiplied year by year since Watt perfected his steam engine, and Arkwright his spinning jenny in 1769. As labor-saving devices have been developed and used—by peoples and nations, and even by groups or drafts—prosperity has increased.

"Take, for example, the public-utility services, with some of which I happen to be engaged. These services are better in this country than anywhere else on earth, largely because there has been less restriction here upon the private initiative and enterprise applied to their development. They have, in turn, contributed greatly to general prosperity, because they have so greatly saved labor and time and so have increased our productive capacity.

"This labor-saving and time-saving run through every detail of American life; ease and speed of communication multiplied by the telephone; getting about in cities facilitated by electric transportation; steps, time and labor saved in the home by a multitude of devices, from the oven regulator on the gas range to the vacuum cleaner, laundry equipment and automatic gas-fired house heating; personal efficiency and productive capacity increased by electric lighting and multiplied by electric power.

"The economic effect of all this, as reflected in our general prosperity and high standard of living, is recognized especially by observers from abroad. It was emphasized in a signed article some months ago by Lord Rothermere, publisher of the London Daily Mail. He found that our national efficiency and the resultant high standard of living were largely due to our abundant supply of economical power. The same conclusion is stressed by the representatives of the English labor unions who toured this country as investigators of conditions in their respective trades.

"Contributions of this class to general American prosperity are only in their beginnings, provided development of them is not discouraged. Superpower is an example.

"The effect of superpower—which means the interconnection of electrical generating and distributing systems—is to extend the economic advantages of power over wide areas and to insure continuity of supply. It is giving high-grade metropolitan electric service to villages, hamlets and farms. It is increasing the economically available supply of power and light, and thus increasing productive capacity. The consequence of this one development alone, if permitted

(Continued on Page 58)

Fisher has always insisted upon building enduring fine quality into its bodies—a fact well illustrated by the use of genuine polished plate glass in all enclosed bodies bearing its symbol.

It assures itself of an adequate supply of plate glass at lowest possible cost through the ownership of one of the largest plate glass companies in the world, with an annual production in excess of thirty million square feet a year.

Because of this, Fisher has never, either through shortage or through price, been forced to sacrifice safety by the use of plate glass substitutes.

Schmidt

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

What do you see in this picture?

It is an unretouched photograph taken from a motor-car

HERE is irrefutable evidence of how a certain kind of glass plays tricks with your eyes. The left doorway of the car is glazed with this glass —just common sheet glass such as you find on some cars. Note the strangely distorted house, its wobbly pillars and bulging walls. The house is not really like that. The distortions are caused by the waves and irregularities in the glass.

Now, look through the windshield. And how do you see? You see *normally*, as if there were nothing at all between your eyes and the view. That is because the windshield is Plate Glass. Plate Glass cannot distort your vision. The method of making assures a clarity impossible to attain in other glass.

Moreover, Plate Glass is extraordinarily *tough*. It has far greater resistance to breakage than ordinary glass. And less breakage means economy in the end. Then, too, because Plate Glass is so obviously a quality product, it lends beauty and distinction to your car. Insist upon having Plate Glass, not only on the new car you buy, but for glazing when you are replacing broken panes. Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Continued from Page 56

to develop unhampered, is beyond imagining."

The triumph of American mass production is of course the automobile. Despite the periodic appearance of the bogy of saturation, the industry pursues its ever-widening way. It has brought new impetus to forge and factory, and enhanced our prestige overseas. In scope and activity it is perhaps the most typical of Yankee enterprises.

What might be designated as a general survey of the industry in its relation to prosperity was made for me by Walter P. Chrysler, himself a dominant figure, in this fashion:

"There was a time when journalists rarely asked automobile manufacturers for their opinions about current economic conditions, because the automotive industry was regarded as overdeveloped and inflated. Today the industry is rated by business men and bankers as one of the best means of judging the country's economic condition, because the automobile manufacturer is so close to the people. The purchase of a home and the purchase of a motor car are the two most important purchases which the average family makes.

"First let us take a glance at the automotive industry itself. It ranks first in the country's manufactures, having passed steel, meat packing and oil. Study freight-car loadings—a useful economic index—and you will see that the automotive-freight loadings exceed those of any other commodity. Motor vehicles and parts are the third largest of all railroad shipments of manufactured articles in the United States. The automotive industry has an invested capital of nearly $2,000,000,000. It pays annually in wages and salaries more than $500,000,000. Surely such an industry can serve well in determining the country's present economic health and what it faces tomorrow.

"The automobile industry is enjoying good times for the simple reason that the American public has accepted individual motor transportation, and because the industry today is giving far greater values than most other businesses. Motor cars in the United States cost 29 per cent less than they did before the World War, while the labor and materials used in manufacturing them cost from 60 to 70 per cent more."

Prosperity on Wheels

"Why does prosperity for the automobile industry mean prosperity for the rest of the country? First of all, it means employment at high wages, directly and indirectly, to nearly 3,500,000 people. Second, it means good business for the iron, steel, plate glass, upholstery, leather, rubber, lumber, aluminum, copper, tin, lead, zinc, nickel, paint, oil and varnish industries. Third, it means good business for road building, which I believe is the largest of all construction industries. Fourth, nearly 5,000,000 of the registered motor cars in the United States are on farms. Improve the farmer's means of transportation and you help him economically. Fifth, the automobile has made possible suburban developments which have added tremendously to real-estate values.

"When an automobile manufacturer surveys markets to get better ideas about future demands, he first takes a glance at bank clearings. Bank clearings today indicate that the banks are handling a larger volume of business than ever since the war. He takes a look at freight-car loadings. These are high today. He studies figures about building. Today he finds that building activities in most parts of the United States are very great. He studies employment conditions. There is very little unemployment. He studies bank figures. Savings-banks deposits have set a new record. He studies insurance figures. Insurance companies are writing more insurance than ever before.

"There are those who complain that the American people are willing to give up things in order to own a motor car and that too many motor cars are not good for the country. With that view I emphatically disagree, not because I am a motor-car manufacturer, but because I believe in the motor car as a creator of economic wealth.

"Tell me the number of inhabitants a country has and the number of registered motor cars in that country, and I will tell you something of the comforts and conveniences which the average family in that country are enjoying. Tell me to what extent a country has developed its means of transportation and communication, and I can tell fairly accurately how far that country has progressed economically and socially.

"There is a direct relationship between America's economic prosperity and the number of motor vehicles registered in the United States. It is impossible to think of the automotive industry as separate and distinct, having no relationship with other industries.

"What is responsible for the gigantic petroleum industry we have in America? The motor car. When Americans send motor cars to the hundred-odd countries of the world they are shipping creators of economic wealth."

Postponing the Rainy Day

"There are also those who complain that the automotive industry has set the pace for deferred-payment buying and that people are mortgaging their future incomes to too great extent. The deferred-payment plan can be abused just like anything else, but as practiced by the automotive industry it offers no dangers. The practice of the industry is to require 33⅓ per cent cash-down payment on new cars, and 40 per cent on used cars. The balance is paid in twelve equal monthly payments. Seventy-five per cent of all automobiles purchased in the United States are purchased according to such a plan. The average note given at time of purchase of new cars is $528 and on used cars $280. Paper outstanding on new motor vehicles last year totaled $972,000,000. That is a lot of money, but let it be recalled right here that time-payment losses last year were less than one-fifth of 1 per cent. As the amount of time in which to make payments is increased the percentage of losses increases. The automotive industry knows that.

"Credit is the basis of American business. Without credit there would be little business. Selling automobiles on the deferred-payment plan is nothing more or less than the utilization of credit. The point is that the extension of credit must be on a sound basis, and upon such a basis is the extension of automobile credit.

"As I attempt to analyze the outlook I find only one thing that is disturbing. Much has been said and printed about the temporary character of the country's prosperity. We have been told over and over again that the first six months of 1926 would be very good and that the second six months would not be so good. There may be good reasons for such opinions—I do not know what they are—but I do know that when people begin to think that times are going to get worse an atmosphere of pessimism is created and that atmosphere has its influence. No automobile manufacturer can afford to deceive himself. He cannot tell himself that times are going to continue to be good, and he cannot go ahead with large production schedules if times are going to change.

"I have implicit confidence in the saneness of the American business man. He has gone through all kinds of experiences. He builds for the rainy day and then provides for the postponement of that day.

"Times are good and they are going to continue to be good. We have no tangible justification for pessimism. Not everyone is satisfied with the volume or the profitableness of his business, but some of these complaints have to be discounted, as it has been shown time and time again that even in the best of years there is always someone

(Continued on Page 60)

Body by Fisher

OAKLAND *presents the*

$895

PONTIAC SIX

Landau Sedan

A masterly combination of style, stamina and thrift · · · An ultra-smart Body by Fisher, finished in Sedge Green Duco · · · The spectacular power, speed and endurance that have established the Pontiac Six as the outstanding triumph of automotive history · · · And a price that could only be achieved by an organization enjoying the advantages of General Motors' gigantic purchasing power · · · In short, Oakland's answer to the demand for a low-cost enclosed six, combining the utmost in distinguished appearance and appointments with that quality construction which is now recognized as the outstanding characteristic of the Pontiac Six.

Pontiac Six Sedan or Coupe, $825. Oakland Six, companion to Pontiac Six, $1025 to $1295. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

*The Pontiac Six Landau Sedan is finished in Sedge Green Duco on body, hood and wheels; fenders and black superstructure and fenders; French gray [illegible] rear quarter trimmed in dull leather and embossed [illegible] leather items . . . Upholstery: Fine texture [illegible] of mohair [illegible] . . . Equipment items include nickel-plated radiator and [illegible] head lamps, [illegible] ornamental side [illegible], [illegible], [illegible],

Because a pipe "bites" is no sign it's teething!

IT MAY BE a crying shame the way your pipe "bites;" but there's no use sitting up nights nursing him as though he were sprouting teeth... He's not teething! Chances are it's a slight touch of "tobaccolic"... his tobacco probably disagrees with him.

Now there's a remedy for this "pipe-bite" that's recommended by all Doctors of Pipeology. It's a sure-cure for every kind of pipe ailment. It is Granger Rough Cut ... a perfect pipe panacea!

Pipes cry for it... for there's not a bit of bite or burn in a billion bowlfuls of Granger... It's such ripe old Burley tobacco... so perfectly mellowed. Mellowed as no other tobacco can be, for Granger owns exclusive rights to Wellman's good old-fashioned "Mellowing Secret".

Then, Granger is *rough cut* (cut in large, slow-burning flakes). It smokes cooler than finely cut tobaccos—several degrees cooler... Cool, mellow and mild, Granger agrees with any pipe. And all pipes agree there's no other tobacco like it. Not on *this* planet, anyway!

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents the foil pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

(Continued from Page 58)

who either is not, or thinks he is not, getting as much business as the rest.

"The way in which the Florida boom flattened out without serious consequences is a reassuring demonstration of the influence of any easy-credit situation in facilitating orderly liquidation.

"Despite the handicap of a backward spring and the sagging tendency of commodity prices during most of the period, the volume of checks drawn in payment for goods, and freight carried by the railroads, has continued to exceed that of any previous year. Demand for labor is the most active since 1923.

"We are constantly having changing currents in business. The business man with discernment who adapts himself to them prospers, while he who gets into the eddy does not."

The earlier vicissitudes of motor-car production were largely born of lack of synchronization with consumption. During the last few years, however, scientific stabilizing influences have been in operation, and they have fortified the industry against setbacks. Since the automobile is an index to general prosperity and touches 80 per cent of all the people every day, the effect has been far-reaching.

No producers have achieved this stabilization to a greater extent than the General Motors Corporation, which, in diversity of product and volume of sales, is the biggest motor organization in the world. Just how its system operates was explained to me by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of the corporation. He said:

"Entirely aside from the basic economic advantages that this country enjoys and the peculiar psychology of its people, there is another phase which, if more thoroughly appreciated, is capable of contributing much toward prosperity. This factor deals with the stabilization of the country's business activity.

"Anything that will cause industrial activity to proceed along a straight line, moving in harmony with growth in population and wealth, is much to be desired. Though it is generally recognized that the difference in total volume of business between what we term good times and bad is a relatively small proportion of the total, still a stabilizing influence that affects even a part of this difference would be an important contribution to the larger welfare."

Stabilizing Influences

"Many stabilizing influences have developed during the past few years. Important among them is the Federal Reserve System. Given a satisfactory financial system, the next important factor in the stabilization of industry seems to me to be the reduction of what I might term the float—that is, the amount of merchandise that is absorbed in the various channels of distribution from the primary sources of production to the points of final consumption.

"Were it possible for production, whether of the manufacturer or of the farmer, to be exactly synchronized with consumption, and given the most efficient possible system of distribution from one to the other—which means a minimum amount of merchandise in the float—the demands on our financial resources would not only be reduced, but a fundamental contribution would be made to the stabilization of our industrial conditions and to the maintenance of prosperity throughout the nation.

"The highly efficient manner in which our railroads are now being operated has contributed greatly to reducing the float. This brings the consumer closer to the producer.

"As a result of the disastrous experience of merchants and manufacturers caught with large inventories following the war, there has been a natural and sound trend on the part of all the agents of distribution to work closer than ever before to the consumer demand. It has a tremendous influence in reducing the float.

"The economics of this whole cycle of operation has been a subject of intense study by General Motors Corporation, with whose operations I am, of course, in intimate contact. I think I can perhaps illustrate what I mean by stabilization of business as a factor contributing to the prosperity of our people by outlining briefly what has been experienced and accomplished in this direction.

"Before attempting an explanation it might first be pointed out that the automotive industry is the largest in point of volume of any industry in the United States. It is much more important than this statement implies. This results from the great diversity of materials necessary to make the complete vehicle—a fact that can hardly be appreciated unless an intensive study of the detailed component parts of the modern motor car, truck or bus is made. Every motor-car manufacturer gives employment on the production side to a large number of direct workers. In addition, he purchases from tens of thousands of independent suppliers, who, in turn, employ in the aggregate many workers.

"As a matter of fact, there are very few communities of any consequence in the manufacturing sections of the country whose prosperity is not directly influenced by the activity of the motor-car industry. Consequently anything that serves to stabilize the automotive industry will have an appreciable effect on the stabilization of industry in general, not only directly but from the cumulative standpoint."

Remedying Overproduction

"The automotive industry, up to the last two or three years, did not follow the usual cycle of industrial activity, due to the fact that through practically its entire history up to that point the limiting factor had been production rather than distribution. The industry had not reached the stabilization stage, but was increasing at such a rate that even in periods of reduced industrial activity the demand still exceeded the supply. The year 1923 was the best, up to that time, the industry had ever had. Production was speeded up to the utmost and plant capacity and dealers' stocks were built up in anticipation of a still further accelerated demand in the spring of 1924.

"Because of a falling off in general industry, unseasonable weather, and failure to attain a state of stabilization, there resulted overproduction. An adjustment had to take place, and a curtailment in production followed. Workmen were laid off, schedules to suppliers were either canceled or materially reduced, and the buying power of the enormous number of workers directly and indirectly dependent upon the industry both on the production and merchandising side shrank. The industry had apparently reached the point where, in the future, it had to conform more closely to the cycles of business activity to which all other industries were subject.

"As a result of all this we felt that a better system could be evolved, and proceeded to work out a plan, the broad underlying principle of which was a more direct relationship between the corporation as the producer and the public as the consumer.

"A study was first made to determine each month's quota of cars as a part of the total year's retail or actual consumption. It was found that twice the average were sold at retail in April, and three times as many as in December. Further, each month appeared to have a fairly consistent proportion. Manifestly it would be impossible to produce each month the exact number that was needed for that particular month. Such a procedure would have required on the part of both manufacturers and suppliers plant equipment and organization sufficient at all times to fill the needs of the biggest month, or twice as much as was necessary if an average could be maintained. This would have necessitated unreasonable capital investment and

(Continued on Page 62)

Fair woman as a *motorist* . . . *when the century was young*

WHAT a shock when those ladies of the lorgnettes, returning primly from Sunday service, first saw *a woman* piloting one of those snorting, jerky horseless carriages of the early century down the avenue.

And yet today—less than a generation later—mother and daughter flip a coin to determine who shall have the car.

A "New Day" has indeed dawned! But greater far than the change that has come to pass in woman's attitude toward motor cars, has been the change in cars themselves.

Milady of today loves things mechanical no whit more than her grandmother did. But thanks to the tremendous engineering strides made during the past decade she need know nothing of mechanical things.

And With This New Day Have Come Many New Problems

The woman of today *is* concerned, however—vitally concerned—with the problems and difficulties of an entirely new set of motoring conditions—of crowded traffic—of starting, stopping and turning with quickness and ease—of obtaining maximum safety always—of comfort and roominess without excessive bulk—of performance that matches her every mood and beauty that matches her mode. To serve the modern woman satisfactorily (and her husband too!) today's car must possess an entirely new nimbleness, a new ease of handling and driving, new economy, new endurance, greater roominess, comfort and smartness.

Long years ago, Paige-Jewett engineers foresaw the coming of this "New Day" and set about designing a car that would master not only some—but *every single one* of these myriad "New Day" problems.

How natural, therefore, that in the latest Paige and Jewett Sixes you find the fullest embodiment of "New Day" engineering. You find cars that respond eagerly to your lightest touch—cars that flash instantly ahead when the traffic tower signals "go"—that come to cushioned rest the instant you touch their Paige-hydraulic 4-wheel brakes—powerful cars, smart and distinctive cars.

A New Day Car Is Waiting For You To Take Its Wheel

You women who enjoy the thrill of driving have waiting pleasant surprises in abundance the moment you take the wheel of a new Paige or Jewett. Without obligation—ask your dealer to bring one to your door.

Assets of $20,000,000

Worldwide Dealer Organization

One of the Newest and Finest Plants in the Industry

17 Years Under One Management Building Fine Cars Exclusively

Never Reorganized—Never Refinanced

PAIGE & JEWETT SIXES

New-Day Cars for New-Day Needs

(804)

The "give" to a Linoleum floor makes it comfortable and quiet!

Office of Brown, Crosby and Company, New York City, showing its smooth, resilient floor of Blabon's Linoleum.

Cross-section illustrating the resiliency of a Blabon floor of Linoleum.

Hard, unyielding floors jar the nerves at every step, and are soon tiring.

Elasticity in a floor absorbs shocks, and reduces the strain on the nerves and feet.

That's the beauty of Blabon floors of Linoleum. Because they are made of ground cork and oxidized linseed oil, they have a smooth resilient surface. So comfortable to walk upon!

Blabon floors are quiet, too—without noise from moving feet or chairs to disturb;—so essential in a busy office!

Blabon floors of Plain or Inlaid Linoleum are tough and wear-resisting. Their soft colorings and refined patterns go clear through to the burlap back, and last as long as the linoleum itself.

Because they are easy to clean, and never need expensive refinishing, Blabon floors are economical to maintain.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt insures watertight seams which are practically invisible, and adds much to the beauty and permanency of a Blabon floor.

Ask for Blabon's Linoleum by name. It is sold by home-furnishing and department stores.

Write our Advisory Bureau of Interior Decoration for suggestions without cost to you. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," sent free, upon request.

When you visit the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition at Philadelphia, see the displays of Blabon's Linoleum at these locations: The Blabon Exhibit in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; The Wall Paper House in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; The Shippen House on High Street (Good Housekeeping's Model Home).

Hazel H. Adler, author of books on interior decoration, gives valuable suggestions on arranging furniture and draperies with walls and floors, in our 36-page book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," beautifully illustrated in four colors. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

The George W. Blabon Company
Nicetown, Philadelphia
Established 75 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

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resulted in lower efficiency in operation, due to the building up and tearing down of production schedules in following the cycle already described. Further, it would have affected the quality of the product and been a source of great dissatisfaction. A compromise on a scientific basis that would equalize these factors to the largest possible degree and inject the greatest efficiency into the whole cycle without unduly burdening anyone was necessarily the answer.

"General Motors' procedure provides that at the beginning of each manufacturing year an estimate be made as to the probable retail-sales demand for each and every product that is manufactured within the corporation for the following year. Many factors contribute to the estimate, and the best judgment is exercised in weighing them. Next a compromise is established between production and consumption as measured by actual retail sales, to the end that the fluctuations of production will be limited as much as possible without overburdening the dealer organizations. The result gives a monthly production quota which, in the aggregate, must equal the estimated yearly retail sales, with a reasonable working stock always on hand.

"Not only are General Motors' factories scheduled on the basis of this program but, through its various purchasing departments, the factories of its tens of thousands of suppliers as well. As a rough estimate I should say that more than 250,000 direct workers are involved in these various transactions. If the estimate of retail sales for the year is correct, no changes need be made. This, of course, is unlikely, although experience has shown that it is possible to estimate very accurately. It is necessary, therefore, to keep actual experience in harmony with the year's estimate as the year progresses.

"To effect this, reports are required from more than 20,000 dealers three times every month. These reports give certain statistical information, such as the number of retail sales actually made, the number of cars on hand, and other factors, all of which supply the necessary information for consideration at the end of each month as to whether any adjustment is necessary. One month's experience does not necessarily justify any correction in the program. A second month's indication of a similar trend might warrant a moderate increase or decrease of the fundamental index of consumption for the year. This would reflect a moderate increase or decrease in the schedule of the particular product involved."

Month-by-Month Scheduling

"Thus month-by-month adjustments are effected and the production schedule of our institution is synchronized with actual consumption. Since it has such direct contact with its retail outlets, the automotive industry can accomplish more in the direction of reducing the float than any other big activity. A wide adoption of the system means a further antidote against industrial depression."

Two contributory factors to our prosperity—the motion picture and the radio—deserve a place in this symposium, because they make for the contentment which keeps the channels of production open, and also help to pile up volume of output. First let us get the point of view of the movie magnate as given to me by Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

"Prosperity in the United States will continue because our economic life is based on the sound principles of democracy. Even the poorest man has an opportunity to forge ahead to the richest rewards, and this is as true today as it was in the days of Lincoln, our so-called intelligentzia to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Moreover, in America, more than anywhere else in the world, business and industry are carried forward on the doctrine that the laborer is worthy of his hire. Thus, our wages are far and away the highest in the world. If high wages have increased costs of production, they also have increased the outlet for our products. It is no accident of our national temperament that the scale of living in this country is higher than anywhere else in the world. Americans make more money, and therefore are in a position to spend more money. If, in spending money, they occasionally go broke, they are not faced with the horrible specter of want and misery for the balance of their lives, for they know there are plenty of opportunities to come back again.

"The motion-picture industry takes pride in the fact that its business is doing its share in prosperity. Basically, of course, we have increased the purchasing power of the people by giving them theatrical entertainment at a cheap box-office price. Today, in America, there is no excuse for anybody to forgo entertainment on the score of expense, as the motion picture has brought the finest stories and plays by the foremost authors into the smallest hamlets at a cost which puts these productions within the reach of everyone. The motion picture, by its duplication of prints from the same negative, represents the genius of America for quantity production at low cost."

Magnets That Draw the Crowd

"The films are contributing to our prosperity in other ways that are just beginning to be appreciated. For instance, photoplays have had an enormous influence in the distribution of American clothing, household furnishings, and other living accessories. This influence of the American motion picture is universal in its nature.

"The picture theater likewise is doing its share toward promoting business. Aside from increasing the surrounding realty values, the motion-picture theater has been proved times without number to be a trade magnet in the smaller towns. In many places in the West, merchants in towns without theaters have formed community enterprises which built and operated picture houses because their presence insured trade from the surrounding territory.

"The picture business is proving its faith in the continued prosperity of this country by embarking on the greatest expansion movement in the history of the industry. Not only are we investing large sums in the production of bigger pictures but all over the country beautiful theaters are going up as enduring symbols of the motion picture's progress and belief in the future."

No development of the last five years has been more remarkable than that of the radio. As Mr. O'Leary pointed out in his interview, the industry began only half a decade ago, yet we are now spending $1,000,000 a day on radio sets and parts. In the following statement by Major General James G. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America, you get the effect of this new agency on life and prosperity:

"When a business man is asked the causes that contribute to the present prosperity he naturally gives some rather obvious generalities, and only becomes concrete and definite when he assigns the credit to the activity with which he is associated. So many things contribute to individual success or failure and to national prosperity that the connection between cause and effect is sometimes obscure.

"Our country suffered a business reverse in 1921, following the rush of prosperity in the years just preceding, and at this distance it now looks as though business had miscalculated and overexpanded. If that is true, it may be depended upon that as long as those who graduated from the school of experience in the class of 1921 remain at the head of business establishments they will watch their steps and proceed cautiously. They may not be able to hand on their diplomas to their successors, but they will not themselves forget the teachings of the school in which they won them. I consider that one of the wholesome features of the present prosperity.

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GABRIEL
SNUBBERS

Thousands of cars are equipped with Gabriel Snubbers by the dealers who sell them, before they go to their owners. For the simple reason that these dealers want their customers to enjoy the economy and greater riding comfort which Gabriels always bring to any car.

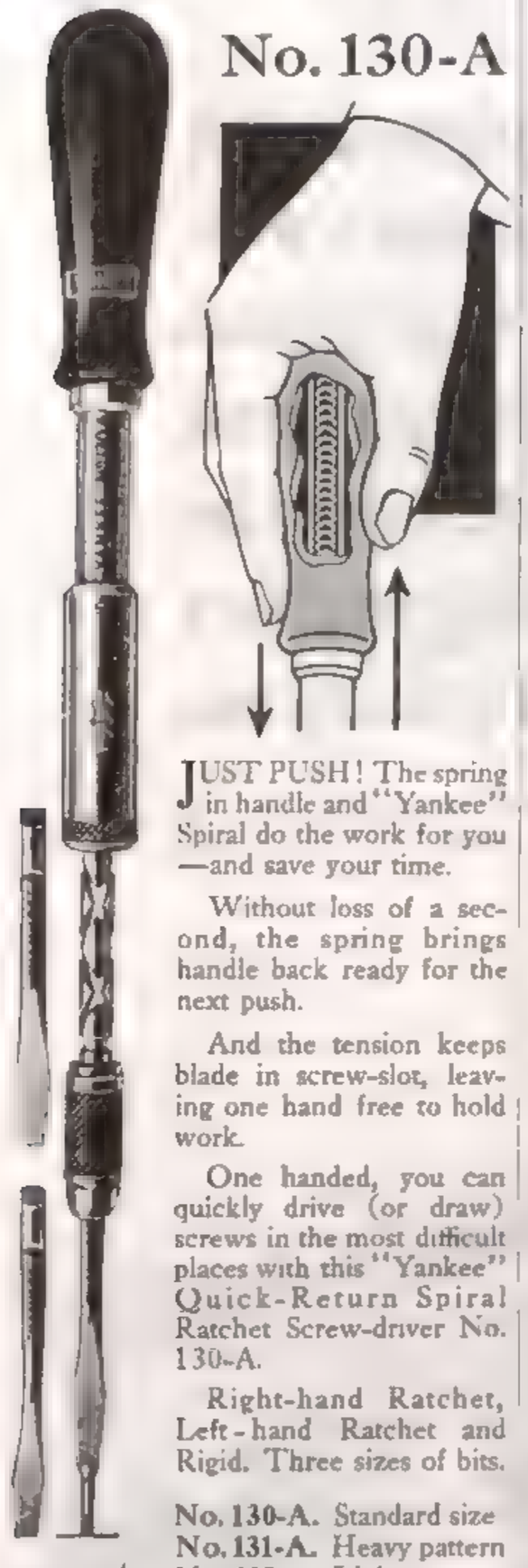
The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Co.
Cleveland, Ohio Toronto, Canada

How Gabriels Work

When your car hits a bump, the car springs compress, and the slack in the Gabriel belt is taken up by expansion of the coil spring "B". Then as the rebound of the car spring commences, the 4½ coils "A" (giving up to 180 sq. ins. of friction surface) immediately tighten and begin to create friction on the brass band between them. This resistance increases gradually—returning the car springs to their normal position without a jerk or abrupt stop. The result is that those in the car stay on the seats and are not bounced or jolted from them.

Gabriel—and Only Gabriel—Is a Snubber

The spring puts *magic* into "YANKEE" No. 130-A



JUST PUSH! The spring in handle and "Yankee" Spiral do the work for you—and save your time.

Without loss of a second, the spring brings handle back ready for the next push.

And the tension keeps blade in screw-slot, leaving one hand free to hold work.

One handed, you can quickly drive (or draw) screws in the most difficult places with this "Yankee" Quick-Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver No. 130-A.

Right-hand Ratchet, Left-hand Ratchet and Rigid. Three sizes of bits.

No. 130-A. Standard size
No. 131-A. Heavy pattern
No. 135. Light pattern

"Yankee" Spiral Ratchet Screw-drivers, without the Quick-Return feature, No. 30-A, No. 31-A, No. 35.

Write for FREE "Yankee" Tool Book

Shows how "Yankee" Tools make work easier: Ratchet Bit Braces, Ratchet Breast, Hand, Chain and Bench Drills. Automatic Push Drills. Plain Screw-drivers. Ratchet Tap-wrenches. Vises—removable base. Etc.

Dealers Everywhere Sell "Yankee" Tools

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

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"There can scarcely be a doubt that the election of President Coolidge, with his policies of conservatism, generated the current of confidence that has produced the prosperity we have, and in my judgment that prosperity is on a firmer basis than that which characterized the American business of an earlier day.

"Improved railroad facilities, the reaction from the melancholy experiment of government management, have speeded up the delivery of supplies and enabled retailers to avoid the risks of overstocking. Overexpansion among the multitude of retailers, jobbers and manufacturers appears to be absent. Those men are not buying more than they can digest commercially. If these things are true the present prosperity does not call for the usual warnings of conservative counsel.

"The Federal Reserve banks have exercised a healthy restraining influence upon the financial structure, which has now proved itself a workable, flexible and sound facility. The morale of the country has been steadily improving. I doubt whether there has ever been a period during which prosperity has been shared so equitably."

Radio's Place in the Home

"While the advent of radio can be translated into terms of increased commerce, increased employment and increased prosperity, its greatest contribution to the present wholesome state of the nation lies in its substantial influence toward contentment in the home. Radio is forging closer family ties. Boys are coming in from the streets. There is more dancing inside and less outside. Sermons are shorter, but they are traveling faster and farther, and are reaching the remote places.

"To a certain extent prosperity is a state of mind. The agricultural sections of our country, even more than the cities, have been benefited by the social influence of radio. More and more this translates itself into economic advantage for the farmer and for the nation as a whole. Radio is shortening distances and abolishing misunderstandings. As this process continues, the prosperity which comes to cities first will reach the farming sections more quickly."

One of our biggest national assets and a factor in our economic well-being is the sane and intelligent attitude of organized labor toward dislocation. Let William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, voice the sentiment of his colleagues:

"In its attitude toward the general strike the American Federation of Labor discloses how distinctively American our labor movement is.

"One of the distinguishing features of America is the reward attached to ability to achieve. There has been, and still is, opportunity for the competent to move steadily upward. There is an essential democracy in American relations that conceives of no permanent barriers between various social groups with irreconcilable group interests. Basic in labor's creed is the conception that progress for social groups involves reciprocal forces and that sustained betterment for any one group exerts a lifting pull on all the others. So we have an American standard of wages to provide an American standard of living made possible by an American standard of efficiency, and maintaining a purchasing demand which absorbs American quantity production.

"American labor believes that progress comes from sustained constructive building, and that the conference room is the surest road to wise decisions on labor relations.

"We hold that the interests of all concerned with production are interdependent, though not identical, and that as a prerequisite to orderly progress each functional group should organize upon a voluntary basis in order to make its contribution to the joint undertaking with comprehensive understanding of the needs and potential service represented. Joint conference gradually builds up a body of customs, understanding of the needs and potential industrial regulations. Conferences on mutual problems thus develop understanding, methods, decisions, and a whole system that moves steadily forward. New peaks in progress are crystallized in collective agreements which constitute part of the organization of industry. A strike within the industry is for the purpose of promoting collective bargaining.

"The policies of organized labor, the technic of labor's relations which it has helped to develop, are part of our industrial structure and part of our social structure."

Labor's Policy

"American labor has its ideals, which it believes can best be realized by substantial additions to those things which will open the way to greater opportunities. The method by which these gains are made is the collective agreement. This method is the reverse of the general strike, which violates contracts and destroys relationship upon which collective bargaining is based.

"When the workers of all industries lay down their tools and go on general strike, the effect of that action is not to strengthen the cause of the workers who could not get an equitable working agreement for their industry, or to further collective civilized life. The general strike is a revolt against the nation and can be justified only when revolution is justified.

"The general strike has no place in the plans or the policies of the American labor movement. We place our faith in educational methods, and seek betterment through constructive policies that enable us successively to raise standards of life and work and to realize larger possibilities for each succeeding generation."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the contributory causes of our prosperity. The next and last will appear in an early issue.

Big Methods for Handling Big Industry

There's an Eversharp for you in any style and size you want. This one, in genuine stand-ard gift and business model, with 18 inches of lead up its sleeve, gold-filled at $5
Thoughts like butterflies flit away — sometimes never to return . . .
Net them ere they pass. That little thought of yours today may be the big idea of tomorrow.
Don't let it get away. Don't let it drift unfruitful from your mind.
PUT IT ON PAPER!
Success waits on the man who keeps in line with his thinking that first friend of an active brain,
EVERSHARP
the name is on the pencil
Your Eversharp will never clog, jam or scratch if you use only the leads that come in this Red Top box
© 1926 The Wahl Company Chicago
The Wahl Co. Ltd., Toronto

TWIN PROPELLERS

(Continued from Page 34)

"J. J.," Pax demanded, "were those pearls real?"

"How should I know?"

"That's what everybody says. But what gets me is that nobody seems to care. Not even Angela."

"You can't tell anything about Angela. Set the bag aboard, Julius, and go back to the house."

She came aboard herself, glanced at the cozy breakfast table and said, "I could do with a cup of coffee if there's any left. Had mine at six and I've been working at the office ever since."

"I'll hot it up. There's toast and honey. Why doesn't Angela care? Is she so filthy rich?"

"She shared their inheritance with Cliff, but he's since made lots more for them both. Angela has been from childhood a constitutional spendthrift. Their father knew her failing and made Cliff conservator. She resents that. Cliff gives her a fat allowance and she owes that some months in advance. Cliff's generous but strict. Sometimes they have gorgeous rows about Angela's extravagances."

"Well, she looks de luxe."

"Worse than that. She's an economic paralytic or moron. When she starts on a spending spree there's no holding her. I really don't approve Angela, though otherwise she seems virtuous enough. Doesn't drink much or gamble or cut up that I've heard of."

"Nobody would hear of it," Lanty said.

"There's something in that. She likes you two, but that's nothing to be ashamed of. Angela's strong in her favors and disfavors. You made a hit with your trustee, Pax."

"Nasty brute," Pax commented from the stove. "Mother scarcely laid to rest and now he's trying to shove back the clock to my age. Those pale eyes of his make me shiver. If I were with him long I'd poke 'em out."

"Not so easy. It would be like trying to poke out the eyes of a dead fish. Ever do that when you were a little nipper?"

"Yes. All kids do. They roll. I'll bet he swiped the pearls, partly for spite, partly to make up the deficit due us."

"Shut up," Lanty growled.

"There he goes again. Twining had the cheek to ask us to visit him, and he had the more disgusting cheek to tell me that mother had endowed me with her fullest gifts of charm and beauty besides what I already had of my own."

"What did you hit him with?"

"My native wit. Told him that father had endowed me with his strong prejudices besides such as I might form for myself."

"A proper meat ax," J. J. said approvingly. "Let's go and see how far we get before we're overhauled and searched."

A small freckled messenger boy came walking down the wharf. At sight of J. J. in the cockpit his eyes lightened.

"Bin huntin' the taown over fur you-all, Miss Jasmine. Tellygram."

J. J. took the slip and signed it, handing the messenger boy a quarter. "Good scout, Reddy."

She ripped open the envelope, then handed it to Lanty, who read aloud:

"Runabout car owned and driven by Roseberry Twining burst front tire and skidded this morning two A.M. on Dixie Highway, this side St. Augustine. Twining picked up unconscious from concussion and evidently robbed of pocketbook and valuables. Hospital pronounces condition not serious. Was alone in car on way from Jax to Palm Beach."

"Now what," said J. J., "do you know about that?"

"Precious little," Lanty said, "but I can guess a lot."

"So can I," eagerly, from Pax.

"Well, guess out loud. Then I'll have to scoot up to the office and shoot in a story. That shan't delay us long."

Lanty, mindful of Cliff's request, said nothing. Besides, he wanted to think. But Pax was under no restraint.

"Twining's a liar. He told me after our first dance that he was going out to send away his chauffeur, as Dade would put him up for the night. This wire shows that he had no chauffeur and that he didn't spend the night with Dade. He was making off to put those pearls in a safe place, and he got bumped and some thugs, nice and handy, went through him before the next car came along. Or they might have been on a car right behind."

"You might print that version, J. J.," Lanty said dryly.

"Thanks. We've a suit or two pending now."

"Well, then, get your half of our joint wit busy, Lanty," Pax said crisply.

"J. J. would be tempted to publish my theory. Then Twining could bring suit and recover the amount of the deficit."

J. J. stepped off onto the wharf. "I'll stop at the yacht club on my way back and tell Cliff about it. Shan't be gone long. About an hour."

"Let me tell Cliff," Lanty said. "That'll save time."

J. J. shot him a keen look from her violet eyes. "I believe you're holding out on me. Is time saving the only reason?"

"No."

"Then go to it. I seem to smell a scandal in high life. However, Rosey makes no hit with me."

She hurried off. Lanty, who was in work clothes, shifted into shore ones. Pax eyed him suspiciously.

"Look here, what do you know about this?"

"Tell you when I come back. When I've seen how Angela takes this news—if I'm let."

"Angela? Why Angela?"

"Because. Last night Cliff asked me to keep mum. But I'll use my own discretion about that with you and J. J. I'm to some extent a possible suspect myself."

"Rot."

"Let's hope so. Shan't be long."

He went through the garage to the street, hailed a taxi and drove to the yacht club, where, on going aboard the Hyacinth, he found Cliff breakfasting on fruit and cereal. Lanty told him the news, to which Cliff listened with a grim face.

"I'll tell Angela that," he said and rose. "She's still in bed. Just wait a minute, will you, Lanty?" And then as if reading something in the boy's eyes, Cliff said briefly though not unpleasantly, "It wouldn't get you anywhere to see how she takes this bit of news. I doubt if it tells me anything and I know her pretty well."

Lanty waited. The steward came into the chart room to clear away the breakfast things, having seen the master go out.

"Good morning, sir," he said to Lanty.

"Morning, steward." Lanty had observed the man the night before and had not been favorably impressed. The man was of nondescript type, rather like the table steward of a liner, cosmopolitan, a mongrel of sorts It had seemed to Lanty, who was accustomed to well-trained servants, that nothing much of what went on round the table escaped the fellow; that he watched and listened even while serving swiftly.

With a definite object in view, Lanty now said in a tone of barber-shop gossip: "Rather a serious accident to one of the guests here aboard last night, steward. His car went off the road just this side St. Augustine and threw him out, and while he was lying stunned some lowbrow went through him for all he had on him."

The steward seemed to freeze for an instant Lanty, watching him closely, detected a tremor in one hand holding the dishes

"Who was that, sir?"

"Mr Twining"

The steward set down the bowl of cereal. "You say he was robbed, sir?"

"Yes, stripped of money and whatever else was in his pockets."

"And the car wrecked?"

Lanty did not fail to observe the focus of the steward's thought, which was on a property rather than a personal damage.

"I don't know about that."

"Was Mr. Twining badly injured, sir?"

"The wire merely said he had a concussion of the brain."

"A wire to Mr. Hathaway, sir?"

"No, to me. Mr. Twining was an old friend of my family."

A bell rang. The steward hurried out. Lanty thought the man seemed more interested than such an episode would warrant in one new to his position and to whom Twining was a stranger.

As he was reflecting on this the steward returned. "Mrs. Kane asks would you be so kind as to step into her cabin, sir. This way, sir."

Lanty followed, to be ushered into a beautiful and spacious cabin, such as is to be found only on a big house boat like the Hyacinth. Angela, in a *rose-cendrée* negligee trimmed with lace, was sitting up in bed leaning back on silken pillows. Cliff was standing, his elbows resting on the footboard of the bed.

"Good morning, Lanty," Angela said in her indolent voice. "So your trustee has gone and got himself smashed up. Now why should he have done that?"

Lanty glanced at Cliff, then finding nothing there but a tacit permission to speak as he saw fit, answered gently: "No doubt he had his reasons, Mrs. Kane."

Angela laughed. "Reasons for pitching out on his head?"

"Reasons for being there to pitch out—or get pitched out."

Angela laughed. "There, you see, Cliff? I told you that Lanty was keen." One round snowy arm reached to the bed table. She picked up her cigarette holder, the one she had used at dinner. It was a curious design, a boat hook, the staff carved in some fine white cabinet wood and about eighteen inches long. The metal head was of gold, the slender Russian cigarette fitting in the outward thrusting part used for fending off. Lanty watched her in a fascinated way as she thrust in the cigarette. He took a match from the tray and offered it.

"Thanks. Then you think that Rosey staged his show?"

"I think that somebody staged it," Lanty said.

Cliff turned slowly and looked at him closely. "Why do you think that?"

"Because I think Twining had the pearls," Lanty said boldly. "I may be wrong, but since you ask me what I think, I'm telling you."

Angela exhaled slowly. "Isn't that a pretty grave charge?"

"It's not a charge. It's an opinion."

"What grounds have you for thinking it?" Cliff asked.

"Several His having neglected to make an accounting of his trusteeship to my sister and me since mother's death. His running about down in this potpourri of land speculators. His taking J. J. and Pax over to the clubhouse immediately after dinner, then slipping out after a dance. His telling me that he was going to send his chauffeur away when apparently he had no chauffeur. His saying that he was to spend the night at Dade's house, then running over the road Also he was on his feet when the lights went on -standing behind Miss King, as if to build an alibi."

Angela tapped off the ash of her cigarette. "Is he keen, Cliff?"

"Keen, and also direct in the extreme," Cliff said slowly. "You never did like the man, I take it, Lanty."

"Never any more than at this moment."

"Have you an idea what my sister's pearls are worth?"

"I'd say they'd fetch the equivalent of $200,000 on the Rue de la Paix."

"Close. Have you ever heard anything against Twining's honesty?"

"No—but I never heard of his being in a jam."

"And you think he is now?"

"I do. Otherwise I think he'd have offered to turn over our fortune. It ought to be close on to half a million."

"As much as that? If you're right, why should he have ditched his car?"

Lanty shook his head. "That answer would be surmise. He might have had a real blow-out and spill."

"Or ——"

"Or make any surveillance of himself seem scarcely worth while."

"To us?"

"To you—or some accomplice."

"Who could that be?"

"I can't imagine," Lanty said.

Angela gave him a curious look. "I wonder if that's entirely true."

"It will have to pass, I'm afraid, Mrs. Kane."

"Would your opinion of him change if he were to make you a square accounting?"

"On the contrary, that would confirm it," Lanty said. "I'd be inclined to think that you had paid a deficit."

"Looks as if you and Gwen Satterlee were right about sporting jewels, doesn't it?"

"Yes—and that you were wrong in pronouncing them copies. Why did you do that?"

"Just for fun. To see what the verdict would be. But there couldn't have been any collusion about the lights. It was too quick."

"I'm not so sure," Cliff said. "The signal might have been when we were rising from the table. You had pushed back your chair."

"The steward was in the dining room."

"It mightn't have been the steward or somebody in the pantry. The electrician had a fused plug to show. He's a new man too"

"Leaving the room would make a confusion," Lanty said—"shuffle the party about as the men stepped aside to let Mrs. Kane and the women guests go first. It had to be done quickly, before our eyes adjusted themselves from the bright glare to the dim light from outside."

There was a moment of silence, then Cliff asked: "What would you do about it if you were in my place, Lanty?"

"I'd leave it to me."

"To you?"

"Yes. If Twining turns over our property to about the amount I have reason to expect, I'll get it safely put away, then demand a close accounting, a strict auditing. He will holler and call names, but let him. I don't want the blighter's friendship."

"I see. Try to find out just where the money comes from. Where it last lay."

"That's it. Your best chance." Lanty gave a wry grin. "If you win, then we lose."

There was another brief silence, Cliff tugging at his crisp mustache, Angela smoking slowly. Lanty laid his finger on his lips. His ear had caught the faintest of squeaks outside the shuttered window behind him. He stepped to it quickly, noiselessly in his soft duck shoes, then slid back the shutter with a slam. The window was screened so that he could not look out, but the padding of swift retreating steps was audible to all three.

Lanty looked at Cliff. "I don't think much of your steward."

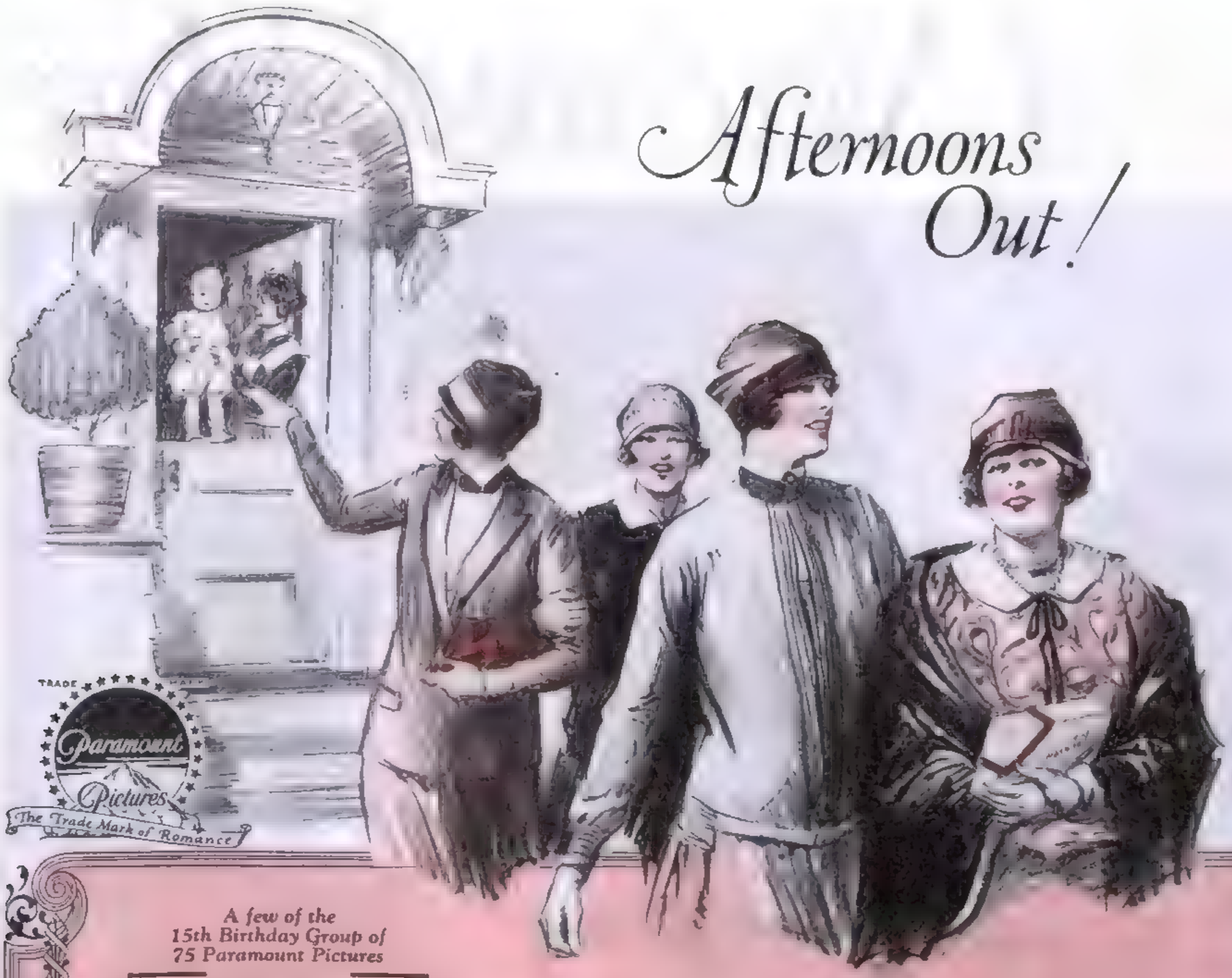
"No more do I. That was careless of us."

"Not entirely. Now you know he's interested and needs watching."

"That's not so easy—for an indefinite time," Cliff said. "How can I keep him watched?"

"Well, if he heard what I just proposed and reports it to Twining, then we're all stung." (Continued on Page 71)

Afternoons Out!



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THE HEALTH SUPPORTER

(Continued from Page 66)

Angela slowly waved her cigarette holder and watched the smoke eddies. "That is, if Rosey grabbed the jewels."

"Well, somebody grabbed them," Lanty said impatiently, "and working on a process of elimination alone and apart from the reasons I've just given, it would seem to narrow down to Twining. But of course you know your guests better and may have reason to think somebody else the thief. Myself, for that matter. They were directly in front of me."

"Don't be an ass, Lanty," Cliff said shortly. "You're right about keeping that skulkin' steward close until you can get some line on Twining. I see how I can manage to keep the steward from communicating with him."

"Iron him to the mast?" Angela asked ironically.

"I took all my stores at Charleston. Staples for six weeks, as they're scarce and dear farther south. I've filled up with gas and ice and water here. In thirty hours I can have the boat in the Bahamas, some cay from which there's no mail and transportation."

"That sounds jolly," Angela murmured.

"Well, you want your jewels, don't you?" Cliff said shortly.

"I'm not so sure that Lanty's right." She took her cigarette holder by the mouthpiece and using it in a fashion for which a boat hook is designed, caught at the fringe of a Shetland shawl lying at the foot of the bed, drew it to her and threw it round her shoulders, for the weather had turned cool—a norther.

Lanty watched her curiously. Any man would have watched the sinuous motion of her exquisite bare arms. But Lanty's eyes were not on her arms. He turned to Cliff.

"Your plan is good. Run off for the Bahamas, and cruise around several days. That will give me time for a show-down with Twining. I'll decline to be put off."

Cliff nodded. "My crowd aboard would really like the Bahamas better than this Gold Coast, and so would I. None of us house boats care much about going offshore, but we're not apt to get a gale right now. But I've got to keep an eye on that steward until we sail. I'll give him some clothes to press immediately, then shove off while he's doing it. Go into the chart room, Lanty, and wait for me there. I'll show you what my route will be." Cliff went out.

Lanty turned to Angela. "Hope you'll forgive me for suggesting this exile, Mrs. Kane, but after all, it's for your sake."

"Of course," she said indifferently, "but I think you're barking up the wrong tree."

"Well, I hope so for my own sake." Lanty bowed, went out and forward to the chart room.

VI

"HERE comes Hyacinth," J. J. said. "What'll you bet we don't beat her to St. Augustine?"

"I'll lay you ten to one we do. She's bound to stick two or three times where we'll skate over. Cliff told me that she was an old boat as house boats go and therefore heavier and deeper than most."

"That's true. In the canals she'll be dragging four and a half feet where the mean depth is four, which means displacing six inches of soft mud. But that's easy with her excess power."

"All the same I'll risk it," Lanty said. "Are you on?"

"I'd rather bet the other way if I'm to pilot," J. J. said. "It puts an awful strain on my moral nature—the temptation to lay us on a bar."

"I'll risk your moral sense. I've got a flair for a sport. Come now, are you on? Ten to one's long odds, you know."

"For what?" J. J. asked.

"Anything but money."

"That's a big order. What have you in mind?" She gave him a suspicious look. "And why are you so ready to offer such odds? Inside information?"

"Call it outside information." Lanty grinned. "You've got to take a chance on that."

"But you may be betting on a sure thing for all I know."

"You can only do that on a past event, like the Rothschilds' first great *coup*."

J. J. nodded. "When they had fifteen hours' advance information that Wellington had won at Waterloo and that Napoleon was in flight."

"My, but you press people know everything. Permit me to point out that nothing in the future is sure. We might knock off our screw on a sunken log."

"Well, what's your bet?"

"Let's make it something sporty. If you win I'm to be absolutely at your service for ten days. To do anything you may order of me. If I win you're to be under my orders for one day." Lanty looked at her challengingly.

"That's sky blue enough."

"Not entirely. The order does not include spending money—merely service."

"There might be any sort of catch in that," Pax said.

"That's what makes it interesting." Lanty's grin broadened. "Also it evens the odds. What price my time? And think how much I might get out of J. J. in one day—twenty-four hours one thousand four hundred and forty minutes."

"It sounds phony to me and decidedly fooly," J. J. said. "But I'll be a sport. You're on, Lanty."

Hyacinth swept past, a little off the wharf from which the A and P was about to clear. The complement of three returned the salutes from the resplendent craft as she glided by. Lanty struck the horn three times in answer to the three whoops of her siren.

He started the motor, cast off his lines and they fell into the still troubled wake, swirling eddies in the dark oily water. Hyacinth, running at three-quarters speed with the fair current, rapidly drew away from the little cruiser that made at best about ten knots. Lanty hoped that she would be completely out of sight before they got down to the entrance where the inside route turned off sharply from the St. John's River. If J. J. were to see Hyacinth holding on down the inlet for open sea, she would naturally conclude that Cliff had told Lanty of his intention to run down outside for Miami, not going at all to St. Augustine, in which case the bet would be off. With a fresh north wind promising clear weather for at least another twenty-four hours, Cliff, a good sportsman, might easily do this, making the run in from twenty-eight to thirty hours.

J. J. had come aboard immediately before their start, and now she asked, "What did Cliff have to say about Twining's accident?"

"Not much. I told both him and Angela that in my opinion it looked dark for Twining. As if he'd faked the accident and looting of his person to make it seem scarcely worth while to keep him under observation if suspected of swiping the pearls."

"Well, you did say it, didn't you? Cliff would keep his mouth shut, but I'm not so sure about Angela. What if it gets back to Twining?"

"I don't care. I made no charge. Merely expressed an opinion when they asked for it. As I expect to go to the mat with him anyhow about my own affairs, what does it matter?"

"Well, there's something in that."

"He knows already that we never liked or trusted him," Pax said, "and if he'd forgot about it, I reminded him last night."

"Lucky for him mother turned him down repeatedly," Lanty said; "if she hadn't, Pax would certainly have poisoned him."

"I may do so still," Pax said.

J. J. laughed. "Oh, Pacifica!"

"Well, the Pacific has sunk many a better man than Twining. Don't see how anybody with sense would trust him round the corner with a lollipop."

"How did you like Cliff?"

"Cliff's a dear. A shame that Dardanella sister had to spoil his evening."

"She's spoiled a good many. Dangerous cat, Angela," J. J. said frankly. "And Cliff's such a ghastly idiot where she's concerned. She and Rosey used to be thick as thugs until they had a fight about something. Twining had a lot of girls both sides the big sea water."

"Sort of a bobbed Bluebeard. He'll get his one day," Lanty opined. "I'll tell you this much. If he hasn't got away with these pearls then Pax and I are stung. And if he has got away with them, then as you can plainly see we are likewise stung. He'll have to show just where the money he turns over to us was sitting before he turned it over."

The current is swift in the St. John's River and, running with it, they were soon approaching the entrance to the inside route. Evidently the Hyacinth had increased her speed to nearly full, as to Lanty's relief she was not in sight. Some few vessels were plying on their lawful or unlawful occasions, both activities going on these days near the inlets of our Gold and Rum Coast, also the Promised Land of aliens, desirable and the reverse. A big freight steamer was dropping downstream astern of them. Two flashes of white, a cabin cruiser and an auxiliary yacht, were cutting across from Fort George Island to the hole opposite. An oil tanker was anchored in the channel, waiting for the tide to turn. There were also oyster boats and shrimpers, the latter all at considerable distance.

"Not much doing in the rum line these days," J. J. said. "Too many C. G.'s on the job."

Lanty jerked his head at a long black launch with a low white deck house, coming up from the direction of Mayport, and which now appeared to be swerving on her course as if making for their own objective. "There's one that is neither yacht nor fisherman nor freighter, I'll bet. Bottle Express."

J. J. nodded. "Got all the markings. Rum-looking in more than one sense."

As their directions converged, the boat in question apparently slowed down as if to follow them in. J. J. laughed. "These rum boats from the north don't know their way round half the time. They pick up somebody about their speed and follow them through. Get their piloting done for them. That's what he's up to, I think. No use trying to leave him. He's apt to have eighteen or twenty knots up his sleeve."

Lanty tried slowing down. The following boat did the same. Also the two yachts crossing the inlet appeared to slow a little.

"We seem to be elected," J. J. said. "Sometimes there'll be half a dozen following one fellow who seems to know the way. Saves the bother of checking every mark."

They entered the creek at the head of the procession, J. J. piloting, for she had made the run many times. The auxiliary yawl was soon left far behind, but the questionable craft and the cabin cruiser kept closely in their wake. In this fashion they passed the ruined sawmill and the old burned dredger, throwing the engine out of gear and gliding over the place of sunken logs. And here some mishap evidently befell the cabin cruiser, whether grounding or a damage to her propeller, for she dropped out of the running.

The long black-cabined launch held on, however, smack in the wake of the A and P and about one hundred yards astern. When at moments J. J. directed Lanty to slow down, their trailer likewise slowed. Coming to the chain toll, Pax paid the eight cents per foot. They held on down the canal, and went through the woods with always their dark shadow astern.

Lanty got a little restive.

"I'll bet that fellow's bummed his piloting all the way from Perth Amboy. I've a notion to pull into the bank and stop and let him go on."

"And lose your bet?" J. J. asked.

He laughed. "Not so good, eh? What are you going to make me do?"

"You'll find out when the time comes."

They held on their way, full ahead under J. J.'s skilled piloting, which was, however,

(Continued on Page 73)

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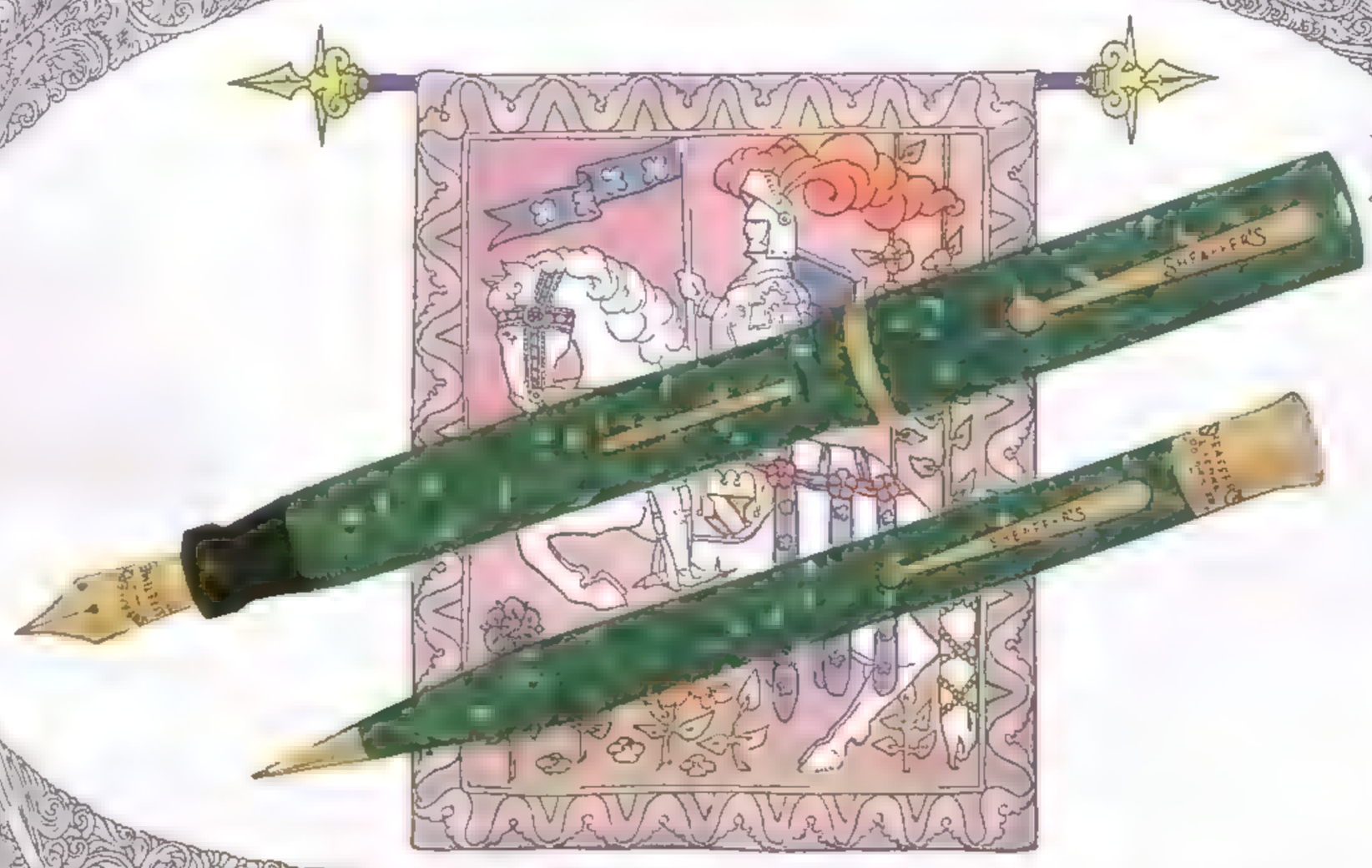

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(Continued from Page 71)

not required when in the long canal. Pax got luncheon, fresh fried sea trout, and a fruit salad of which the chief constituents were Antigua pineapples and California oranges.

The afternoon reeled off, with the rushy banks on either side and rows of live oaks and palmetto where the ground was high, which in Florida means an elevation of some few feet.

The sun was low when finally the waterway opened up more widely above the oldest city of the United States, which is St. Augustine.

And here, as sometimes happens when the difficult parts of the route are past and the going easy, their vigilance relaxed. J. J. had gone into the cabin, and Lanty at the wheel was turning in his mind the events of the night before, following in a general way the ebb-tide bends which, whilst at most times safe practice, has yet its joker.

The tide was running ebb out of the river and there is some six feet of tide at St. Augustine, while at Ormond, about fifty miles beyond, there is but seven inches. The boat was running at full speed, and before Lanty was aware of the water shoaling, the A and P had slid her length high up on a bar of good hard sand.

J. J. came flying out. "What's this? Trying to go across lots?"

Lanty, too sore to answer, reversed. The A and P did not budge; but at this moment the boat of doubtful character astern came gliding up and checked her way. She was completely covered in, as if for broken water, something of a whaleboat type, with the wheelhouse sloping up and heavily glassed in.

A small wiry young man with a swarthy skin and black beady eyes slipped out on deck.

"Heave me a line, cap, and I'll give you a tug," he offered.

Lanty was glad to comply. The A and P was jammed on hard, the tide running out, so that if they failed to get off immediately it must mean spending the night on the bar, and night was not so very far away. He passed the line, making it fast to the after bits.

The other boat maneuvered so as to get a proper lead, then took a strain gradually, for the line was rather light. The A and P did not budge. The other boat slacked the line, then tautened it with a powerful jerk. The line snapped.

"Give me your anchor line, cappy. This here one ain't so good. We gotta work quick. The tide's goin'—fast."

Lanty went forward, unshackled from an anchor and carried the cable aft as directed. Meanwhile the black launch had turned in order to take a straighter lead. During this maneuver the cabin cruiser that had been delayed appeared round a bend and passed them with a friendly wave. It was already growing dusk, and a nasty bar or two lay between this spot and the city three or four miles away.

But as bad luck would have it, the next violent tug tore out the cleat on which Lanty had caught a turn. The A and P was getting higher every moment, resting on hard sand fairly evenly throughout her length, but their helper did not appear to be discouraged.

"Never mind, cap," said he cheerfully. "We'll get her next time. If everything holds I could drag you down the street with this one. Eighty horses into her."

Another man came up, rubbing his eyes. Obliging they might be, but prepossessing they were not. This last was of a different type: looked like a Finn or Laplander, Lanty thought. But both were unquestionably sailors of experience, however deficient might be their local knowledge of the place.

"Take a turn on the bits forward, cappy, then throw a loose bight of that busted line round this here one and to the other cleat so she'll lead out fair."

Lanty caught the idea and obeyed. There came another and a harder tug. The A and P began to move, astern, drifted clear when the other boat slackened the strain and she drifted gently alongside.

And then as Lanty looked inside he discovered that J. J. had been right. The waning light in the west was still sufficient to shine clear through the cabin windows and open door which was at the side of the black launch, and Lanty could not fail to see case after case stacked up almost to the cabin roof.

A little startled at this bold cargo of contraband, he was still staring at it when the small wiry man said in a metallic voice, "Guess you'll have to come aboard, folks. You may be all right, but I can't afford to take no chances."

Lanty stared at him, aghast. "What's that?"

"I forgot about this here cargo I'm carryin'. We wuz to unload the other end, but somethin' went wrong. They'll be lookin' for us to land it down below, so we'll have to borrow that boat of yourn."

Before Lanty could answer J. J. said calmly, "Is this a hold-up?"

"Call it that, lady. We won't keep you long. We'll just shift the stuff into your boat and land it down below and then you can go back aboard again."

Lanty did not lose his head. He was merely outclassed. His quickness of wit told him instantly that here was a choice of two procedures, either to submit or to resist. It told him also that if he were to resist with any hope of success there was no time to be lost about it, and that his best chance must be right here and now.

The two boats were rubbing gently alongside each other. The pair of rum runners were standing on the narrow strip of deck beside the low cabin house. No doubt they would be armed, but so far no weapon was in evidence.

Lanty, though of average weight and stature, was quick and active and strong, and a good man with his fists. He had made some study of this art with skilled professionals at school in England and at Yale. So that now, conscious of the necessity to apply this knowledge for the first time that it had ever been seriously in demand, he acted on it with no hesitation.

In this, so far as it went, one can scarcely say that it was unjustified. No man worthy of the name would see his boat confiscated for unlawful use and two lovely girls in his protection at the mercy of such bandits as were here. If blows were ever to be struck in defense of honor and chivalry, now was the time.

Lanty acted quickly. He was standing on his own deck, the other two men almost within reach, at about the same level and a couple of yards apart. Lanty sprang in between them, let drive a straight punch with his left that landed squarely on the point of the rum-running captain's chin, and then without waiting to see the effect of this, he pivoted on the balls of his feet and served the other and stockier young man in similar fashion.

It was a perfect example of quick-wittedness backed by strength, skill and high endeavor. The first man fell across the deck of the A and P, his legs still on his own boat. The Lapp, if such he was, dropped in his tracks and the two boats drifting slightly apart just then, an arm and shoulder flopped down between them. But the blows, though sharp and nicely placed, lacked weight for knock-outs. The wiry little captain was scrambling up, when Lanty sprang at him with a swing on the jaw that sent him down again.

A quick sense of strategy told him then that his chances would be better with the boats apart enough to slide the enemy overboard. Already drifting clear, Lanty tried to hasten this by shoving with one foot on the rail of the rum runner and his weight against an awning stanchion of his own boat. He was narrowly watching the floundering Lapp while so doing, for the swarthy captain appeared to be partly stunned.

At that moment Pax shrieked, "Lanty—behind you."

Lanty started to twist about. Before he could accomplish this, something dropped on the top of his head with a crushing force and he went down in a swimming vortex of meteors.

VII

LANTY, as though listening drowsily at a telephone he had been waked from deep sleep to answer, heard fine tenuous voices in conversation. His intelligence rallied sufficiently for him to follow the gist of what was being said.

"Say, lady—you needn't worry none. There ain't no danger if you tap 'em smack atop the bean. Thick ivory right there. I seen half a skull in a anatomy museum."

"But it is time he came round," Pax said.

"Oh, they take a long nap sometimes. But of all the guys I've dropped in my time, there ain't bin one hurt permanent. Just the opposite. There was one been looney that got back his sense."

J. J. seemed to stifle a laugh. She was the sort of girl not to let the gravity of a situation entirely destroy the humor of it.

"You must have a skilled touch, Mike. Like an anæsthetist of ancient Egypt."

"The doctor that puts a guy to sleep?"

"I see you've been there. Well, thousands of years before our calendar began, the Egyptians understood surgical operations and giving anæsthetic."

"Huh! You don't say. Back in old King Tut's time."

"Yes, and their method of making a man unconscious was like yours. They put a heavy wooden mold on his head, some very hard wood, like box, and then biffed him on top with a mallet. I suppose the expert first examined his skull to see how hard a tap might be given with safety."

"That's right. If you was to hand a kid like him what you'd serve out to a smoke, 'twould be good night. I touched him light. Felt sort of friendly when I seen how quick and easy he handled them two birds, Tony and the Finn. Lor', lady, if you knew some of the wallops I've had in my time."

Lanty rolled over. "What's all this about?" he asked a little thickly.

"There, I told you," said the heavy voice of an old-time bos'n's mate. "He'll be all right now."

The man went on deck.

Pax leaned down and passed her hand softly over the top of Lanty's head. He was conscious of no pain except for a little soreness at the point of contact and in the muscles of his neck. A powerful motor was thrumming smoothly, and the boat he was aboard made a steady plashing as she cleft swiftly through the still smooth water.

"How do you feel, old boy?"

"Not so bad. Where are we at and going to?"

"We're aboard that rummy, bound we don't know where," J. J. said. "There was another man, a sailor, in the cabin and when he leaned over he lammed you on the dome with a slung shot."

"Where's our boat?"

"They loaded their booze aboard and one of them went on with her. It looks to me as if they had come in from outside with a load and found some trouble about landing it. So they came on through the canal, and when they saw us in a jam, decided to grab the A and P and transship their cargo in case the coast guard was on the lookout for this boat."

"Where are we now?"

"Heading out through St. Augustine Inlet."

"Going to sea?"

"Looks that way. Feel the swell?"

"Thought it was my head. Then there are only two aboard?"

"Yes. But don't try to start anything fresh. This man Mike seems a decent sort of pirate."

Mike came down the short ladder leading up into the wheelhouse. "How's things, bo?" he asked.

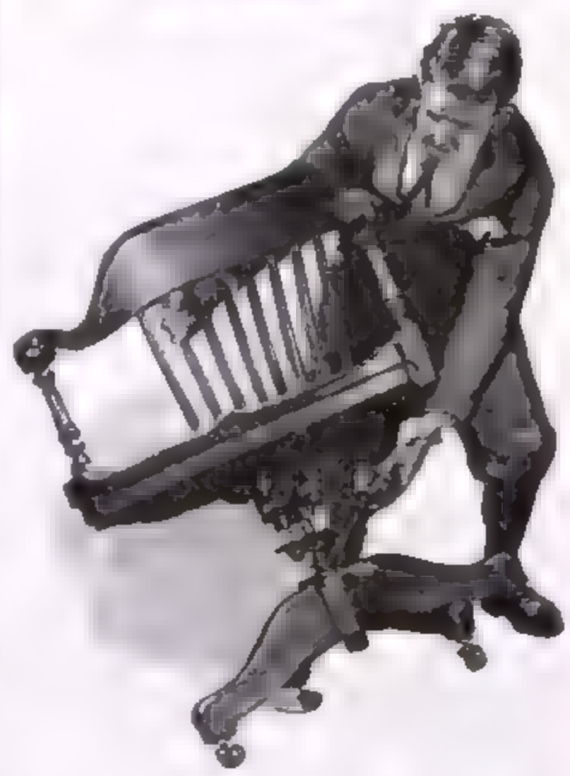
In the glimmer of the lamp set in gimbals Lanty saw a broad squat man whose face was outlined as a square. But the husky voice was not unpleasant.

"Where you taking us?" he asked.

"Oh, just for a little run outside. We got another date to meet a feller comin' over

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA



What's Wrong With This Picture?

In the first place, whoever heard of an office boy oiling an office chair? In the second place, a Sikes Office *Easy* Chair does not need oiling.

The improved permanently-oiled revolving mechanism takes care of that. According to carefully conducted tests, the original lubrication the chair receives at the factory should give fifteen to twenty years of smooth, easy, *noiseless* operation. After that you might begin to consider giving your chair another small dose.

This improved self-oiling feature is but the latest of many refinements by which the Sikes Office *Easy* Chair has added to the comfort and therefore the *efficiency* of the office worker. To mention a few of the others—there is the deep-cut saddle seat, the high shoulder rest, the generous width between the arms, the comfortable roundness of every edge and corner—the general design, scientifically and anatomically correct, which is *fitted to the natural shape of the body.*

Drop in on the nearest Sikes dealer and give a Sikes Office *Easy* Chair the sitting test.

Sikes

The Sikes Self-Oiling Revolving Mechanism

[illegible] enclosed [illegible] escape and its evaporation is a matter of years. Under ordinary conditions the original lubrication, given at the factory, should last fifteen to twenty years

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

across from the Bahamas. So we had to make cargo space."

"I see. What will this pal of yours do with my boat after he's landed the stuff?"

"Leave her tied up somewheres. She'll be all right. So'll you folks if you just sit pretty and do like I tell you. Startin' somethin' wouldn't get you nowhere."

He went up into the wheelhouse again. Lanty gave a short laugh and sat up with a head still swimming. "Talk about old-time pirates."

"I don't quite get all this," J. J. said. "They must know that we're going to raise a row once we get ashore. They might get away with rum running, but piracy like this would be worth at least twenty years. They take an awful chance of being held up with us aboard."

"Well, I suppose they know what they're doing. All the same I don't see what they want of us. You'd have thought they'd have set us ashore and beat it."

"Too near the city and too many boats passing. They were afraid of our hailing somebody and sending out an alarm. They're part of an organization, I should say. The chances are they'll land us tomorrow and turn this boat over to some other outfit. Feel like eating? They helped themselves to gas and grub from the A and P."

"I could do with a bite. Mike knows his work. How long was I down and out?"

"Half an hour, I should say. They worked fast. All the same I don't quite get this, but there's nothing much to do about it."

The cabin of the rum boat was roomy and fairly clean. Pax got out some canned things and biscuits and heated malted milk on an oil stove. Mike came down as they were eating. He spread out a grimy chart on the folding table and began to lay off courses with parallels and dividers, going about this in a way that bespoke experience. Presently he got up, looked out, and a moment later Lanty felt the boat swerve slightly as though turning. The long low swell became more perceptible.

"He's aiming to intercept some vessel outside the limit," J. J. said. "Anyhow you have lost your bet."

Lanty grinned. "Not so sure. I might win it yet."

"How win it?"

"Hyacinth wasn't on ahead of us. She wasn't even bound for St. Augustine direct. I played the low down on you."

"How's that? Where was she bound then?"

"Great Bahama Island."

"What? Why Great Bahama Island? That bump has scrambled your brains. Cliff wouldn't take the Hyacinth so far offshore. And what would he want of Great Bahama Island?"

"To keep his steward aboard until I have it out with Twining."

J. J. pondered this. "I think I get you," she said slowly. "He wanted to keep Angela aboard."

"Well, that, too, perhaps, though he didn't tell me so ——" He broke off at sight of Mike's face peering down at him from the wheelhouse. The light from the cabin lamp shone full on the man's battered features and Lanty was struck by their expression of savage eagerness. Lanty suppressed what he was about to say.

Mike came down. "You folks might as well go to sleep," he said. "You won't be bothered none." And he got to work at the chart again.

The prisoners acted on this suggestion, tired from the day's run and its trying termination. Young, healthy and undismayed, they soon were plunged in sleep.

Lanty woke once or twice during the night. The second time he saw by an alarm clock hanging on the after bulkhead that it was two o'clock, but still the high-powered engine thrummed along with no slackening of its beat, while the rush of water along the hull indicated that they were still running at high speed. Lanty was puzzled. By this time he figured they must, if running offshore at twenty knots, be many miles beyond the international limit, so that if their errand was to intercept a rum ship, as would seem from Mike's careful calculations to be their objective, then why go so far?

The motion had increased, a long slow wallowing and heaving fore and aft with a well-spaced grumbling and seething under the bow that indicated running with the swell. The night was fine and clear, as Lanty could tell from the bright stars he saw through a cabin window.

The glare of sunshine and murmur of voices finally wakened him, when he discovered that it was broad day. There was the smell of coffee and frying bacon in the cabin.

He sat up and looked round.

J. J. and Mike were breakfasting amiably together. The air was balmy and soft and humid, Gulf Stream air. Then as the launch rolled heavily, a patch of indigo water showed through one of the cabin windows.

"Look here," Lanty demanded. "Are we bound for the Bahamas?"

"They can't be far, brother, if my reckoning of the current drift ain't all wrong."

"Why the Bahamas? I thought you were out to meet a ship."

Mike grinned. "That's right, brother."

This information in some way explained the business. It seemed also to forecast their being landed not on the Florida beach, speedily to raise an alarm, but somewhere in the Bahamas, where there would not be much chance of doing it before Mike could have taken on his new cargo and made himself hard to find.

The same thought was shared by J. J., for she gave Lanty an understanding look. Mike, as if to avoid further questioning, disposed of an enormous slice of canned corn beef, washed it down with coffee and went up into the wheelhouse, when Tony came down, gave them an embarrassed "Good morning, folks," hastily secured his ration and followed Mike.

Lanty could not see that he cherished any ill will for the semiknock-out of the evening before. Such treatment would be no doubt from Tony's viewpoint a legitimate part of the game.

The swift boat flew along. Looking through the cabin windows they could see nothing but the indigo-blue water heaving in long solid-looking swells that were no longer wind blown. Flying fish spattered out occasionally and skimmed away.

Taking care not to be overheard, Lanty told J. J. of his talk with Cliff and what had been decided. Pax, giddy and seasick, though not actively so, was stretched out on one of the bunks in a semicomatose condition. She made a plucky effort to eat, but soon gave it up. Any land, so that it was solid, would have looked good to the girl just then.

"So you're convinced that Twining stole the pearls?" J. J. said.

"I think he got away with them, but I'm not so sure that he grabbed them off the table."

"Who then? Angela couldn't have reached them. At least without leaning way forward across the table, and then those beside her would have known it."

"I'm not so sure. Did you notice her cigarette holder?"

J. J. nodded slowly, her purple eyes widened. "That long boat-hook thing? You're keen, Lanty."

"I thought of it when talking to her yesterday morning. She was in bed and leaned forward to hook a scarf lying at her feet."

"I see. She could have hooked the pearls the same way."

"Easily. With an extra foot of reach. Then she could have passed them on to Twining. Ladies who need money have been known to steal their own jewels."

"And Twining staged that smash he had. To gyp Angela."

"Perhaps. She wouldn't be in a position to holler."

"Then where does the steward come in?"

"He might have been on and seen a chance to blackmail Angela, or possibly Twining, and there was danger of his tipping Twining off that I was on to him. He was listening outside the window when I told Cliff about my plan to try and get my money first, then demand a close auditing of Twining's accounts—what he'd done with it. The steward could use that information. Tip Twining off—for a price."

"And then you could whistle for your money. Look! There's land. A beach and some scrub." The swell dropped suddenly. J. J. said, "We're coming onto the Bank. This boat's got speed."

But their rapid pace did not slacken. The launch tore on through the still clear water. The thrumming of the motor made conversation difficult, and possibly J. J. desired to think or doze, for presently she laid herself down on the bunk beside Pax. Lanty picked up a battered magazine and tried to read—curiously enough, one of a series of articles on the organization of rum traffic. But he found nothing of the present sort therein contained.

Two hours passed. Lanty stretched out on the cabin floor and dozed. No use to bother until something happened. Mike, he decided, had a perfectly clear idea of what he was after. This would no doubt prove to be the loading of a cargo from some vessel not so far away, a supply ship from Nassau which trafficked with such boats as this, that were engined to give a coast-guard rum chaser the slip.

Looking out from time to time, Lanty perceived that they were skirting a lovely beach on which he could discover no signs of habitation. Then a little later he saw that they were entering a wide bight or perhaps a strait between a larger island and a small cay. On one side the light was such that he could look down into the shallow water and see the dark coral heads on bottom.

At least, Mike knew his business. He was probably the pilot and engineer, for he had several times come down to oil and overlook the motor. Tony might be the captain, in the sense of being in command; as Mike had not been in evidence when the offer of assistance was made, standing by the engine perhaps, or holding himself in reserve.

Then as Lanty looked out he saw something that fetched him up tense and breathless. Far away across the water, over a mile perhaps, he saw a flash of white close in to the beach, the other side of a long sand spit. Beyond were what appeared to be some scattered shacks, a little colony. The sand spit opened up as the launch rushed onward, when Lanty saw that this white object was unquestionably a yacht—a big houseboat, anchored in against the shore.

He leaned over and laid his hand on J. J.'s shoulder and gave it a little shake. She roused, flushed, misty-eyed and the fine tendrils of black hair curling in wisps over her wide forehead.

"Look out here," Lanty said. J. J. struggled up and looked through the port.

"My word—Hyacinth!"

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. That high bow and buff stack. Besides, what would any other house boat be doing out here? They stick to sheltered water."

The engines began to slow, presently to stop. Looking out the other side, Lanty saw that they were drawing in on a broad gleaming beach back of which there grew a tangle of scrub and low wind-blown trees.

A quick misgiving gripped him. He turned and looked at J. J., whose face had suddenly whitened.

"Here's where we get marooned, Lanty."

"'Fraid so. Doesn't look like much of a place."

The engine ran idle. The launch drifted slowly ahead, finally to lose way. There came a scrambling and scraping overhead and a bulky object obscured their view.

"I thought so. Dropping a boat."

Mike came down. His scarred and battered face was grim and his bloodshot eyes seemed to avoid those of Lanty and the girl. Pax sat up suddenly, flushed from the heat.

"Have we stopped?"

"Yes, ma'am," Mike answered. "Gotta land you here while we get our load."

Lanty knew that he was lying, but asked idly, "How long will that be?"

"Can't just say, brother. The vessel's due here sometime today. But in case there's any delay I'm leavin' you a keg of water and some grub and a tarpaulin to rig a tent for shelter from the sun."

He began to collect the canned stores taken from the A and P, a kettle, some agate cups and plates and a frying pan. Pax stared questioningly at her twin.

"What's over there?" she asked.

"Well, there's a nice bathing beach and some trees and things right here. But that's not the half of it. Hyacinth's over the other side."

"Hyacinth?"

"Yes. You can't see her now because she's behind a point."

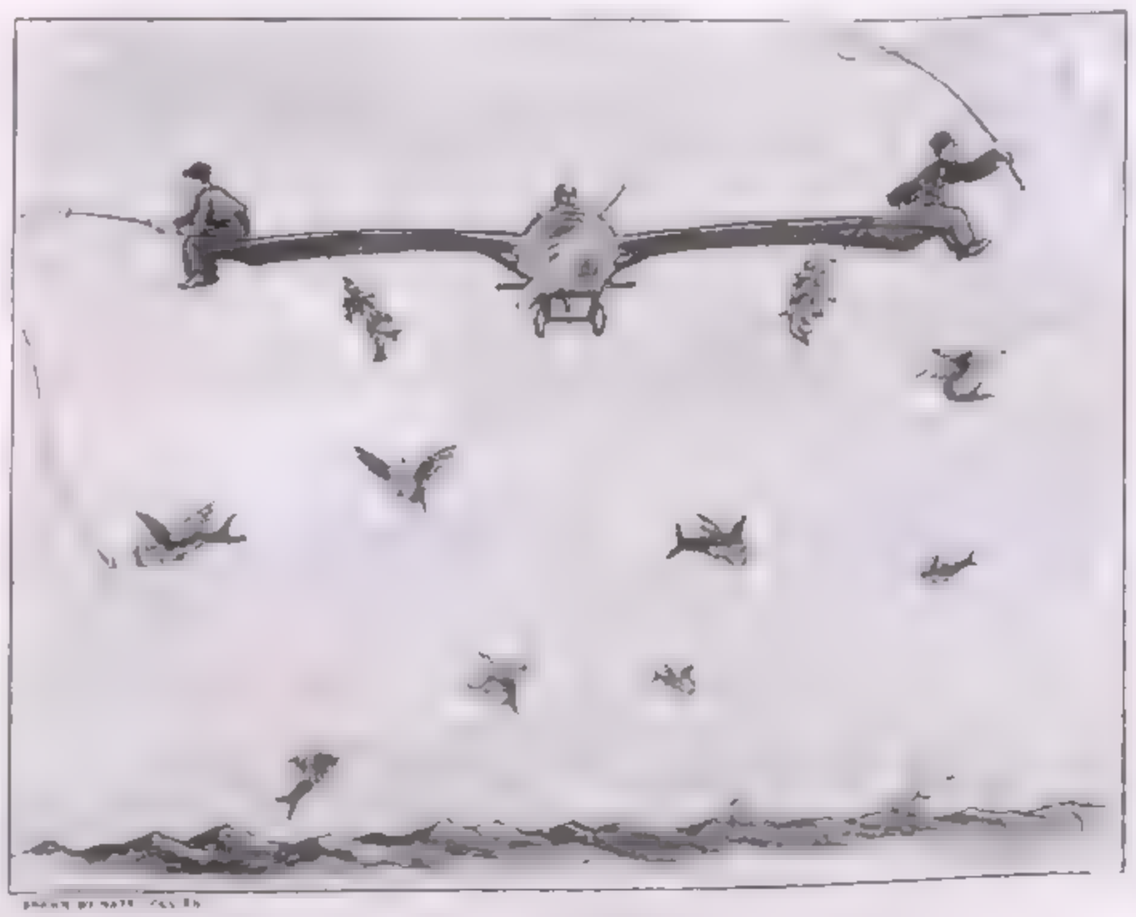
"Where are we anyhow? We've been just flying ever since we started. We must be nearly down to Miami."

"That's what, lady," Mike said, and winked at Lanty.

Pax dug her knuckles in her eyes. "Well, I don't care where it is so that it's dry land."

"That's the stuff, lady," Mike said heartily and went out with his arms full.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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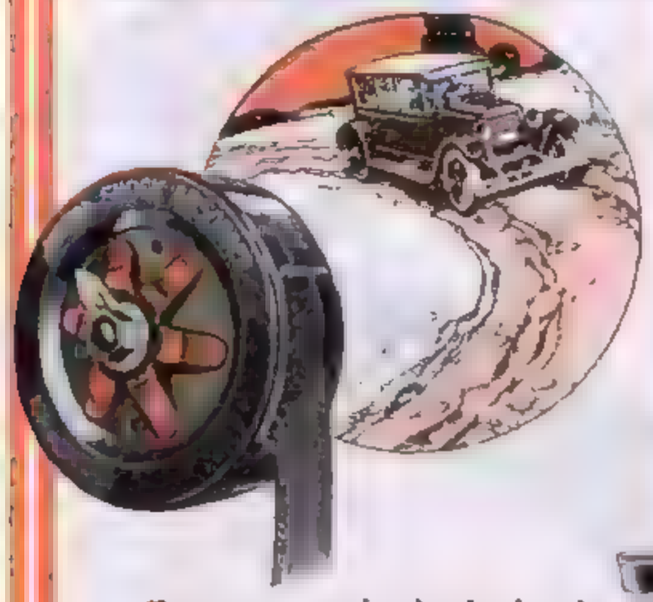

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The Stewart-Warner name is your assurance that the greatest engineering skill and finest production methods guarantee the superiority of Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers.

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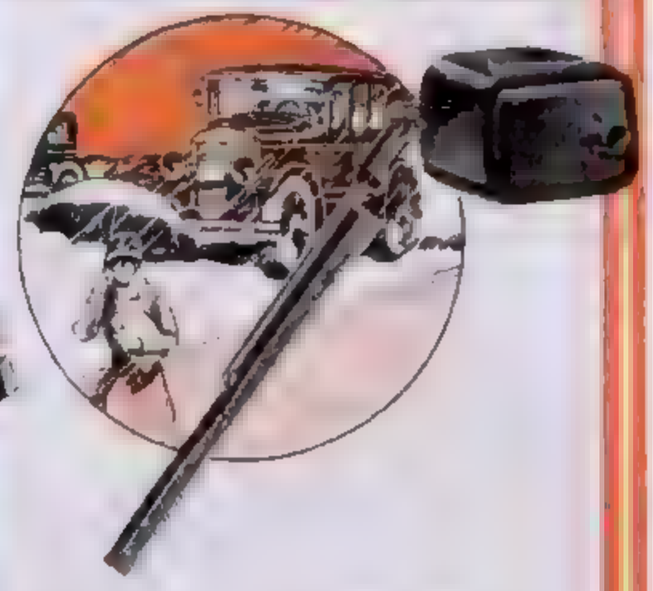

The cost of a Stewart-Warner Electric Windshield Cleaner is so small—compared to the property and life it protects—that it is sheer folly to drive without one.

The importance of a reliable automatic windshield cleaner is brought home to every car owner every time he drives in the rain or snow.

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Gum-Dipping goes to the very heart of every cord, thoroughly saturating and impregnating every fiber with rubber—minimizing internal friction and heat, one of the most persistent causes of tire failures.

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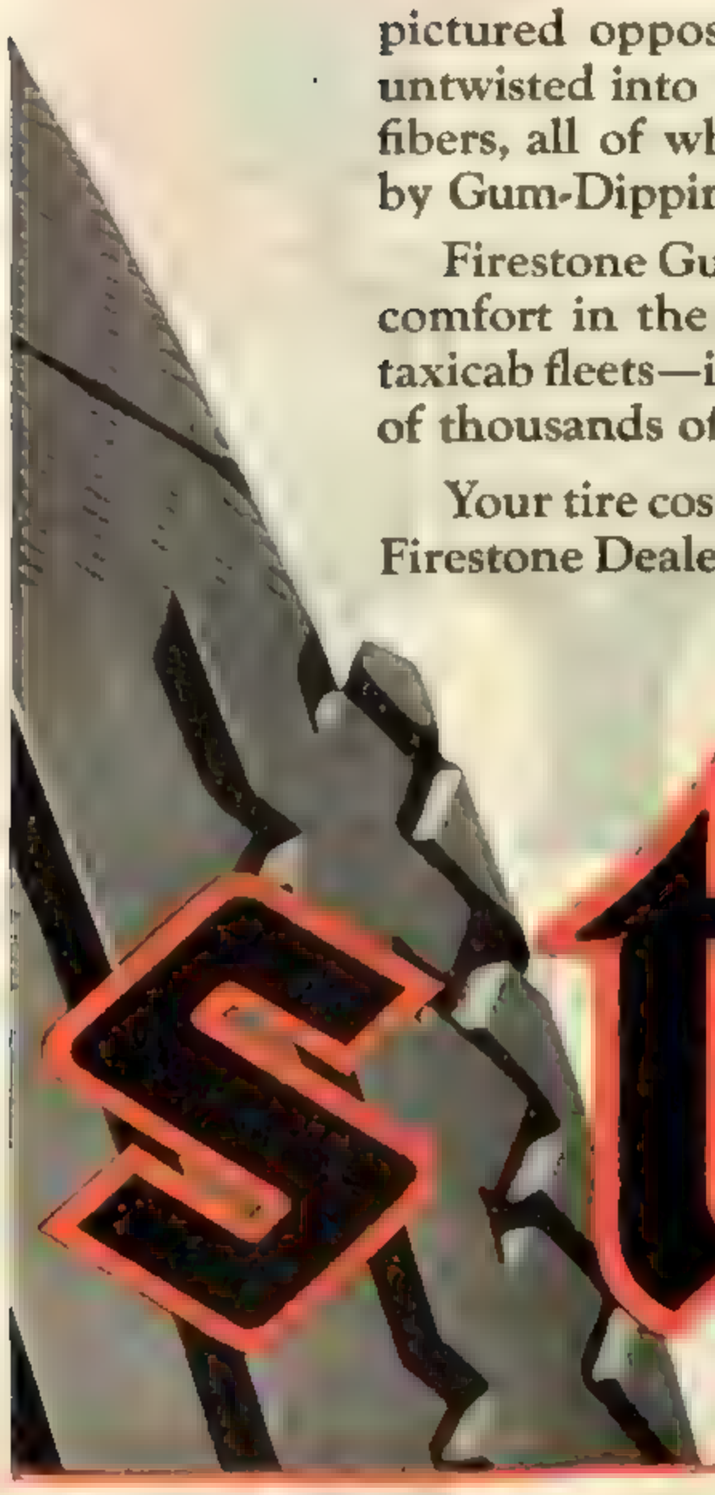

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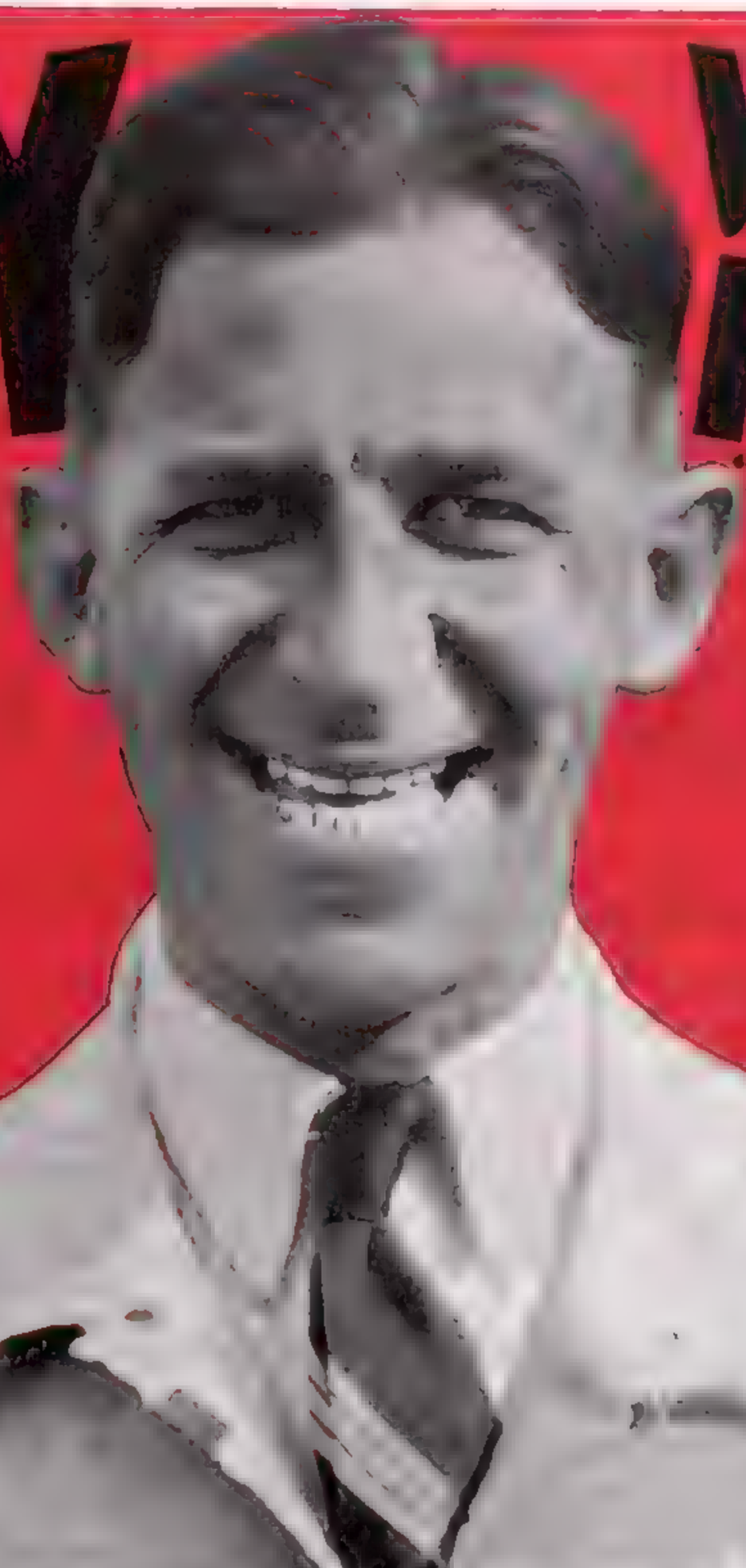

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THE GRAY GOOSE

(Continued from Page 5)

On the other hand, the suggestion that I take along my small bathroom scale was clearly her own. Also, I imagine, the ipecac and the raw beef. Though of an idealistic type, the practical side of her nature is also extremely well developed.

But that she succeeded in breaking not one spring, but an entire set of them, was a proof undoubtedly that she was being carefully guided. I still think, and Aggie agrees with me, that she could have done so without us in the car, and thus have saved Aggie much physical discomfort—at the third ditch her poor head went entirely through the top.

But at least she achieved her purpose, and we limped into the untidy drive in front of the Hartford house in a considerably demoralized condition. The house was as run down as the property, and what with it being a mile beyond the village and isolated, and having a cemetery just across the road, it was as gloomy a place as ever I have laid eyes on. The front porch had not been swept for months, and the doorbell was disconnected, so we had to hammer for admission.

We learned later that the sound of the bell annoyed Emmie.

Will Hartford himself opened the door and I cannot say that he burst into shouts of joy when he saw us. He had heard us drive up, and he came out onto the front porch with his finger to his lips and a worried look on his face.

"Sh!" he said. "She's had a bad day, and she's resting now. Most folks leave their cars out in the road so as not to disturb her."

"We had to drive in," said Tish, "because of our luggage, Will."

Well, he looked at the car then, and when he saw the bags in it he went quite pale.

"Oh!" he said. "So you're staying overnight, are you? Well, I guess you'd better come in, but don't make any noise. The nurse dropped the thermometer a few minutes ago, and Emmie hasn't yet recovered from the shock."

We tiptoed inside, and he went out and carried in our bags and the bathroom scale. But he had not been quite prepared for the weight of the scale, and just inside the door it slipped and fell with a terrible crash on the floor. It caught his foot, too, and there was nothing subdued either about the racket or the way he swore.

Tish said she took heart from that minute. It showed that he was not entirely crushed. But there was a yelp from upstairs, and the next minute a nurse in uniform dashed down the stairs.

"You've got the aromatic ammonia in your pocket," she said to him. "She's fainted again."

Well, he let go of his foot and gave her the bottle, and Tish watched her rush up the stairs with a queer look on her face.

"Do you mean to say that that noise made Emmie faint?" she inquired.

"Her nerves are about gone," he whispered, all subdued again. "Any unexpected sound almost kills her. I've had to put a piece of felt on the back porch, so the milkman can put down his bottles quietly."

He limped into the living room and while Tish took the car to the garage in the village we followed him. Just one look around was enough for me, and the dust started Aggie to sneezing again at once. He closed the door with a pained expression and said he was glad to see us once more, and asked Aggie if she still made cream puffs with whipped-cream filling. Then he groaned, and said that he was a criminal to be thinking of the flesh when Emmie, as like as not, was near the end of the road.

And at that moment the dog scratched at the door and he let it in. It was a tiny thing and as thin as a rail, and when Tish came back from leaving her car at the garage she took one look at it and said:

"Why don't you feed that poor little beast?"

"Feed it!" he said. "It has worms, or something. It eats enough for two men. Last night it ate Emmie's sweetbread entire, and then came down and tried to take my pork chop from me."

He sighed and then limped to the door again.

"I'll have some beds made up for you," he said. "I guess we can manage for one night."

"It may be more than one night," said Tish, looking him straight in the eye. "They have to send away for those springs, Will."

"Well, two nights then," he said, and went out of the room, closing the door softly behind him.

It did not require any keen intelligence to show us that we were not welcome, and I said so to Tish.

"Personally," I observed, "I imagine he would rather have the whooping cough!"

"Not the whooping cough," said Tish. "That's noisy, Lizzie." She then walked to the door, opened it and slammed it hard. "There's no death here yet," she said, "although there may be, if I don't hold myself in. Where's that dog?"

Well, the poor little thing had crept under a sofa, and was almost too feeble to crawl out.

"Eats her food, does he?" said Tish. "So nobody feeds him downstairs, and he's starving to death. Here," she said, "try this, old boy."

To our surprise she drew a package of raw chopped beef out of her pocket, and the way that creature bolted it was a revelation. Tish watched him carefully but said nothing, and before Will came back she had burned the paper in the fireplace.

Well, we didn't see Emmie before dinner. Will said somebody or other had slammed a door and she had gone into a collapse. He'd sent for the doctor again. As there was no servant, we pitched in and cooked what was in the house, which wasn't much, except for the broiled squab, baked potato, two rolls, some green peas and a saucer of ice cream which the nurse took up to Emmie.

"If she would only eat!" Will said. "And build up her strength. But she just groans and turns her face away."

It turned out that the nurse ate while Emmie was merely toying with her tray upstairs and feeding Teddy from it. But that night Teddy did not go upstairs. He had been fed and was asleep under the table. And it wasn't more than five minutes after the nurse and the rest of us had sat down to our frugal repast when we heard Emmie feebly calling for him.

"You see?" Will said, hopelessly. "She won't touch it, and she's calling Teddy."

"And Teddy isn't going!" said Tish. "He's under the table at my feet."

Well, all through the meal we could hear Emmie weakly calling the dog, and Will and the nurse kept running up to see if she was all right. Once Will came down and tried to carry the dog up, but he ran out into the kitchen and into the yard, and he couldn't catch him.

"Emmie's frightfully upset," he said in a worried way. "She has fancies like this, and I don't like to cross her. But that dog has crawled under the porch and I don't know what to do."

Tish said nothing. Later on the tray came down untouched, and Will said Emmie was in a very bad way. She would not speak to him, and just lay there staring at the ceiling.

"She looks as though she is staring into eternity," he said. "To think of me sitting here eating like an animal, and my poor wife ——"

He was so overcome he had to leave the room, and Aggie got out her handkerchief.

"I'm afraid it's the end, Tish," she whimpered.

"It is the end," Tish said shortly, "or it will be unless somebody holds me."

It was that evening that Will took Tish to a window and pointed out the lot he had selected in the cemetery across the road.

"It has a good view, you see, Letitia," he told her. "And her sainted mother lies there too. There is room for me beside her also. I shan't outlive her very long."

"No," Tish said dryly, "I imagine you'll not outlive Emmie, Will; not to amount to anything anyhow."

IV

WE HAD a long talk with Will that night. We had dusted the living room and started a fire there, and he seemed to relax. He even lighted a cigarette, after Tish had told him that if he sat near the fire the smoke would go up the chimney.

Emmie, it seemed, didn't like tobacco smoke.

"It affects her heart," he said. "I smoke outside, and then come in and change my coat. The faintest odor sickens her."

The trouble, he said, had been coming on for some years.

"We'd been talking about getting a car," he said, "and I didn't feel able to. I remember she had just said she wasn't as well as she might be, and that she needed a car for fresh air; and when I said that I couldn't afford it she fell over just like that." He snapped his fingers. "In a heap. That was the beginning."

"And it's gone on ever since?"

"Yes. She just wouldn't take care of herself. And I didn't understand. I used to ask her to do things. The second attack came when I asked her to wash out a pair of golf hose for me. The laundress always shrunk them, and I thought—well, she took cold, and it settled on her lungs. Every now and then she has a hemorrhage."

"A large one?" Tish asked.

"I've never been around when she's had one, but they weaken her terribly," he said. "The worst thing about it all is I'm responsible. I never did realize just how delicate she was until it was too late."

We sat there for a while, and he seemed glad to talk and be warm at the same time. But after a while the nurse tiptoed in and whispered that Emmie wanted him, and he slipped out and creaked up the stairs.

"I always read to her in the evenings," he explained as he left. "It's the least I can do, and it's all she has."

Tish was very thoughtful that evening, and after Will had read to Emmie until she was sleepy, and tucked her up and fixed her window and taken her ice water and moved her bell closer to her and given her an eggnog, which was all, he said, she could keep down, he locked up the house and we went to bed.

"Don't worry if you hear me moving about in the night," he said. "The nurse has to sleep sometime."

"And when do you sleep?" Tish inquired.

"Oh, I get a nap now and then, and then I sleep in the train going up to business in the morning and coming back in the evening."

The last thing I heard that night was Emmie's bell ringing hard. I heard Will get up and go into her room, and when I dropped off he was still there, soothing her about something.

I had been asleep for perhaps three hours when I was wakened by a terrific crash from somewhere below, and I leaped out of bed. Across the hall I heard Will moving, and the next moment he ran down the staircase. Tish was not in her room, and, convinced that something dreadful had occurred, I hurried down in my nightdress.

I could hear Tish's voice in the pantry, and Will moaning and saying Emmie was dead, and when I opened the pantry door I thought at first that she was.

She was lying on the floor in a dead faint, with a slice of bread and butter in her hand, and Tish was standing over her keeping Will off.

"She's all right," she said. "Let her alone. She'll come round all right."

"But she's fainted," Will yelled. "Get Miss Smith. Ring up the doctor. Pour some water over her."

Tish did this last. She turned on the cold-water tap, filled a dipper, and flung its contents hard in Emmie's face. And if ever I've seen a fainting woman look furious Emmie did. But she only opened her eyes and said weakly:

"Where am I?"

"You're here, darling," said Will, trembling all over. "You'll be all right now."

"How did I get here?" she whimpered.

"You walked here," Tish said dryly. "You didn't fly, you know, Emmie."

Well, she couldn't have flown anywhere. She was as fat as butter, and as healthy-looking a woman as ever I've seen. Will had run to telephone for the doctor, and Emmie seemed to realize the bread and butter, for she held up the hand that had it and said feebly:

"What's this?"

"Just what it looks like, Emmie," said Tish.

"Strange!" she whispered. "I don't remember anything. Who found me here, and when?"

"I did," Tish said coldly. "You had just spread on the butter and were reaching for the jam when I came in."

She gave Tish a look of absolute hatred, and then the nurse ran in and drove us out. Later on we heard poor Will carrying her up the staircase, and when he bumped against the rail with her she yelped. He twisted his back doing it, but when the doctor came he said it had been a curious case of somnambulism.

"In her state of weakness," he said, "it's impossible to believe that she walked down those stairs, Miss Carberry. She must have slid down."

"She walked down. I was behind her."

"Why on earth didn't you stop her?"

"I had an idea that maybe she was hungry," Tish said quietly.

▼

WE DID not feed Teddy the next morning, but we weighed him when he followed the breakfast tray to Emmie's room. And when he came down, having supposedly eaten all of Emmie's breakfast, he had lost two ounces!

Tish gazed at the scales angrily.

"As I thought!" she observed. "And that poor devil of a husband hasn't probably been out of this house at night for five years, or had a sock darned in ten! If he had any sense he'd take up with another woman."

"Why, Tish!" said Aggie, aghast.

"If there's anything more immoral than that woman lying up there in bed and taking everything Will gives her and giving nothing back, I haven't heard of it."

"She's his wife."

"She's not his wife," said Tish. "She's a cancer, that's what she is. Cancers thrive, but the people who have 'em die. And he's got her."

It was that morning that Emmie decided to make the best of a bad job and see us, and all the time the nurse was fixing her up for the doctor's visit she told us her symptoms. For a dying woman she certainly was particular about her appearance, for she was dressed up to beat anything in a silk nightgown, and with her hair crimped. Just before the nurse went out she sprayed her with violet water, and Emmie stopped whining about serums and blood pressure long enough to say that she had to use perfume because the smell of cooking in the house upset her poor weak stomach.

"And Will is so thoughtless," she said. "Would you believe that he brought home spareribs and sauerkraut the other night? And it isn't more than ten days since he

(Continued on Page 83)

We all like the easiest way—

IT'S human nature to prefer the easiest way of doing things . . . Practically every important invention that has marked the progress of the times has been aimed at simplifying some job or other. Take the typewriter, the sewing machine, or any one of a hundred others that you think of.

We are constantly studying out new ways to make things easier to do; partly because we want to speed up, get more accomplished; but also—and this must not be overlooked—because we like to pamper ourselves. About a great many things, to be really honest, we're all fundamentally lazy.

And particularly, we're lazy about some of the small important things of life.

Even in that simple matter of brushing the teeth—a daily duty we owe to our own well-being–many of us are negligent.

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Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use.* It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

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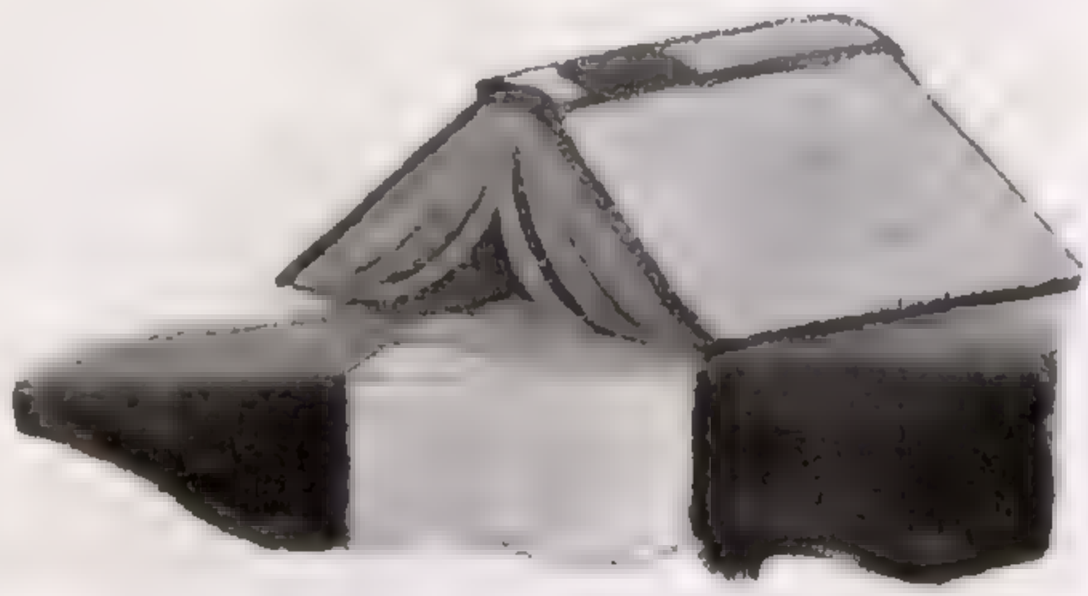

*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.

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"—even for lazy people"

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- - - easy to use

BURNING up 300 miles of track at 135 miles an hour would also burn up any set of nerves ever planted in the human body if there was no relaxation through the dizzy pace which race drivers must face and force. When a human being becomes a streak of lightning he must have his moments of relaxed tension, or run into shattered nerves. The smart race drivers, who win and last, seize every opportunity—their momentary pauses at the pits and even in the whirl of the race itself—to relax—to soften the strain on over-tensed nerves. There must be relaxation even in the wild whirl of race driving to insure rested, steady nerves for the final effort. Either they relax or something cracks.

Grantland Rice

HARRY HARTZ stands out as probably the most consistent and dependable driver of the automobile race track. In more than four-fifths of all the championship events in which he has competed, he has been among the first three to finish.

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(Continued from Page 79)

fried some onions for his supper! But I suppose men are all alike."

"No, Emmie," Tish told her gently. "No, they are not. There are some men who would as soon commit murder as not. But your Will isn't that sort. Anybody can see that."

Well, Emmie eyed her suspiciously, but Tish went on asking her if all the arrangements for the funeral were made, and if she would like us to stay on until everything was over.

"We could put the house in order, and so on," she said. "I dare say Will will marry again, because the lonelier they are, the sooner they do it; but we could leave things tidy. And he would have to wait a year anyhow."

"I should think he would," said Emmie coldly. "And if you think I intend to have this house put in order for Will's second wife you can think again. Anyhow, Will Hartford has never looked at another woman and never will."

"Not even at that nurse of yours?" Tish inquired. "I was just thinking last night that I didn't consider it exactly wise to leave these two together as much as you do. She's a right nice-looking girl."

"I can't say I admire your taste!" she said. But when the nurse came back she gave her a long, hard look and then said she would take a rest so as to be ready for the doctor's visit.

"I don't know if Will has told you," she remarked, "but I'm not supposed to have company. Excitement is my worst enemy."

"Well, we're not company, Emmie," Tish told her. "You just go on and be as sick as you like. And don't worry about us. Nobody with a heart would leave Will to go through the funeral by himself. And you might tell us where your grave clothes are while you're still able to speak."

"They're in the lower bureau drawer," she said in a hard voice. And we went out.

When the doctor came that day Tish waylaid him in the lower hall. And he said Emmie Hartford could get out of bed and do a day's washing any minute she had a mind to. But he said also that if he told her so she would only shop around for another doctor, who would tell her she had something seriously wrong with her. He had not been paid for a long time, but he did not mind that as much as the way she made him lose his sleep.

"My wife says," he stated, "that she seems to know the minute I've taken my trousers off. I don't know when I've slept a night through. Why, if you'll believe me, the alarm clock in the kitchen went off at two o'clock the other morning and I got up in my sleep and was out to the cemetery here before I wakened."

Well, after he had gone we sent Emmie a nice lunch, and soon after, she began to call the dog. But Tish had fed him and shut him in a closet, and once more she had to send her tray down untouched. She was in a villainous temper by that time and the nurse came down about four P.M. and said there was something queer about her. She just lay in bed and stared hard at her. And when she had told her she was going to put on a fresh uniform before Will got home, Emmie had called her something that sounded like a hussy.

But if Emmie's condition was worse, Will's was distinctly better. He ate a real meal that evening, and, instead of hurrying up to her afterward, he sat for a little while in the sitting room. We had brought along some blackberry cordial, and he sipped it with appreciation.

"I was making some right good moonshine myself a while back," he said. "I bought a still, you know, and I gave the doctor some one night. He turned his car over on his way back into town and broke his arm. But the smell annoyed Emmie, so I had to give it up."

Well, Miss Smith came in for a few minutes, too; she seemed glad to relax for once. But pretty soon Emmie's bell began to ring and she had to go up. It was no time at all before she came running down the stairs with a thermometer in her hand and a scared look on her face.

"You'd better come up at once, Mr. Hartford," she said. "She's got a terrible fever."

"How high is it?" asked Will, beginning to tremble.

"About as high as it can be," said Miss Smith, looking worried. "I've telephoned to the doctor, and he says to use a cold pack. But she won't have it."

But as usual, our dear Tish rose to the emergency at once.

"Certainly she will have it," she said. "You crack the ice, Will, and you might mix some salt with it while you're at it. There's no use doing it unless we do it right. A high fever is not to be fooled with."

Well, I don't know when I remember such a fuss as Emmie made over that cold pack. She was strong, too, and it was all we could do to put her between sheets wrung out of ice water and then pour the ice and salt over her. She howled and screamed, but Tish worked calmly.

"You're killing me!" she would yell. "I'm dying!"

"You will die if you don't keep quiet," Tish would say.

"But I'll take cold; I'll take pneumonia."

"Not with a temperature like that," Tish would assure her, and pour on more ice and salt.

They did not stop until her temperature was down to ninety-five. She would not speak to any of us by that time, but when it was all over, Tish came over to the room Aggie and I occupied together and closed the door.

"I fancy," she said grimly, "that it will be some time before she holds the thermometer against her hot-water bottle again."

VI

AS TISH says, the Emmies of this world never fool the women, although they always fool the men. But Emmie knew well enough that she had not fooled us for a minute. And the way she hated us after the affair of the cold pack was simply wicked. She would lie in bed and loathe the very ground we walked on, and when she found it would take at least a week to repair the car she had a convulsion and frothed at the mouth. Tish was quite certain the froth was merely lather from a cake of soap, but Will was almost out of his mind.

The strangest thing, however, was the way she had turned against Miss Smith. Possibly the fact that Tish found a picture of her in Will's coat one day while she was repairing it in Emmie's room had something to do with it. But both Will and Miss Smith were as puzzled as could be about it, and Miss Smith said it had been on her bureau when she went out.

Will went right down on his knees beside Emmie's bed and swore he had always been true to her.

"There has never been any other woman in my life, Emmie," he told her. "I've never had any time for that sort of thing, and you know it. Surely you can trust me!"

"I trust nobody," said Emmie grimly. "If you haven't the decency to wait until I am gone, which at the best is a matter of weeks, I can but lie here and await the end."

But she couldn't very well send the nurse away, for in ten years she had had most of the nurses thereabouts, and none of them would come back, and she knew it. She was very suspicious after that, however, and the very next day, Aggie happening to dust baking soda instead of powdered sugar over her cup custard — yes, she was eating a little by that time; she had to, or starve—she accused Miss Smith of trying to poison her.

Naturally, things were considerably strained from then on, although both Will and the dog were showing marked improvement. Will would come home to a clean house and a good dinner and smoke a couple of cigarettes up the chimney afterward. Then he would get up heavily and draw a long breath and say:

"Well, I suppose I'd better be getting on the job again," and go slowly up the stairs.

But long after he should have been in his bed, getting the rest he needed, we could hear him reading aloud, on and on, until Emmie went to sleep.

How long this might have continued I cannot say. But one morning we missed the half of a coconut cake from the kitchen cupboard, and Tish promptly went to Will about it.

"None are so blind as those who will not see," she said to him. "But if you think, Will Hartford, that a mouse ate that cake and then put the pan in the garbage can, I don't."

"But I don't think anything of the kind, Letitia," he protested, looking distressed. "Every now and then a tramp breaks into a house out here and eats what he can find."

Tish gave him a terrible stare, and then she used an expression I had never before heard from her lips. "Some people are idiots," she said, "and some are just plain fools," and with that she stalked out of the room.

She called us together for a council of war, as she termed it, after he had gone to the train.

"Two courses are open before us," she said. "We can leave the poor deluded imbecile to his fate, or we can take matters into our own hands. If the former, we must go; if the latter, that nurse must get out. I cannot be hampered."

Well, after some argument we agreed to do whatever Tish suggested, although Aggie stipulated that Emmie, being her cousin by marriage, was to suffer no physical harm. Tish, on the other hand, demanded absolute freedom and no criticism. And this being satisfactorily arranged, it remained only to get rid of Miss Smith.

As it happened, fate played into our hands that very morning.

The coconut cake had upset Emmie's stomach, and the doctor sent some medicine for her. But Tish met the boy at the door, and, having instructed us to have the kettle boiling, was able to steam off the label and place it on the bottle of ipecac swiftly and neatly. Miss Smith gave her two doses before it began to act, but when it did it was thorough.

Well, Emmie was about as sick as any human could be and live for the next six hours. I suppose it was the first real sickness she had felt in ten years, and the fuss she made was dreadful. There was no use blaming a tramp for the coconut cake after it either. But what really matters is that she made them bring Will out from town. And between paroxysms she told him Miss Smith had poisoned her.

Miss Smith left that afternoon, but before she did she told Will that Emmie was as well as he was, or even better, and that the doctor knew it too. But if anyone thinks that Will believed her he does not know Will Hartford. All he did was to dismiss the doctor, too, and then come back to the kitchen and moan about the way people treated Emmie.

"Even that doctor never understood her," he said despondently. "And I must owe him two hundred dollars or so this minute! Sometimes, Letitia, I think there is no compassion left in the world. Even the neighbors neglect her nowadays; I don't believe there has been a bowl of calf's-foot jelly sent to her in months."

"Really?" said Tish. "It is surprising, when you think of the things folks might send her and don't. Every now and then you read of somebody getting a bomb, or poisoned candy."

He looked at her, but she went on fixing Emmie's tray in her usual composed manner.

We had a day or two of peace after that. Tish brought Doctor Snodgrass, her own physician, out from town. And after a short talk with her, he put Emmie on a very

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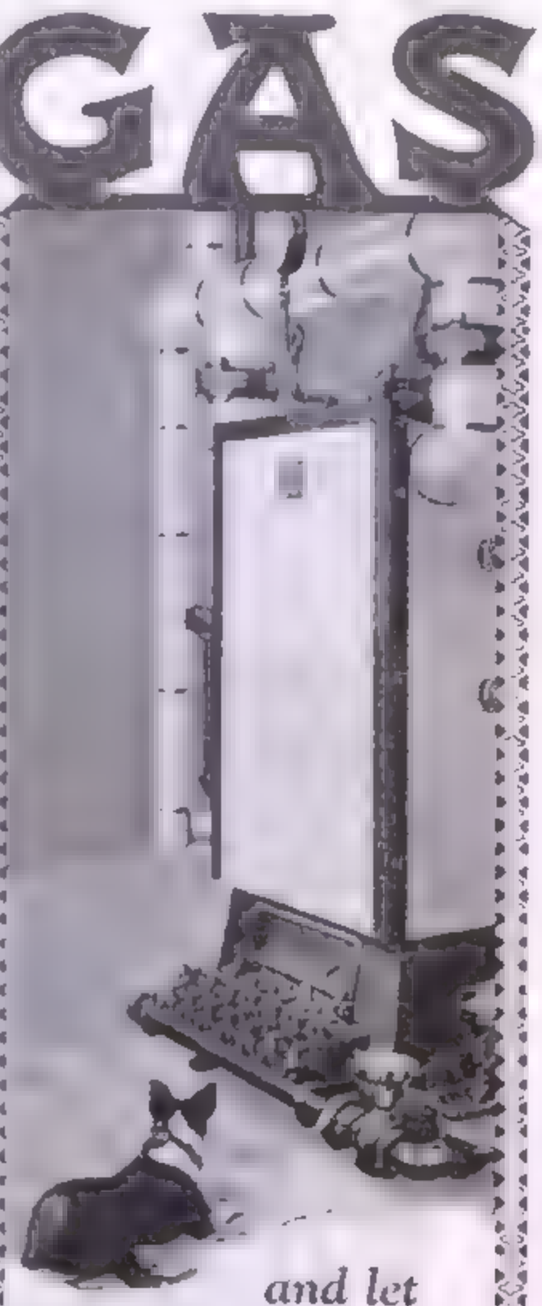

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light diet and went away again. As Tish had put a padlock on the kitchen cupboard the light diet was all Emmie got, too. She had a bowl of junket for breakfast, beef tea for lunch and in the evening she had some milk toast, and if ever I've seen a woman suffer she did. We did not run every time she rang her bell, either. She would jingle it for half a dozen times, and for a feeble woman the way she could fling it when nobody came was a marvel.

But, looking back, I can see that we underestimated her intelligence. She had a good bit of time, by and large, to think things out, and she was no fool, whatever else she might be. And I imagine it galled her, too, to see Will filling out and looking more cheerful every day. He was spending more time than ever downstairs and, instead of tiptoeing into the room when he came home at night, he would walk in briskly and say: "Well, how's the old girl tonight?"

He still wandered across to the cemetery now and then, but we fancied there was more of speculation than of grief in his face when he picked the daisies off his lot. And one night, I remember, he came back and said it was a curious thing that Emmie's mother had lived to be eighty, as frail as she had been, and that Emmie was like her in a lot of ways.

Tish eyed him.

"She certainly is," she said. "I thought of that the night I found her in the pantry."

And then one night there was a yell and a crash upstairs, and when we all ran up, with Will in the lead, we found Emmie stretched out on the floor, and she said she was paralyzed from the waist down!

It took the four of us to get her back into bed. She gave Tish a glance of triumph when she was finally installed and then grabbed Will's hand and began to groan.

"It's the last straw," she moaned. "Until now I have not been entirely helpless, but this is too much. I am near the end, William."

"My poor Emmie!" he wailed. "My poor afflicted girl!"

Things were not only no better, for all that we had done, but worse.

Well, Will carried on like a madman, of course. There were specialists from town and a woman to massage her legs, but not a muscle would she move. Except once, when Tish jabbed a pin into her and she jerked and yelled like a lunatic. But she had us beaten, of course, for she had worked it all out in her mind. If she had paralysis she didn't have to have anything else, and the very first thing she asked for was a broiled beefsteak. After that she ate everything; she ate like a day laborer.

Tish tried skimping on her tray, but if she got one egg instead of two in the morning poor Will would come down looking troubled.

"We must build her up," he would say. "She needs all the strength we can give her, Letitia."

And that was the situation when our poor Tish finally took matters into her own hands, with results for which she has been so cruelly blamed.

VII

I HAVE now come to that series of mysterious events which led, with tragic inevitability, to the crisis on the night of our departure. And it may be well here to revert to the subject of spiritualism.

What with one thing and another Tish had apparently lost interest in it, hers being a mind which concentrates on one idea at a time, and having occupied itself almost entirely with Emmie since our arrival.

True, such reading aloud as she had been forced to do for Emmie while Will had laryngitis had been on such subjects, dealing largely with specters and apparitions. And both Aggie and I recalled later that she had told Emmie that the nearness of the graveyard would make such materialization comparatively simple.

But Emmie had shown more terror than interest in the subject, and finally Will had insisted that Tish abandon it for lighter and more cheerful material.

It had been seed sown in fruitful ground, however, as shall presently appear.

To go back then: Will came home very dejected one night and said he would have to go away for a business trip. Emmie was most disagreeable about it.

"And what about me?" she demanded. "Are you going to leave me here alone?"

"It's the first time I've left you for five years, Emmie," he told her. "I'll just have to go. And as for being alone, haven't you got Letitia here? And Lizzie and Aggie?"

Well, I must admit that that did not seem to cheer her any, and the look she gave us was most unpleasant. But she had to let him go, although her last words were not calculated to send him away happy.

"If anything happens to me while you are gone, Will," she said, "you know how I want things done. And my black silk dress is in the lower bureau drawer."

"I can get back in six hours if I'm needed, Emmie," he said brokenly. "A telegram or ——"

"When I go I shall be snuffed out like a candle," she told him in a cold voice. And with that he went away, looking as though he was on his way to the electric chair.

I met Tish on the stairs after she had seen him off. There was a strange look on her face, I remembered later; but after she had settled Emmie for the night she took up her knitting quietly enough. She always contributes a number of knitted pairs of bedroom slippers to the Old Ladies' Home at Christmas.

Aggie and I retired early, taking Emmie's bell with us at Tish's orders, so she could not disturb us during the night, and were soon fast asleep.

But judge of our horror when, at two o'clock or thereabouts, we heard a dreadful shriek from Emmie's room, followed by a strange, rushing sound. As soon as I could move I got out of bed and turned on the lights; Aggie was reaching for her teeth, with her eyes fixed on the door.

"I left that door open, Lizzie," she said in an agonized whisper. "Somebody's closed it."

Well, it certainly was closed, and when I tried it, it was locked and the key was on the outside! And, to add to the dreadfulness of our position, there was no further sound whatever; no whimpering from Emmie's room; no sound of Tish in short and sharp remonstrance. No anything.

Never have we passed through such a half hour as followed. That both our wonderful Tish and Emmie had fallen to the knife or other method of some deadly assassin we never doubted. And when at the end of that time we heard halting but inevitable footsteps slowly climbing the staircase, both of us were certain that our hour had come. When they stopped outside the door and an unseen hand fumbled with the key, Aggie gave a low moan and made for the window, but she was stopped before it was too late by the entrance into the room of Tish herself!

She was a curious dead-white color, and she came in limping and closed the door.

"I'd like to borrow your tweezers, Lizzie," she said, in a toneless sort of voice. "I ran out when I heard Emmie scream, and I've got something in my foot."

"But Emmie!" we inquired in unison. "What has happened to her?"

It was a moment before she replied. Both Aggie and I remembered that hesitation later and that there was a hard and determined look on her face. But when she did reply, it was reassuring.

"She's all right," she said.

"But she screamed, Tish! She screamed horribly."

"You've heard her scream before this," she said coldly. "She says she saw a ghost. That's all."

She went out again, and to her own room. She was very lame, we noticed, but calm. Some time later she called to Aggie to bring her the arnica, and Aggie did so. She reported that Tish had lost the strange pallor, but that she had got a number of thorns in her feet and was removing them.

"She's very quiet, Lizzie," Aggie said. "And I think she's sprained her ankle. You would think she had seen the ghost, to look at her, and not Emmie."

Well, I felt uneasy myself, especially as something had certainly locked us in, and after a while I went across to Emmie's room and tapped lightly at the door. It was Tish herself who answered from the other side.

"Get away from there, Lizzie," she said sharply. "We are all right. I shall stay with Emmie until she is calmer."

The rest of the night was quiet enough. It was not until the next day that certain things began to make us uneasy.

One of these was Emmie herself. However lightly Tish might treat the matter, refusing to call a doctor and so on, it was evident that Emmie had passed through a terrible experience.

She would not see anyone, even Aggie or myself, and she insisted on keeping her door closed and locked. Once in a while we could hear Tish reading to her, apparently to calm her. And she ate a little from the trays Tish carried up. But never once did she raise her voice; ordinarily when she wanted anything and no one answered her bell one could hear her shouting, from the main road. But she was apparently chastened beyond belief.

Our real anxiety, however, was Tish herself. She was in a curious nervous state; a thing most unusual in her. She ate nothing at all. And if a door slammed she would jump violently and turn quite pale.

Knowing her as we did, we could only believe that she, as well as Emmie, had seen the apparition, and had possibly received a message of some personal import. It was in a spirit of helpfulness, therefore, and not of curiosity, that we decided to remain awake that night to give her moral support if she required it.

And that very night we saw it ourselves.

Aggie was suffering from a bad attack of hay fever and had gone to the window for air. Suddenly I heard her whisper, "Lizzie: cobe here! It's outside, od the walk!"

I ran to the window. And there below us, just leaving the kitchen porch, was the apparition itself! It was a tall, thin, gray figure. And as we watched, it moved along through the back garden and then, on Aggie sneezing violently, apparently dissolved.

Although we waited for some time, it did not materialize again.

In view of Tish's curious nervous condition, we did not mention it to her. But we saw it for three nights in succession.

I must admit that it made us both very uneasy, especially in view of Emmie's continued strange state. If Tish had been her usual buoyant self we would have gone to her, but she was oddly restless and uneasy, and once or twice we even found her dozing in her chair—a thing unprecedented with her.

But I kept a careful record of the appearance, and I quote from it here:

Monday. 12 midnight. Materialized human figure. Gray in color, thin in outline. Ectoplasmic blanket around shoulders.

Tuesday. 1 A.M. Same figure, but with long rodlike structure—See Crawford—across both shoulders. Figure bent, as though carrying weight.

Wednesday. 12:30 A.M. Same figure, with misty projection around one arm, simulating basket or pail.

This ends the record, for on Thursday Will Hartford unexpectedly came home and a situation developed which I cannot yet recall without anger and dismay.

VIII

WE HAD not expected him for some time, but he let himself in with his latchkey and came back to the kitchen where Aggie and I were fixing Emmie's tray. He looked thin and worn.

"How is she?" he asked, almost in a whisper. "Still ——"

"She's still alive, if that's what you mean," I said tartly. "Look at this tray and judge for yourself."

(Continued on Page 86

It's a saving habit

Calibrated in 1-lb. units—10 to 50 lbs. Made with ball foot—easy to use on ANY type wheel.

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A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

(Continued from Page 84)

He was so relieved that he had to sit down and wipe his face, which was covered with a clammy sweat.

"I just had to come back," he said. "I didn't even finish the business. What do money and success matter if I haven't her with me to share in them?"

He got up, however, and picked up a large package he had brought in.

"I brought her some flowers," he said. "I got to thinking while I was away. Maybe I could have done a lot of things to make her happy, but I've been too selfish to think of them. Well ——"

Aggie watched him go out. She still had her hay fever, and standing at the window for three nights had not improved it.

"What I dod't udderstad, Lizzie," she said, "is why there are so bady healthy wobed in the world. The bed seeb to like theb feeble."

And just then Tish, on her way downstairs for the tray, met Will face to face. She never even spoke to him. She gave him one awful look, and then, just as she was, she went out of the house. She did not come back for the most terrible five hours of my life.

Now and then, in a nightmare, I hear Will carrying that box of flowers up the stairs and opening the door which Tish had forgotten to lock. And then I hear him give a groan and drop the box, and then come staggering down again like a madman, shaking both his fists at us and shouting at the top of his lungs.

"She's gone!" he yelled. "You've lied to me! She's dead! Oh, my poor Emmie, and I left you to die alone!"

"Nonsense!" I shouted back at him. "Your poor Emmie's all right. She's been eating enough for ten people right along!"

He stopped wailing and looked at me.

"Then where is she?" he demanded.

"She's right up in her room in bed. You don't see her frying herself over this cookstove, do you?"

"She's not in her room," he said, still watching me. "Not unless you've moved her." He caught me by the shoulder. "Have you moved her?" he shouted. "Have you taken my precious girl out of the room where she has lain helpless so long, and put her somewhere else? Have you dared ——"

"Oh, take your hands off me," I said. "She's up there all right. Maybe she's hiding behind the door to surprise you!"

Well, he ran up again, and we followed him. But he was right. Emmie's room was empty; her bed was neatly made up, and all the bottles on the table beside it had been cleared away. We could only stand and stare, while Will Hartford ran like a lunatic from room to room, peering into the closets and behind the doors, and moaning all the time.

"Emmie," he called over and over. "Emmie! It's Will! It's Will, darling!"

I tried to calm him and tell him she was not hanging up in a cupboard like an old coat, but he only turned on me savagely.

"Where's that woman?" he cried. "Where's Letitia Carberry? I didn't trust her from the start, and Emmie didn't either. She has murdered my poor girl. Murdered her and done away with her!"

What could we say, or do? We had to stand by and see him run down the stairs; to hear him call the local police and accuse our poor Tish of a heinous crime, and later on to remain helpless while the officers searched the house and the cellar, and even dropped a searchlight down into the well. And still no Tish. They would not even let us leave the house to search for her, although I did manage to get Charlie Sands on the telephone before they stopped me.

"Come at once," I said. "We are in terrible trouble"

"Naturally," he said, without excitement. "Shall I bring bail money or a doctor?"

But I could hear him whistle softly when I told him that Tish was accused of a murder.

It was seven o'clock by that time and growing dark. Waiting by a window, we watched for our poor Tish, but time went on and she did not come. Eight o'clock. Nine. Ten. Never once did our loyalty waver, but, on the other hand, what about the past four days? What about that locked door into Emmie's room and the trays that went up, while Tish ate nothing at the table? What about that horrible scream and Tish's strange pallor afterward?

"Baybe Tish gave ger the wrog bedicide," Aggie whispered to me, "ad she died because of it, so Tish had to ——"

But the policeman was watching us, and I motioned her to be silent.

The house was full of people by that time. Two or three doctors were working with Will upstairs. And some neighbors had come in and were digging a hole in the cellar. All they found was the still Will had buried there, but the horrible sound of their spades about drove me crazy. And still Tish did not come.

Charlie Sands arrived at eleven o'clock. They were bringing the still up the cellar stairs just as he got there. And he seemed quite calm and not at all worried.

"For some reason that reminds me," he said, "that a little blackberry cordial would not go amiss. I've had a long trip."

And not until he had had a generous dose of this tonic did he make a statement which set the whole house in a turmoil.

"By the way," he said, "if you want Miss Carberry, she will be here in a few moments. She would have arrived sooner, but one of the garage men had taken her car out for a joy ride and she is waiting, to use her own words, to give him a piece of her mind."

IX

NEVER shall I forget the scene when Tish arrived, and, walking quietly into the hall, asked for a cup of tea, as she had had no supper. Will, supported by two of the doctors, was waiting on the stairs, and he tried to throw himself at her.

"Supper!" he screeched. "You—you murderess! What have you done with her? Let me loose! I want to kill her," he shouted.

But Tish paid no attention to him whatever. So far as she was concerned he might not have been there.

"With a little cinnamon toast, too, Aggie," she said. "I'm about famished."

"She's brazen!" cried Will. "She's insane! Where is Emmie, Tish Carberry?"

She looked at him as if she saw him for the first time.

"Oh, Emmie!" she said. "Well, that's a long story. Now, Aggie, do I get tea, or do I not?"

Well, they were obliged to wait, for it was clear she would tell them nothing until she was ready. They had to lock Will in a room until she had had it, however, and, although the men who had been digging in the cellar had stopped work, they still held onto their spades. They were certain they would have to dig somewhere.

But at last she had finished, and they brought Will down again and confronted her with him again. She gave him a long, hard look, and then she smiled.

"You're a fool, Will Hartford," she said calmly, "and your poor helpless Emmie knows it. That's why she's helpless."

"I know a murderess when I see one," said Will.

"As to her being helpless," Tish went on inexorably, "let me tel. you that, in spite of her total paralysis, she placed herself where you will find her, and has since remained there of her own free will."

"That's a lie at the start," said Will. "She can't walk a step, and you know it. Officers, if that woman gets out of this house she will attempt to escape. It's a ruse on her part. She's got a car at the door."

Tish sighed.

"Well, I've done my best for you, Will," she told him. "Personally, I don't care whether Emmie is found or not. If I have a preference, it is for the latter. But I'll take you to her and the rest is up to you."

I don't believe any of them believed her. Will Hartford, indeed, demanded handcuffs for her, but she only sat down quietly and refused to stir if they used them. And when someone said she ought to be in jail on general principles, she merely replied placidly that jails were no novelty to her.

In the end they agreed to let her go free, and she rose briskly and started out the kitchen door. It was a strange procession, indeed, and a silent one, for that had been Tish's condition.

"One unnecessary sound," she said, "and I stop. Later on I shall place you all at a point of observation, and I shall ask for silence."

In the hall she had picked up a parcel she had brought in with her, and she took it with her. The police were suspicious of it, but on their threatening to open it she at once turned back, and they were compelled to let it alone.

As I look back I can still see that strange group—Will broken and supported by a doctor on each side, three policemen, six neighbors, mostly armed with spades, and ourselves. And in the lead our dear Tish, with no evidence of guilt about her, but rather as one who has done a good and worthy deed. She moved swiftly, as though she knew the way well, up through the pasture behind the house and through a grove of trees, until at the other side we could dimly discern a small cabin, and a light shining through the window.

Here Tish stopped and addressed us.

"We have come a half mile," she said. "Mrs. Hartford may tell you that she was brought here while unconscious, but she came here on two perfectly healthy legs. I know, because I followed her. And she came rapidly," she added, with what I felt was a certain significance. "Now I have one request to make. You will stay here until I have reached the cabin; then you will come to the window as silently as possible."

They let her go, and we did as she had requested. But never, so long as I live, shall I forget the sight that greeted us as we stared through that window.

The cabin was bare, save for a folding cot bed, a candle on a shelf, a box for a chair and an old cooking stove with some utensils on it. And lying on the cot, in a dressing gown over her nightdress, was Will's Emmie. She was scowling frightfully, and when Tish opened the door she nearly jumped down her throat.

"Do you know what time it is?" she demanded furiously. "And that I've had nothing to eat since breakfast?"

"I left you plenty for all day," Tish told her. "And you know you can get plenty more if you decide to come home."

"I'm not walking back, if that's what you mean," Emmie snapped.

"Very well, but you are walking to this cookstove if you want any supper," Tish said, and sat down on the box. "If you could run a half mile you can walk ten feet."

I think Will would have broken away then and there, but Charlie Sands took hold of him. And the next minute Emmie got off that cot and walked across the room. She was in a frightful humor, for she slapped a frying pan onto the stove, opened the package, and said: "Bacon again! I hope I never see another pig!" and began to cook a meal for herself in a most able-bodied but infuriated manner.

And she ate bread and butter over the stove while the meat was frying!

Tish only spoke once while this was going on.

"It's a pity poor Will can't see you now," she said.

"If he was here I wouldn't be having to do this," she snapped.

"No," said Tish. "The poor fool must like to be deceived. It's my experience that the weaker a man is the more he likes to have something helpless around him. It makes him feel strong and protective."

Well, Will made a noise at that, and Emmie suddenly threw up her head and listened.

"Who's out there?" she said in a dreadful voice.

"Only Will and two or three policemen and a few neighbors," Tish told her calmly. "They're all glad you are well again, and can take your place in the ——"

But at that Emmie simply leaped at her, and the next moment Will Hartford was inside, pulling her off our poor Tish and holding her so her blows would do no damage. And then he put his arms around her and glared at Tish as if she had been the one to blame.

"Leave!" he said. "Begone! To what brutality you have submitted my poor wife I have yet to learn. But the law is not through. Not yet. Nor am I."

But Tish only stared at him with a faint and sardonic smile.

"Oh, yes, you are," she told him. "You're through. You're as through as you can be. I tried to save you, but you wouldn't be saved."

And with that didn't Emmie suddenly cry out, "Oh, my poor legs! There's no feeling in them! It's come again."

And she sagged in his arms, just exactly as paralyzed as ever!

No, as Tish has often said, there is no moral to this tale. Emmie is still paralyzed, but people get what they want in this world, and if they want a helpless woman she's about the easiest thing there is to obtain.

But it has been necessary to relate it as accurately as possible, because of the stories that have been going round.

Tish certainly never dreamed that Emmie would leave the house. All she meant to do by playing ghost was to prove that she was not paralyzed at all, but had two perfectly good legs.

But Emmie's legs were even better than Tish had expected. She says, and I have never known her to exaggerate, that Emmie never went down the stairs at all, but leaped over the stair rail. And when Tish tried to catch her, because she was in her nightgown and the night was cool, the silly fool simply kept on running.

It was daylight the next morning when Tish finally located her in the cabin. But the chances are that Emmie saw her coming, for when Tish went in she was lying on the floor with her eyes closed, and she only opened them when Tish shook her

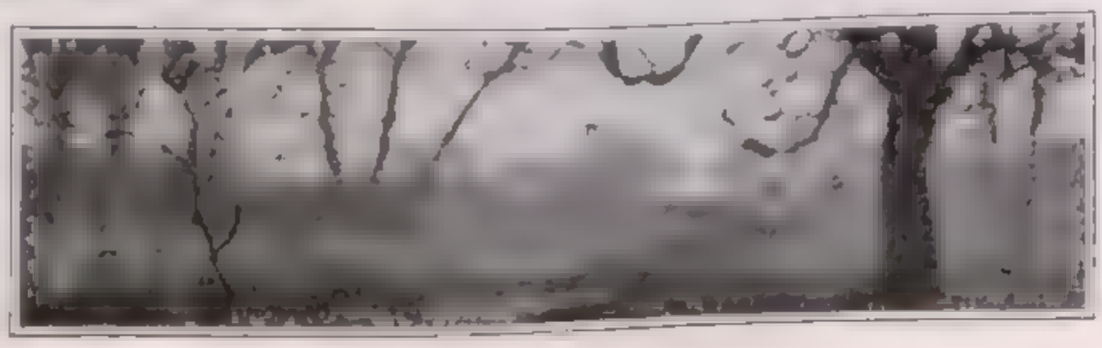
Then she stared around feebly and said, "Where am I? And how did I get here?"

She would not walk back, and Tish knew it was hopeless from that minute.

As I have said, there is no moral whatever to this story. The nearest I can come to it is that couplet Tish secured by automatic writing the other day:

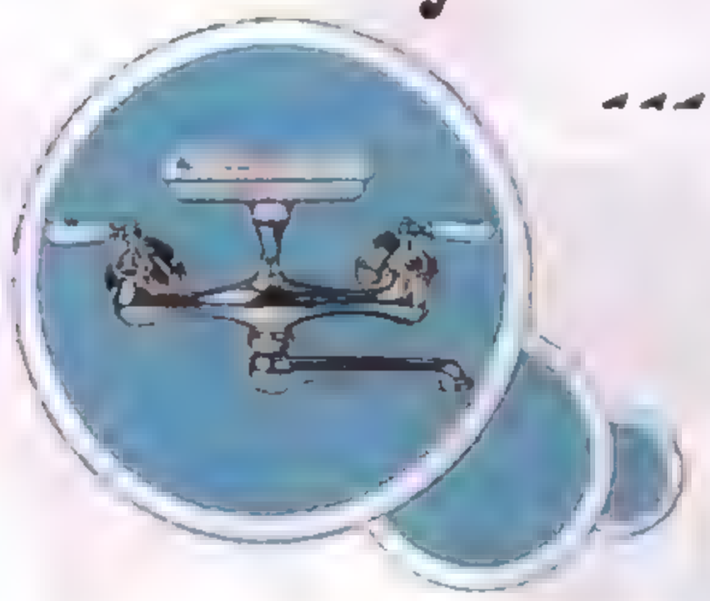
"There swims no goose so gray but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate."

And even there, as dear Tish so aptly remarks, there is a question. For how honest is a man who wants those about him to be weak so he can feel strong?



Do noisy faucets arouse you in the night?

—look to the VITAL SPOTS



Do you live in a house of leaky, gurgling faucets? Do you know the misery of being awakened every so often by a turmoil of hideous faucet groans?

Faucets that "murder" sleep are an easily avoidable nuisance. The whole trouble can be corrected within a few hours' time.

Spend no money in trying to rejuvenate worn-out faucets. You will find it cheaper in the end to replace all the old unmanageable noise-makers with modern Mueller Faucets—silent, efficient guardians of plumbing's *Vital Spots.*

Mueller Faucets are made with a real conception of the purpose of faucets. For sixty-nine years the Mueller people have given the best of their skill to making faucets ever better and better.

They look upon faucets as what they actually are—the *Vital Spots* of a plumbing system. They design and make them with a hundred thousand trouble possibilities provided for in advance.

That is why Mueller Faucets—the last word in appearance and service—perform their functions so satisfactorily, why they allow you to get out of your water pressure all that it can give.

Better hot water systems

You will find in Mueller Automatic Hot Water Control an improved system that forever supersedes the obsolete expansion tank. This better system deserves your careful consideration.

Your *merchant* plumber and Mueller Faucets are old friends. He likes to be able to use them when people want his best work. He knows he will point with pride for many years to his Mueller Faucet installations. Ask him for cost and other data on Mueller Faucets and Mueller Automatic Hot Water Control systems. He can quickly get any Mueller Product from the more than 300 Mueller jobbers that are located throughout the United States and Canada.

• • • •

Consult your architect in regard to the *Vital Spots* of plumbing. He knows Mueller Faucets are dependable and will be glad to approve your desire to have them installed

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MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

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PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap, and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

"Gee! Mother—but you're pretty"

In his heart, every boy wants to think this of his mother—give him the right to do so by safe-guarding your youth in this simple way:

THE cares of Motherhood and of life—don't let them rob you of your youth. Thousands will tell you that you needn't. Due to correct skin care, the charm of schoolgirl days now is carried past the thirties and well into the forties.

The method is one any woman can easily follow—natural ways in complexion care; the discarding of the artificial ways of yesterday. Leading beauty authorities have learned that the preservation of youth probably rests chiefly on proper cleansing of the skin.

For that reason, the soothing lather of olive and palm oils, used in the following way, is the most widely followed beauty care in the world today.

The rule and how to follow it

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price 10c

3139

A Scene

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The Danger Line

Some women "go everywhere," "do everything" —others wish and wonder . . .

WOMEN who are truly popular frankly acknowledge this simple fact—glorious, radiant health is their most valued charm. And still, daily, thousands risk this priceless gift for lack of this new knowledge of The Danger Line.

This you should know

The causes of heart trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble, nervous disorders often puzzled physicians. But modern science has lately discovered that these diseases may often be traced back to decayed teeth and diseased gums.

This is why: The teeth share in the blood supply. The same circulatory system which supplies them with nourishment and carries off their waste also comes into contact with every part of the body. When poisonous substances and disease germs are carried away from neglected teeth and lodged in some other tissue or organ, that place in which the poison is left also becomes diseased.

Guard The Danger Line

Many serious dental troubles start at The Danger Line where teeth and gums meet. The rounded edges of the gums form tiny V-shaped crevices there. Food particles collect in these crevices. Then they ferment, and acids are formed that cause decay of the teeth and that irritate the gums.

There is one dentifrice today that gives protection from this danger. It is Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. For Milk of Magnesia is recommended by dentists everywhere as a perfect means of neutralizing the acids in the mouth.

Squibb's protects after use

Squibb's Dental Cream contains over 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It reaches all those tiny pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any tooth-brush. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay, reducing the peril of Pyorrhea, safeguarding the health and vigor of your entire system.

Make your teeth and gums safe from the shadow of The Danger Line. Use Squibb's Dental Cream night and morning. See your dentist twice a year. You will be safeguarded from decay and its threat of disease and attendant misery. At all druggists' —only 40 cents for a large tube.

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because teeth need more than brushing. They must be protected at The Danger Line. Try this simple test. Tonight, just before going to bed, take a tablespoonful of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in water, squeeze a part of it into and use the rest to swish about the mouth and as a gargle. You will be surprised in the morning to find how clean and sweet your mouth is. The Milk of Magnesia will not only have neutralized the acids in your mouth, but sweetened your stomach also. The same result may be obtained using Squibb's Dental Cream—it contains over 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

© 1926

SQUIBB'S

DENTAL CREAM

Contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

RADIO

(Continued from Page 25)

was being sent by radio might see it coming and deflect it by turning toward it a powerful transmitter. By an ingenious and final locking system, Hammond makes it possible to operate a switch—when the torpedo has gone a certain distance—that will render it impervious to any radio control

Thus it must fly straight on to its destination. Not even Hammond himself could stop it or call it back.

Hammond has for some time been engaged on a system of remote control of trains. This works so that if a train runs past a block signal, radio stops it regardless of what the engineer does. In connection with this line of experimentation, a sad incident happened last November. G. Y. Allen, of the Westinghouse Company, a clever investigator, who had been working on the remote control of trains through the radio block system, went to Washington to attend a conference. When he was coming back another train crashed into the one in which he was riding and killed him. If the invention upon which he was spending all his time had been in force the accident probably would not have happened.

Speaking of accidents, although it wasn't the same kind at all, I am reminded of something that happened recently when short-wave experiments were being conducted by Alexanderson in Schenectady. His station was sending short waves to Riverhead, Long Island. For the purpose of recording the signal strength, certain instruments of measurement are used. When these were brought out on this particular day, no strength showed at all. Evidently something had broken down.

Illustrious Boy Inventors

Alexanderson's assistants examined everything. No, nothing was wrong. The signals should be going over well—only they weren't. Just as Schenectady was about to telegraph apologies to Riverhead, Riverhead telegraphed that the signals were coming in stronger than usual. When Alexanderson looked over the hook-up he found the antennæ hooked wrong.

The result was that, instead of the usual vertical wave, a horizontal wave was going out. These waves are now in practical use for talking to South America.

I hope I have not, in speaking of the thousands of unavailable inventions conceived by amateurs, given the impression that the amateur is not of immeasurable value to the art of radio. On the contrary, he has played a great part, and without him we should never have gone so far today.

In the first place, the amateur of one day has frequently become the professional of the next. Radio has grown so rapidly that it has used up professionals at a ravenous rate. When there are no more professionals available, the reservoir of amateurs must be drawn upon; and in a number of cases this has happened, particularly in the assembling of the radio personnel of the Navy during the recent war.

The amateur is of value, too, because he conceives and often begins striking experiments which professionals can carry on. In the short-wave field especially he has done good work both in stimulating interest and in working out the machinery of experimentation. Among illustrious amateurs who have become professionals we may mention Marconi, E. H. Armstrong, J. V. L. Hogan, Hiram Percy Maxim, Alfred Goldsmith, Frank Conrad, and many others.

The Institute of Radio Engineers

The American boy is the greatest amateur of all—great in the sense that he is the eager, intrepid seeker for new adventures. He has made an appreciable contribution to radio lore in the way of isolated facts which later have been coördinated by trained minds. There is no doubt that the scope of the American scientist will increase with the gain in scientific precision of thought brought about by millions of boys getting interested in something that makes them think.

In this connection it is interesting that many of our most important inventors began to invent while they were still boys. Armstrong, as we have already seen, had perfected one of his most important devices before he was out of college. Marconi himself made many important experiments while in his teens. Hogan was another of the college-boy inventors. Langmuir is said to have had a laboratory of some kind since he was eleven years old. Dubilier began to work on his condenser while he was still selling newspapers. His invention displaced the condenser then used in the form of a fragile jar—by a compact and robust device which does the work of several of those jars.

We must not leave the subject of radio aids without mentioning the Institute of Radio Engineers, now fourteen years old. This is one of the leading engineering organizations in the world and one of the greatest existing forces for promoting radio. It was formed first as a Boston group and called the Society of Wireless Telegraph Engineers. As befitted Boston, it was exclusive and staid. New York had the Wireless Institute, and when each society had accumulated a good many debts and difficulties, a scheme was set on foot to unite them. A combination name was evolved and the organization grew rapidly from a few dozen to 3000 members, with sections in nearly all the large cities.

The institute now publishes each year almost 1000 pages of scientific material here and abroad. At its meetings engineers speak on new discoveries and methods. Practically every radio improvement of any importance has come before this organization prior to its presentation to the world.

The institute is noncommercial and devotes itself to nonpartisan activities such as standardization, measurements, and the like. In view of the fact that radio has been called the young man's game, because of the youth of many of its executives, it is interesting to know that the average age of members of the Institute of Radio Engineers is ten years below that of any other group of engineering men.

The regulation of radio broadcasting was accomplished from the first by a sort of gentlemen's agreement which is unlike anything ever known before. It was obvious from the start that an enterprise which expected to give such direct service to the public must be subject to certain rules which should conserve that ideal. To work out these rules in definite form, the Department of Commerce, in 1922, called together representatives of the industry.

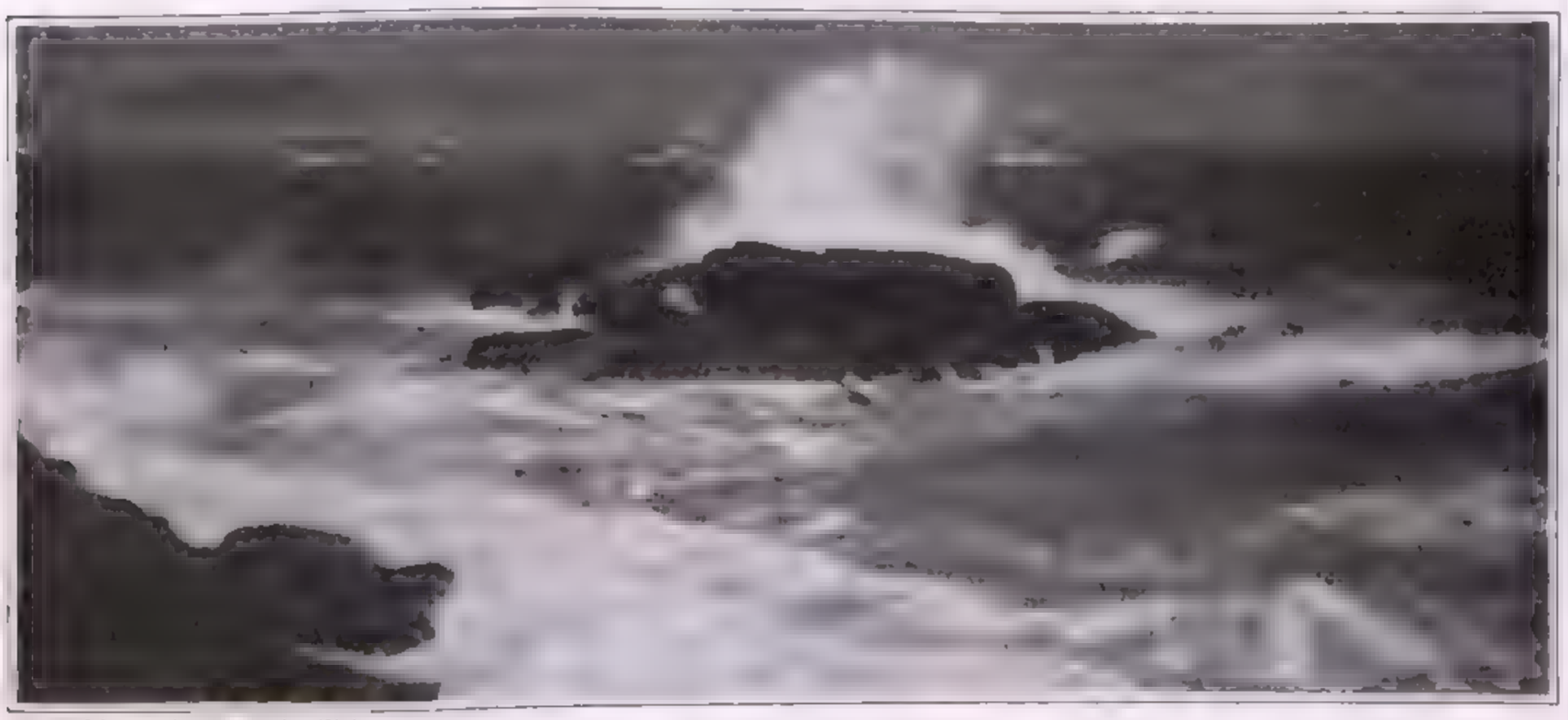
A Program of Self-Rule

Secretary Hoover explained the need and appointed those present an advisory body, asking them to make recommendations as to how they thought the matter could best be handled. In 1923 he called them into conference again, for as radio had grown, so had the problems. All broadcasting waves were originally 360 meters, because that number was between two ship waves, 300 and 450; but by the time of the second conference the number of stations had so increased that interference was intolerable. It was evident that a new wave zone must be opened up.

Secretary Hoover's unofficial advisory committee suggested that the 360-meter wave length for all stations be abolished and that a 220 to 550 meter zone be opened. The committee also proposed regulations for assigning frequencies. When Secretary Hoover looked upon these plans he pronounced them good and said he would adopt them.

He also decided that radio should rule itself, with the fewest possible restrictions. The result of the unusual experiment has justified his confidence. The assigning of wave lengths, the granting of broadcasting licenses and the general oversight of the industry has fallen under the province of the Department of Commerce, but the inner government has gone on largely of itself.

(Continued on Page 94)



A Scene on the Nova Scotia Coast

BI-SPUN
HOSIERY FOR MEN

a development that had to come

THIS remarkable age that has made such progress in manufacturing has brought forth a new and amazing development—*Hosiery that is invisibly reinforced above the shoe-line as well as at heel and toe.*

Think of it! No more mad scrambling through a drawer full of socks, prayerfully hoping to find just one presentable pair—one pair that has no visible holes.

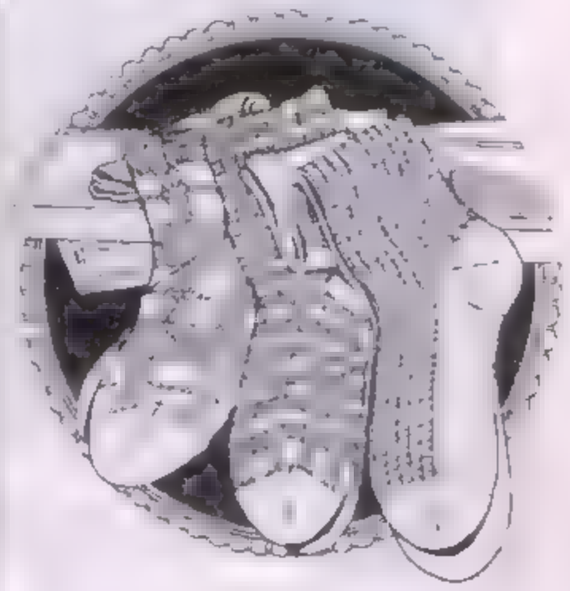
The amazing new Bi-Spun process doubly strengthens every thread without adding weight or thickness. The result is smart, sheer hosiery in a wide variety of materials and masterly-styled patterns — hosiery that is *guaranteed* to outwear your own expectations.

You will find Bi-Spun Trufab hosiery at most good shops at unbelievably modest prices ranging from

35c to $1

Bi-Spinning has eliminated the neglected area from Trufab hose.

Tru-fab
Bi-Spun HOSIERY FOR MEN



CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS
Founded 1902 ATHENS, GEORGIA
New York Office 366 Broadway

MORE POWER AND SUPERIOR QUALITY

$975 *f. o. b. Lansing*
HAYES-HUNT BODY

NEW STAR SIX
Five Passenger Standard Sedan —4 wide doors, head room, leg room; bronze green lacquer finish, black moulding, gold stripe.

New Star Six

CHASSIS	$650
TOURING	725
COUPE	820
COACH	880
DE LUXE SPORT ROADSTER	910
STANDARD SEDAN	975
LANDAU SEDAN	995

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

LEADING IN DOLLAR VALUE

PRICE ALONE identifies the *New* Star Six as a low-priced car. In appearance it is distinctive anywhere—long stream lines, beautiful color combinations, lacquer finish. Hayes-Hunt bodies provide a standard of coachwork ordinarily associated with high-priced cars. In power, speed, flexibility, economy and all 'round performance the *New* Star Six is pre-eminent. And now—more than ever before—you owe it to yourself to investigate this quality automobile and learn why it is called the world's greatest dollar-for-dollar value among light sixes.

DURANT MOTORS, INC.
250 West 57th Street
New York City

General Sales Department
1819 Broadway
New York City

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

GROWING IN PUBLIC FAVOR

DAY after day, from coast to coast, the *Improved* Star Four continues to grow in Public favor. It has gained a reputation among motor car owners as the most powerful and economical low-priced Four. And now, in line with the policy of constant improvement, the *Improved* Star Four offers additional refinements that even more definitely establish its supremacy. Nothing less than a visit to a Star Car showroom can prove to you its superiority in design and coachwork—nothing less than a demonstration can fully acquaint you with its superior performance.

Improved Star Four

COM. CHASSIS	$470
ROADSTER	540
TOURING	540
COUPE	675
COACH	695
SEDAN	795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

Plants:
Elizabeth, N. J. Lansing, Mich.
Oakland, Cal. Toronto, Ont.

Dealers and Service stations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico.

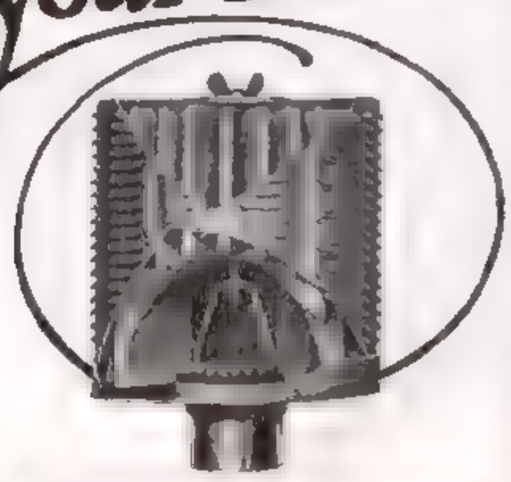
$695 *f. o. b. Lansing*

HAYES-HUNT BODY

IMPROVED STAR FOUR
Five Passenger Coach—extra wide doors, roomy seats; Persian blue lacquer, black molding, gold stripe; nickel radiator shell

MORE POWER AND SUPERIOR QUALITY

Triple the life of your motor



PROTECTOMOTOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Perfect Positive Protection

World's Greatest Motor Necessity

Protectomotor alone removes all the dust, sand and grit, both fine and coarse particles, from the air supplied to the motor.

That is why Protectomotor alone reduces wear 75% to 85% and enables the motor to function smoothly three to five times as long before it is necessary to grind valves, remove carbon or overhaul the motor.

Protectomotor is attached directly to the air intake of the carburetor. It is different in design and action from all other devices used as equipment on passenger cars or trucks for the same purpose and is the only one that is an actual air filter.

By actual tests it has been shown that 100 times more dirt will get into your motor through an ordinary air cleaner than will pass through Protectomotor.

In addition to reducing wear Protectomotor reduces carbon which is made up largely of dust. It means cleaner oil and, consequently, more perfect lubrication.

Despite the fact that Protectomotor is 100 times more efficient than an ordinary air cleaner it costs only a trifle more. If you are buying a new car or truck equipped with an ordinary air cleaner it will be to your advantage to pay this slight difference and insist upon Protectomotor. If your present car does not carry Protectomotor get one now and obtain the additional mileage from your engine that only Protectomotor can give.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us, giving make and model of car and carburetor. Satisfaction guaranteed.

STAYNEW FILTER CORPORATION

Rochester, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 91)

By 1923 stations had begun to multiply. WJZ followed KDKA into the field in October, 1921. WEAF was opened a little later. By this time the dream of 1918 seemed at last to be taking on real substance. An entire new world of entertainment and instruction was being discovered. Singers, pianists, violinists, ministers, lecturers and actors were performing before the little microphone, and were being heard not only in their own but in surrounding cities.

A feature that early drew the man of the house toward what at first he was inclined to regard as a plaything was the prospect of hearing descriptions of his favorite athletic events broadcast by expert announcers. The pioneer in this field, so far as I know, was J. Andrew White, who, on July 2, 1921, announced the Dempsey-Carpentier fight from the ringside in Jersey City.

White worked out a scheme to equip theaters throughout the Middle Atlantic States to receive a blow-by-blow description of the battle, which he sent by way of a temporary station constructed at Hoboken. He had to use makeshift paraphernalia and trust to luck. Two nights before the fight he called me up.

"Well, I'm in the soup," he announced cheerfully. "So far, we haven't been able to get a sound to register beyond Newark. We are averaging a complaint a minute just now."

That night, with White sick from worry, whatever was wrong with his transmission system—and he doesn't know to this day what that was—righted itself and his patrons were able to assure those to whom they had sold tickets for listening-in to the event that the show would come off as planned.

My remembrance of that fight is vivid. I went with White to his place at the ringside. It was a torrid day and we all fried slowly in the sun. White was dripping with perspiration and his throat was parched. In the excitement a boy who had been brought along expressly to supply him with iced water forgot all about his duty, and when White, who could not speak except in his rôle of announcer, signaled for the vacuum bottle containing the precious fluid, the boy merely cried, "Yes, ain't it a bully fight!"

A Well-Timed Smash

An exciting feature of the day for radio was that one news agency scooped the whole journalistic world by wireless. The reporter who had been listening to White at a downtown office flashed the word of Dempsey's victory by radio to Paris, and in spite of the many cables which had been leased by powerful newspapers, beat everybody by thirty-three seconds.

As a dramatic ending to the fight, the very instant that White finished pronouncing the words, "Dempsey remains the champion of the world," his transmitting set went smash. He could not have sent another syllable over it.

It was estimated that nearly 400,000 persons attended the Dempsey-Carpentier fight by proxy. This number seems infinitesimal in view of the millions who would listen-in on a similar event now, but it was a high-water mark for those days and pointed the way to the prospective popularity of at least one kind of broadcasting.

Among WJZ's earliest broadcasting stars were Marguerite Namara, Johanna Gadski, Marie Sundelius, Marie Rappold, Frieda Hempel, Cecil Arden, Percy Grainger and Lydia Lipkowska. At the invitation of station directors, these great artists came half timidly, half eagerly to perform before an invisible audience. Nearly all of them were accustomed to making records and it would seem that the microphone should hold no terrors for them. Yet it did. Many who had long since forgotten the meaning of stage fright trembled before the little round disk which represented a vast unseen audience.

Mike fright originated with the first broadcaster. There is something terrifying in the utter silence, the total lack of facility for determining what the audience is like, that often robs a veteran speaker or musician momentarily of all his mental control. The announcers say that men are harder hit than women.

Some of the bravest among political speakers have gone down before that awesome velvety stillness. Mike McTigue, at that time light-heavyweight champion of the world, was bathed in perspiration before he finished a five-minute talk over the radio in the early days. Capt. René Fonck, French ace of aces, who brought down seventy-five enemy planes, was seized with a nervous chill when he was put before the microphone.

Eddie Rice, violinist and first person to broadcast over station WGY at Schenectady, discovered a novel way to assuage his panicky nerves. He closed his eyes and kept them closed all the time he was playing.

Madam Gadski was one of the calmest broadcasters. She composedly folded her hands and said, "Well, let's begin!" If she was trembling inwardly, not even the announcer knew it.

Sincere Appreciation

Lydia Lipkowska, excited and exalted, related a dream of her childhood while she waited her turn to go on the air. "Many times when I was a little girl, I dreamed that some day I should sing before an audience more vast than any that could be gathered into the largest concert hall," she said. "Over and over I have seen myself singing to this great throng. Only, I did not know that when the time came I should not be able to see them face to face."

The performances of these musicians brought hundreds of letters from listeners-in. These came from farm and city, desert and frozen waste. The ecstasy of fulfilled longing they revealed surprised and half-saddened the artists and their sponsors. The bedridden, the isolated and the despondent vied in praising the new voices of the air. A lonesome boy in Labrador, shut away from any human contact for months by glittering stretches of ice and snow, with only his dogs for company, was amazed and thrilled by the voice which came to him out of the night, singing The Snow Maiden.

A woman who had studied to be a concert pianist, but had become a paralytic before her debut, heard good music, she said, for the first time in six years. A man who had made unfortunate investments contemplated suicide and was saved, he vowed, by hearing an old favorite of his mother's sung over the radio. These and similar tales, almost too fantastic to be related, came through the mails as fact stories to the radio station.

Babies were named for stations; and so, incidentally, were cows, chickens and pigs on remote farms. After the bedtime story became popular, one station had a letter from a listener in Canada, who said: "Please ask the bedtime story-teller not to tell any more stories about bears. We really have bears up here and the children meet them on the way to school. It frightens them to hear that bears sometimes eat boys and girls."

In the meantime, with the new fad taking hold upon the public imagination, manufacturers saw a chance to get rich quick. Following the war, it had seemed as if everyone who could turn a lathe, and even some who couldn't, had rushed pell-mell into the radio industry, regardless of patents, fitness or experience. At one time in this country more than 3000 manufacturers of wireless supplies and equipment were listed, and the public apparently accepted anything offered in the name of radio.

The situation was to be expected. In every new industry there are those who build for permanency upon the solid basis of safe financing and continued experimentation, and others who ride in upon the crest of high finance, craving a hectic industrial life, even if a short one.

By the spring of 1925 the market was flooded with inferior radio products. What happened was inevitable. Poor receiving equipment disorganized trade outlets and inadequate broadcasting programs contributed to a temporary loss of public interest in the radio.

When the flood of liquidation had subsided, many unsound elements had been swept away and there remained a wiser and a better industry.

Those who had attempted to roll into one the periods of experimentation, development and stability met economic retribution. The same thing has happened in other industries. It had happened not so very long before to the automobile.

During the period of maladjustment, too, the radio ceased to be a novelty to artists as well as audience. Musicians who had been anxious to give their services for the sake of the extraordinary publicity they could get, now hung back, claiming that free radio appearances hurt the box-office receipts at pay concerts.

Owners of theaters and concert halls who up to this time had been glad to place their stars before the microphone, complained that the radio was killing business. Phonograph companies joined in the general opposition. Even the newspapers looked slightly askance at a strange, still-untested rival.

The public cried that the radio was becoming commercialized; that the programs were mere advertisements for this tooth paste and that safety razor, and uninteresting to boot. It was a time of general disaffection, and if there had not been staunch enthusiasts and optimists in the business, the setback would have been more serious. With these stout hearts hanging on grimly to hopes of better days, the development of radio continued through all difficulties, until, measured by the record of other industries, it seems sensational. So fast have technical improvements followed upon one another during the past three years that it is surprising we can take them calmly. I suppose the reason we can is because they do not burst upon us as the startling output of any single individual, at any given minute, but come by degrees as the cumulative result of the effort of many minds.

Pictures by Electricity

Some idea of the tremendous growth of broadcasting, at least, can be obtained by recalling that less than six years ago there was only one broadcasting station in the United States organized for the service of public programs while today there are more than 600. In 1920 the total expenditure in the industry was not much more than $1,000,000. For 1925 the total was approximately $350,000,000.

The initial step in the transmission of pictures electrically was made in 1842, by Alexander Bain, an English physicist. His plan was so basically correct that present-day experimenters are following, in the main, in his footsteps. He arranged two pendulums electrically in such a manner that if one preceded the other by a slight amount of the time of a stroke, it was held until the other reached the same position, when both then started a new stroke.

These swinging pendulums were the basic synchronizers necessary in any picture work. On each swing a tablet descended a notch at a time at the side of the pendulum. At the transmitting station the swinging arm of the pendulum carried a small contactor which rode over type faces, making the appropriate electric contacts to be transmitted to the distant receiver, where a similar swinging pendulum was tracing a path across a piece of paper. By chemical action the electricity received from the transmitter would discolor the paper at the receiver to give an impression of the original.

It has taken eighty years to come to commercial operations, because in addition to requiring exactly the conditions necessary to sending the voice or a telegraph message through the air, picture transmission must also do the additional job of indicating the

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TOMATO VITAMINS

FORT LAFAYETTE
FORT WADSWORTH
FORT HAMILTON
THE NARROWS
BAY RIDGE
RICHMOND
NEW YORK BAY
The neck of the bottle
In a bottle of catsup, as in a harbor, it's the "neck" that must be defended. Snider guards this point, thus preserving the freshness of the tomatoes for your table.

Bottle-neck defense —important for harbors and Snider's Catsup

AT the Narrows, the neck of the bottle, stand forts defending New York Harbor. Likewise a strong defense system has been built up at the neck of every bottle of Snider's Catsup.

The air-tight cap protects Snider's Catsup. Another strong protection is the vacuum space between the top of the catsup and the top of the bottle.

Just two reasons why this old-time favorite preserves the fresh taste and rich vitamins of the tomatoes as they come from the vine.

It is all part of the Snider process to make a catsup that tastes mighty good and is worthy of the food it's made of—the acknowledged leader of all foods in vitamin content.

Add zest to your meal with a generous helping of this flavory vitamin catsup. From a bite to a banquet, Snider's touches the spot.

Snider's
TOMATO PRODUCTS

Important booklet—free. For better health and appetite read the story of vitamins and tomatoes. Address Snider, Temple Building, Rochester, New York.

Baker Velour

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

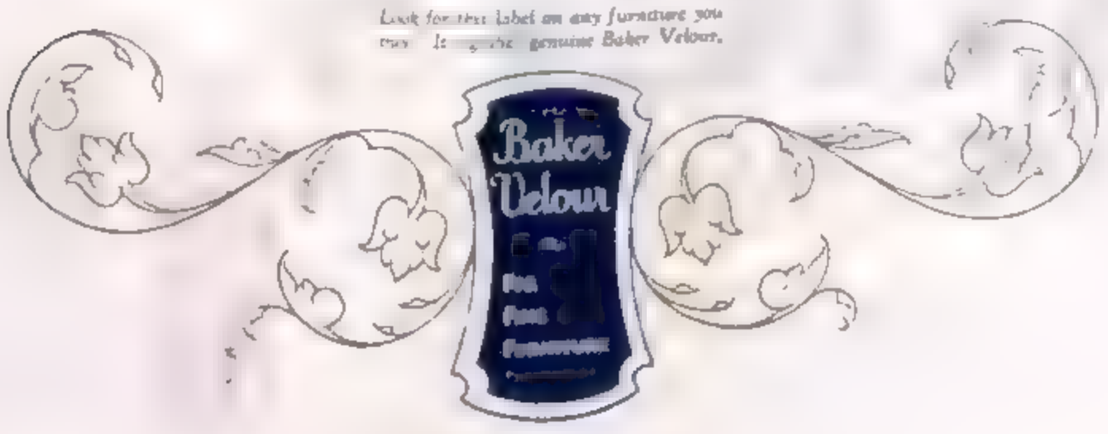
FOR FINE FURNITURE AND FINE MOTOR CARS

Upholstery does not always receive the consideration it deserves. . . . . Too often—what looks well will wear well—is assumed. . . . . In buying furniture investigate the many advantages Baker Velours provide. . . . . Ask your dealer to show you the latest Baker patterns and color effects. . . . . To enjoy beauty as well as lasting satisfaction be sure your upholstery is made by Baker.

A. T. Baker & Co., Inc., Manayunk, Philadelphia

New York, 41 Union Square *Chicago, 28 E. Jackson Blvd.* *Los Angeles, 1020 Central Bldg.*
Quincy, Mass., 92 Dunrell Ave. *Toledo, 931 Nicholas Bldg.*

Look for this label on any furniture you may be considering. It is your guarantee of genuine Baker Velour.



Upon request we will be glad to send you our very interesting upholstery booklet.

(Continued from Page 94)

points on an area for which values must be represented.

There have been at least 1000 workers in the field since Bain, but present-day experimenters have had a tremendous advantage, because the advance of radio has produced more accurate instruments.

When the Navy first took up the invention of available types of equipment capable of transmitting pictures, sketches and handwriting, the work was carried on by the Bureau of Engineering and the Naval Research Laboratory. Naval engineers transmitted photographs over a distance of ten miles. Now these same pictures may be sent over 4000 miles with less trouble. The process which we now call photo-radio is that of sending a single picture from one point to another by electricity in three to twenty minutes.

The recent stunt of New York newspapers in producing part of a page of a London newspaper of the day before, sent by radio, reminds me of a speech made several years ago by Owen D. Young. Mr. Young was speaking to a group in which there were a number of engineers. He said he was impatient for the time when they would stop fooling with dots and dashes that had to be retranscribed after they were sent across the ocean at such a waste of time.

"What you ought to be able to do," he urged, "is to send the whole front page of a paper across the Atlantic all at the same time."

The engineers in that audience were inclined to remind Mr. Young of all the technical difficulties in the way of such a proceeding.

"I know there are difficulties," he admitted, "and I don't know how to overcome them. That's your job." It was their job and they performed it well.

Television is the process of sending a number of pictures so rapidly that they will have the effect of motion pictures. I was amazed to discover, not long ago, that a good many intelligent persons have an idea that television may in some mysterious way eventually make it possible to see the actual figure of a friend at a distance, unbeknown to him. This accounts for the frequent remark, when television is mentioned, "Oh, I hope they'll never come to that. I wouldn't want anybody to see me the way I look around home in the morning."

To reassure the fearful one, it is safe to say that no method at present under investigation is likely to waft your image through the air unless you are making an effort to have it sent. The machines for such transmission will undoubtedly be in plain sight.

Radio's True Mission

Capt. R. H. Ranger effected the first completely automatic radio tranamission of pictures across the ocean in 1924. The photo-radiogram transmitter was located in London. The pictures sent were those of President Coolidge and former Secretary Hughes. During the recent labor strike, pictures were received daily by radio from London.

The year 1926 opened with the United States undisputed leader of world-wide wireless. Radio circuits are now in operation between the United States and England, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Sweden, Norway and the Argentine. Across the Pacific, radio connects us with Japan, Hawaii and the Dutch East Indies It has lowered the rates in all classes of international communication. It has sped up the service of messages across the seas. It has established direct links of communication with countries heretofore connected only by numerous relays to the seaboard.

I believe that service is the true mission of radio. It began as entertainment, just as motoring started as a sport. But the automobile industry went to its highest point when the motor car became an essential element of transportation. The telephone was a toy at the beginning of its history and little more than a novelty for twenty or twenty-five years.

Yet for all that, I am fully aware of the significance of each new invention in the great program of radio service. I get my own thrills not from the inventions themselves but, like everybody else, from their effect upon me and my daily life.

Thus when on a certain Sunday at home I listened to a sermon delivered by radio by Doctor Foster, of Newark, I thrilled to what he said. It was a sermon on religion. The introduction ran something like this: "I cannot address you as citizens of Newark, because my voice is being heard beyond the limits of the city. I cannot address you as fellow Americans, because my voice is being heard perhaps in Cuba, in Canada and in Central America. I cannot address you as brethren of my faith, because only a very insignificant part of the great number who are listening to me are of my own faith. Therefore I must address you as fellow human beings."

Hearing Myself Talk

Perhaps mine was a sentimental reaction. If it was, I am not ashamed of it. On a day when we can all be addressed as fellow human beings may we not hope that something finer and more tolerant will come into our attitudes, one toward the other? Anyway, I believe so.

I was thrilled again when I talked over the telephone to Captain Rind, of the steamship America, 800 miles at sea. I was at a neighbor's house when the call came. During the conversation I was cut off. I jiggled the hook and said to the operator, "You've cut me off."

She murmured suavely, "What number were you calling?"

"I was talking to a man on the Atlantic Ocean," I told her. I distinctly heard a gasp which I am sure is not part of the telephone regulations, and then a scared voice almost whispered, "I will give you Information." I suppose she thought she had a lunatic to deal with.

While I was talking with Captain Rind, the Irish maid in my home happened to tune the radio receiver to the wave length of Deal Beach, the station through which we were put. Suddenly she heard my voice, and after listening for an incredulous moment, began to look all around the house to see if I had come home. When she was convinced I was nowhere about, she decided she was hearing a ghost, and fell forward on her knees.

I got almost the same kind of shock myself not long afterward. I had made an address on the pallaphotophone, a device for photographing the voice, and the address had been recorded by the instrument itself. Two months afterward, at my home in Mount Vernon, I tuned in on WGY at Schenectady, 150 miles away, just in time to hear the announcer say, "The next speaker will be David Sarnoff, who will talk about the pallaphotophone." So there I sat in eerie silence, listening to myself lecture from 150 miles away!

I could not help thinking, as I tuned myself out, how wonderful it would have been if the pallaphotophone had existed in the time of King Tut or Cleopatra. Suppose that, instead of a good deal of furniture of doubtful value, King Tut's tomb had been filled with pallaphotophone records! We should no longer have to wonder whether he worried about income taxes and flappers. And Cleopatra might have passed on to us direct her beauty secrets.

Carrying a little further forward this whim of measuring present-day inventions backward, how much better it would have been if Lincoln's Gettysburg Address could have been canned and served as a Lincoln's Day speech, instead of many of those we get! Incidentally, the newspapers of the day failed to recognize that address as of vital importance. They recorded in full other efforts that now are forgotten, and in the main ended their accounts with: "The President also delivered a short address"

Since the mysteries of the air constantly excite me, who have more or less grown up in touch with at least their outer borders, I can sympathize with those who meet these wonders for the first time. It is truly remarkable what a hold the radio has taken upon many who at first were seemingly unsusceptible to such influences. An engineering friend of mine says he makes people take him to the theater when they ask him out to dinner these days, otherwise he knows they will ask him questions about radio all evening.

At the broadcasting stations I have been told that men and women are so anxious to go on the air that they beg, browbeat and even try to bribe their way in. Many insist that they must broadcast to reach a brother, sister or friend who has run away from home. Again, a woman will confide to the announcer that she expects to win back a straying lover by wooing him through the air. These personal appeals are not permitted, of course, and I expect in most cases they are manufactured to serve as an aid in the effort to become, for once, part of the great enchanting air game.

The mail that pours into the stations reveals the extent of the radio infection. Some of the letters are almost like love letters. "You cannot know what it means to me to listen for your signal every night. I wait for you all day, and tune in at least fifteen minutes ahead of time so that I shan't miss a word." So runs one heartfelt message from a middle-aged woman who teaches school in the Ozark Mountains. Another pæan of thanks comes from a man in Maine whose vision is impaired. He rode three miles to reach somebody who could write a letter of appreciation for him. A Montana rancher telegraphs a Sunday-night broadcasting group to say, "We regard you as our week-end guests and welcome you as such."

A farmer in Kansas, so cut off from the main highway that sometimes he and his wife see nobody but each other for a week, says his radio was worth the three steers he had to sell to buy it.

"And those steers took considerable feed to fatten," he adds.

A wife writes to thank the inventor of radio for reforming her husband. "He hardly ever gambles evenings any more, now that he has the radio to listen to," she rejoices; adding, "The radio is as good as a revival meeting."

A Boon to the Isolated

A doctor in the backwoods speaks a word for electricity. "I know something of all kinds of light," he writes. "Last week I operated by a pine torch at two in the morning, on a patient with hernia. He is getting well and has just paid me with a bushel of walnuts and three gallons of wild honey. Sometimes I operate by oil lamplight, sometimes by candlelight. So I know what electricity means."

A woman in the South who has not visited her home in New York for fifteen years thanks singers, actors and announcers indiscriminately for the breath of Broadway they have brought to her.

"Remember that every night we shall wait for you," she concluded; "my husband and I—two under the magnolias."

The initials under which the announcers of various stations hide their identities have become household names. People write to these men and women as if they were intimate friends, asking for advice and making confidences. A great deal of the mail comes from women, even the announcer of sporting events getting his share from the fair sex. The first of these epistles were regarded as curiosities, but now wives are almost as interested in baseball, football and boxing as their husbands.

The announcer has a rather difficult job. He must be friendly enough to give an informal touch to radio soirées, and yet he must not so overdo the informality that he grows tiresome and rowdyish. Whatever he does, he is pretty sure to reap both cheers and brickbats, for the radio audience is a

FREE: *Tin containing 7 free cool shaves. Accept this at our expense. Today.*

BEFORE *shaving . .*

Actual microscopic view. Torn pores have had chance to partly heal.

HERE are actual photographs—*unretouched.* Notice the skin before shaving. It has had a chance to partly heal from the effects of shaving 24 hours ago.

Now notice the other photograph. After shaving. (Torn open pores. Nicks! Hair spikes!) Men—that's what makes your face smart. Burn! And, men—that's why there's a demand for this new kind of shaving cream:

A cream that cools and soothes as you shave.

A brand-new principle in the cream does away with the necessity of hot towels—soothing lotions—all the fancy time-wasters that formerly had to be applied to burning faces.

And in just a little dab, you get *thousands of tiny bubbles* that take the fight right out of stubborn bristles.

Be sure of this cream. Let it prove itself to you as it has to thousands of other men. *Don't buy—accept it.* Your sample tin containing 7 free cooling shaves is waiting for you. Send for it today—and see.

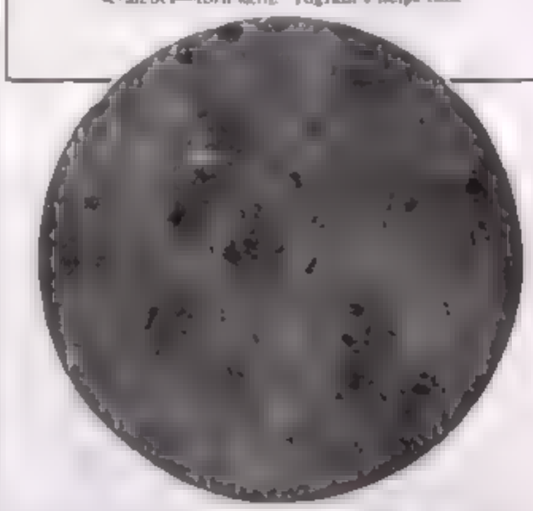
Fred Ingram

Vice-Pres. and General Mgr.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
Established 1885
Windsor, Ont., Canada 555 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

AFTER *shaving . .*

Tender skin—mutilated. Note the white scratches—torn skin. Ingram's helps this.



Ingram's Shaving Cream comes only in a blue jar with the name Ingram's Shaving Cream shown on the glass—at the shoulder. 4 months' shaving comfort. 50¢

You will like your 7 Free cool shaves. Either write direct to me or write your name on the coupon below, and when it comes to me I shall send you my free cream.

The NEW
Hair Catching
Feature

makes home clipping even easier

Brown & Sharpe clippers are favorites among the two million people who use clippers in their own homes to keep the hair of the whole family neat and trim between visits to the barber's and hairdresser's. Their sharp-cutting, easy action makes hair trimming a quick, simple job for anyone.

Now Brown & Sharpe have added an ingenious hair catching feature to their Home Model that makes home clipping even more simple and convenient. The hair catcher prevents the clipped hair from falling down the neck or onto the floor. It catches the hair as you clip it. When it becomes full you simply shake the hair into some convenient receptacle. You can slip it right off the clippers when you want to clean them, and attach it again with the mere turn of a wing nut.

The Home Model clipper with this convenient new attachment is packed in a neat case. We'll be glad to send the mother or daughter of the family our booklet on bobbed hair, "*Keeping the Smart Bob Smart.*"

BROWN & SHARPE

Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

severe critic. The sporting announcer must really act as umpire or referee in order not to let his hearers miss any of the excitement. He must have a clear head and a keen eye, for his eye will have to transmit to his brain faster than the average. He must also put his description into words a novice will understand, yet at the same time give the expert the concise technical points.

One announcer assigned to report hockey matches went to Canada with the teams and stayed during several weeks of practice. He had to learn to know each man so well that he could pick anyone out even in a time of hectic excitement.

The same announcer has what he declares is an infallible recipe for telling when a fighter is weakening and ready for the knock-out blow.

"I look at the knees," he explains. "I have seen men grinning gamely when they were so groggy they could hardly stand. Fighters are actors. Their faces tell nothing. It is the tendons of their knees that throb and give them away."

Entirely apart from my connection with the industry, I am an incorrigible optimist about radio, as must all too plainly appear. But I do not claim for it any superaccomplishments in the way of reforming the world. I do not think it can ever make over human nature. I doubt if it can even make over a husband, in spite of the wife who said hers had quit gambling to listen to it. It seems unlikely that overnight, at least, it will produce a new kind of politician, and I imagine it would be saying too much to predict that at an early date it will change our educational system. Children need the association of other children when they are growing up. That is part of their education. Training them by radio exclusively would not therefore be ideal.

Yet something even better than we can at this time see must surely come out of the capital, science and brains which have been poured into radio development. Literally hundreds of millions of dollars and the best efforts of our keenest scientists and business men have been the American contribution toward perfecting mankind's newest servant. Some notable results along the line of entertainment and information we have just considered. On the service side there are important additions in the making.

Not long ago a nation-wide survey was made of agricultural colleges, farm publications and organizations of farmers to determine the effect of the radio on the farm. The conclusions reached were that the radio relieves the farmer and his family of the sense of isolation—harshest handicap of agricultural life—that it broadens the social, spiritual and religious influences; copes with class and sectional differences and develops greater national unity as between the farmer and other human beings.

How to Keep 'Em Down on the Farm

Specifically and practically, it can be employed to furnish accurate time signals and weather reports, broadcasting warnings of approaching storms and floods. It can, and does, provide accurate news of price and trade conditions. Several agricultural colleges are trying out radio-extension courses. Perhaps some day there will be a radio-extension university for farmers. Even without it, there are countless ways in which the whole family may be aided in its daily work of cooking, sewing, plowing and tending the stock.

But the human problem is of larger importance. Will radio help to keep the boy on the farm? I believe it will. Owen D. Young recently said: "Those of us who left the farm did so because of the things which the city man had and the farmer had not. The attraction of an occupation out-of-doors, of productive labor, of good food and comfortable living conditions, was not enough to offset the cultural advantages of the city; but now the city man may leave the city for the things which the farmer has and he has not."

Whether the city man migrates to the country or not, keeping on the farm the boy and the girl already there is the ultimate service the radio will render to rural communities. It is too early to call for statistics, but they will show, I am convinced, that the new movement has already begun.

For radio carries the farmer to the scene of world events. The backwoods dwindles and fades. The boy coming in from his milking twists a dial and is in New York, the city of glittering lights and life, of giant buildings and never-ending crowds. He is there listening to a famous band. He is one of an audience applauding eagerly the rapid-fire repartee of a popular comedy; or he is watching a football match and cheering loudest of any. Imagination has bridged the gap between sight and sound.

At His Hearers' Mercy

Can the radio bring about better government? Perhaps. Popular interest in government would, I am sure, be enormously increased if great national issues were fixed for debate by Congress at special night sessions and broadcast by radio. Of course, the man who is not political-minded would not be made so by hearing a congressional debate, but he would at least pick up scraps of information which, since his own interests are involved, might lead him eventually to an intelligently onlooking part in national affairs. I think the radio is making the speaker watch his step, and his word too.

The man who talks politics through a microphone has got to talk sense. If he doesn't, his audience will walk out on him and he won't even know it. Radio audiences are quick to condemn as well as praise. If they think a speech is terrible, they say so unhesitatingly—often by telegraph. They never used to be quite so frank when they had to sit as part of a bored audience which was compelled to listen whether it liked what it was hearing or not. It is possible that orators, knowing that they may be cut off by the mere twist of a wrist in the prime of an utterance, may be a little careful what they say. It has been estimated -although, of course, radio estimates are as unstable as any—that in five years radio listeners will number 50,000,000. No orator during his entire lifetime was ever heard by so many.

Perhaps it is not a service to be rejoiced over that radio has added 5000 new words to the language, but it is true. The war added 6000. More than 200 of the radio additions to Americanese have the prefix radio. The others run all the way from autodyne to zymodyne.

Sooner or later all radio roads lead back to the question of who will pay for broadcasting. Yet I do not see that this question is so difficult to answer. The best programs now put on the air are contributed by those interests which have the most to gain from public goodwill. Notwithstanding the fact that, in the main, broadcasters have found no way of obtaining direct returns from the listening public, the indirect returns are in many cases of sufficiently impelling motive for the continuation of broadcasting.

Electrical devices in the home and power-transmission lines sometimes give rise to electrical disturbances which interfere with the reception of weak radio signals. The ideal then is to produce a strong signal from distant stations, thus eliminating the detrimental effect of natural and artificial electrical disturbances. Sufficient power also must be provided at the transmitting station to meet the more difficult condition of daytime summer reception, as well as the comparatively easy necessities of nighttime winter reception. High-powered broadcasting will do this. Once a reasonable number of these stations are in operation, every listener will get reliable service at any time from one or more.

Furthermore, those listeners who are within the normal range of the low-powered purely local station may listen to its program, since the Third National Radio Conference has recommended that such stations shall be located outside of and at some distance from population centers. The broadcast station of the present one-kilowatt type emits a signal more powerful in its vicinity than a signal received in the same neighborhood from a station fifty times as powerful located twenty-five to fifty miles away.

It is clear that nationally interesting programs can be sent out economically only from stations of such power that they reach vast bodies of listeners. Superpower broadcasting will deserve the sanction and support of the Government, the public and the radio industry itself. There is no question in my mind but that once the physical agencies are in existence and have proved their value to the public, the industry will coöperatively support this agency.

I hope that wire-line networks and radio-relay systems for the interconnection of broadcasting stations will also be developed side by side with superpower broadcasting. Each method has something of value to contribute to the ultimate picture.

In a recent survey eight out of ten persons voted for the high-powered station. People in isolated regions want it. Some of those in crowded cities, believing that it will interfere with the reception of local stations, do not want it. At the moment, in the broadcasting art, the two great problems upon which research is being directed are: First, improved modulation—that is, the most precise control of the product coming from the microphone and the molding of the electrical impulses into the exact values of music or speech; and second, the problem of emitting more efficiently greater power from the antennæ system of the broadcasting station.

The industry thus recognizes that not only public but national interests demand the system of nation-wide broadcasting. Regardless of the number of local stations—and the local station, like the local newspaper, theater and concert hall, will be permanent—there is need for a system of national broadcasting, ready for any public emergency, with facilities adequate to cover the entire country and to reach across the ocean whenever desired.

Superpower Broadcasting

True, a sufficient number of stations to cover a considerable part of the country may be, and often are, interlinked by wire to act as one transmitting unit; but the fact must be faced that, whereas the President of the United States may pick up his telephone in Washington tonight and talk across the continent to San Francisco, he could not, without vast preparation, considerable expense and the voluntary cooperation of many broadcasting stations owned and operated individually, talk to even half the nation by radio.

Nor can we expect to receive regular programs broadcast to us through the powerful stations of Europe unless our own voice is strong enough to span the Atlantic with reciprocal programs.

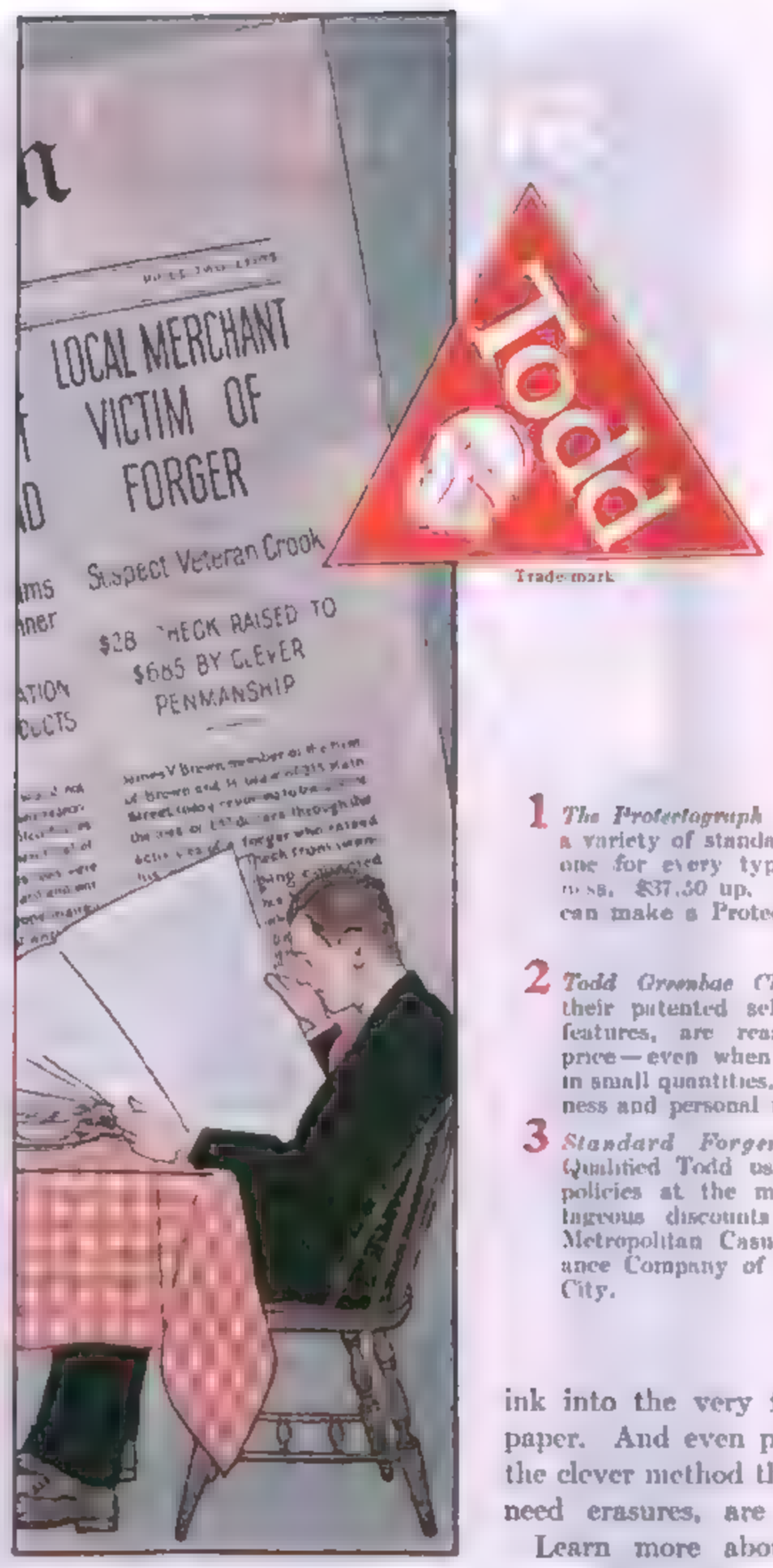
We have already come a long way from the day when President Wilson appeared before Congress to urge the entrance of the United States into the World War. At that time there was no way for his message to reach the people direct. It had to be recopied by news associations in Washington, sent over a network of wires to the cities and towns of the country, reprinted by 20,000 papers and distributed by a vast delivery force to 25,000,000 homes before its import could be generally known. Today with some advance preparation, President Coolidge may, in his own voice, announce to millions a crisis which confronts the nation. With the superpower broadcasting system perfected, he will be able to do it instantaneously and without any advance preparation.

I have said that superpower broadcasting will help to do away with interference. I mean, of course, that more power will override man-made obstacles, and even some of those for which Nature is to blame.

(Continued on Page 103)

Perhaps you think your checks are immune

----------but as long as you write them by hand they are open to the forger's attack



1 *The Protectograph* is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business. $37.50 up. Only Todd can make a Protectograph.

2 *Todd Greenbac Checks*, with their patented self-canceling features, are reasonable in price—even when purchased in small quantities. For business and personal use.

3 *Standard Forgery Bonds.* Qualified Todd users receive policies at the most advantageous discounts from the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company of New York City.

DAY after day the headlines flash news of the check raiser's activity. He is everywhere. He strikes when least expected. Of course the police get on his trail, but that doesn't help much . . . the check has been cashed . . . the money spent . . . the victim is out his hard-earned dollars.

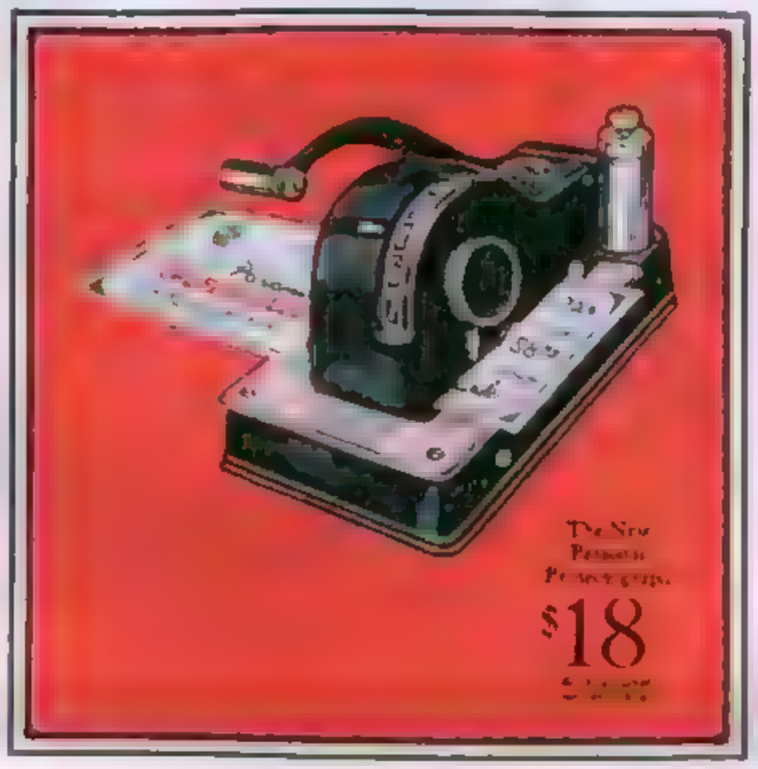
You may say, "Well, it can never happen to me. . . . I write my checks carefully and give them only to people I know."

However, such precaution is not enough. You never can tell what may happen to a check in transit. You have no control over it. A dishonest person may secure it by accident or as the result of patient waiting. With a skilful stroke of the pen or the clever use of an eraser he raises the figures and words *written by you* on the amount line. Then at an appropriate time he passes the check and your name is added to the list of those who contribute to the astounding sum of $100,000,000 lost annually through check fraud, according to the American Institute of Accountants.

This is more likely to happen now than before. Since modern business firms use the Protectograph to protect their funds, the forger has been forced to operate in the field of personal check writers. You need only to look at the police records to find proof of his easy successes. And they are increasing—in towns and villages as well as in great cities.

Protection is within your reach

Fortunately there is a means available at a low price to protect the amount line on every check you write. The new Improved Personal Protectograph for $18 writes and guards your personal checks by the same method used on the checks of modern business. Alterations by erasures are impossible, because the Personal Protectograph shreds the amount in indelible ink into the very fiber of the paper. And even pen changes, the clever method that does not need erasures, are impossible.



Learn more about this remarkable little machine and about the Todd System of Check Protection. Enjoy the security that comes from sending out checks whose handsome, clean-cut imprint gives full protection from the forger.

In your vicinity is a Todd expert in the prevention of check-fraud losses who will explain the Personal Protectograph to you in detail. It will be worth your while to telephone or write him. Your own bank probably can show you the Personal Protectograph. You will also find it on sale at most good stationers and department stores.

Write for free copy of "Check No. 197"

This interesting booklet tells the adventures of a single check and gives detailed information about the Personal Protectograph. Fill in coupon below. The Todd Company, Protectograph Division. (Est. 1899.) Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph, Super-Safety Checks and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

S-26

THE TODD COMPANY, *Protectograph Division*
1144 University Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Check No. 197," and detailed information about the Personal Protectograph.

Name .....

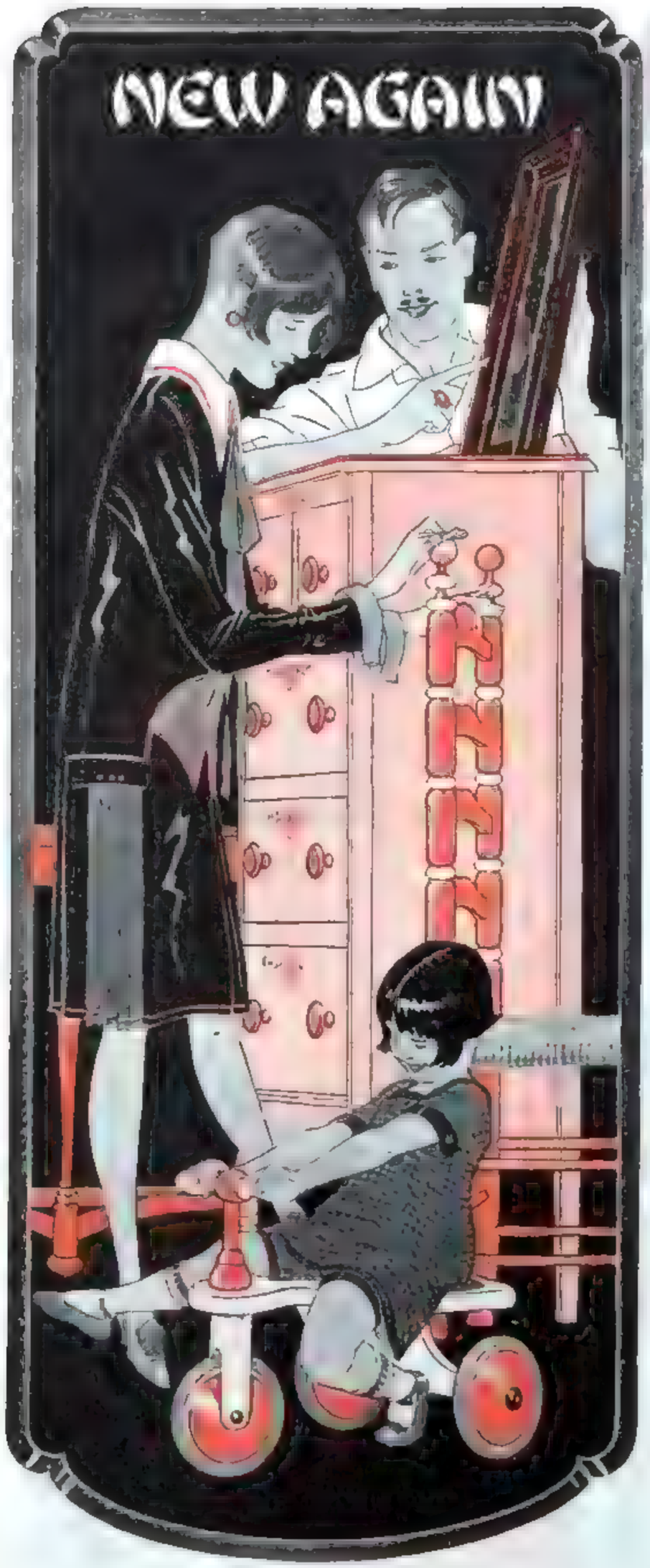
Address .....

Name of bank .....

TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

Todd Expansion Creates Opportunity for Salesmen. National advertising identifies the Todd name with the protection of bank accounts—business and personal. New models are being made for a constantly widening market. This era of expansion means opportunities for men who can qualify to represent a progressive organization. If you are interested, write to us at once.

HUNDREDS OF USES IN EVERY HOME, STORE, OFFICE,



A Saturday Afternoon's Fun with ROGERS

THE MARK OF QUALITY

BRUSHING LACQUER

IT all started when Jack Small picked up a Rogers Color Card at the office and read about this amazing new home lacquer. How it goes *right over the old finish.* How it *"Dries while you wait"*—ready for immediate use. How almost unlimited and beautiful color effects are possible.

On the way home Saturday noon he bought some Rogers Brushing Lacquer, a can of Rogers Thinner, and a good, soft brush. After a quick lunch he started. And this is what he did:

1 Lacquered the old, shabby chiffonier in the girls' room, decorating with charming transfer designs.

2 Lacquered his old, scratched-up end table. Good as new.

3 Sneaked little Betty's kiddy car away and gave it a bright, new dress.

4 Retrieved a discarded Colonial chair from the attic and transformed it with rich lacquer colors.

5 Stripped the faded chrome from an old frame and made it a thing of color and beauty.

And then he quit only because Helen had dinner on the table. He had spent a little less than four hours doing all these things. Everything was dry and ready for use—even the last piece. And Helen was literally in ecstasies.

* * * *

Anyone can use this wonderful new Rogers Brushing Lacquer. There is no tedious "getting ready." It goes on with a brush, right over the old finish. DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT—in a half hour or less. There is no litter, no confusion, no drying wait. And the beautiful, glossy, porcelain-like finish is *practically indestructible.* Does not print or hold lint. Dries smoothly and free from dust.

There are literally hundreds of uses in every home, store, office, factory and in industries of all kinds.

Dealers everywhere sell Rogers Brushing Lacquer in the Oriental can. Comes in a wide range of newest colors, also white, black and clear. Be sure you get the genuine—the kind sold on a publicly advertised "MONEY-BACK" Guaranty.

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, *Detroit, Michigan*
Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

"MONEY-BACK" GUARANTY

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not MORE *than satisfied, return what is left in the can to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price.*

Also distributed and guaranteed by

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Detroit, Michigan

LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR COMPANY
Lincoln, Nebraska

THE MARTIN-SENOUR COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

PENINSULAR PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

BUILDING AND IN INDUSTRIES OF ALL KINDS.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans and Polishes*

1894
32 Years of Continuous Service
1926

Some of the commonest uses for 3-in-One are shown above. Do you use 3-in-One for all of them? Maybe one or two are new to you. Then read the following "*different*" every-day uses.

3-in-One lubricates phonographs as well as sewing machines; revolving chairs as well as electric fans; vacuum cleaners as well as typewriters. 3-in-One is ideal for *all* light mechanisms in home and office, factory and farm. Light enough to penetrate quickly and work out accumulated dirt from the bearings; viscous enough to stay in the bearings and oil perfectly. Fine enough for the most delicate mechanisms, clocks, etc. Inexpensive enough for every-day oiling of hinges, bolts, locks. An oil compound far superior to any straight mineral oil. Never evaporates. Never gums. Never dries out.

3-in-One positively rustproofs all metal—razor blades as well as gas ovens; auto springs as well as guns; golf clubs as well as tools. 3-in-One prevents tarnish and verdigris on brass. Sinks into metal pores. Forms moisture-proof film. Keeps nickel and silverware bright.

3-in-One cleans and polishes windows and other glassware, as well as furniture and woodwork; porcelain enamel as well as linoleum and oil cloth. Makes first-class Polish Mop out of common kitchen mop—dandy Dustless Dust Cloth out of any soft old rag. Full directions for using 3-in-One are given in illustrated Dictionary of Uses wrapped around every bottle. Use coupon at right to get free copy; also sample.

3-in-One has imitations—many kinds of oil—many different grades—none so good in real value and positive oiling quality. To make sure you get what you ask for, look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

3-in-One is sold by grocers, druggists, hardware, sporting goods, notion, auto accessory, department and general stores—everywhere, in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The ½-pint size is most economical for household use—contains most oil for the money—the can is handiest for oiling.

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Company,
130LE. William St., New York, N. Y

Please send sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses, without any cost, to

Name _____
Street Address _____
or Rural Route _____
City _____ State _____

8408

(Continued from Page 98)

Interference may be the fault of a swinging antenna or a loose connection. If one antenna is too close to another, especially if the wires are parallel, the signals are likely to sway and sometimes disappear. This happens especially in the case of New York apartment houses.

Radio fans are frequently curious about the factors which cause night reception to be clearer than that of the day. Radio travels in part by the aid of a region in the upper air 100 miles or more above the earth's surface, which acts as a great mirror to the electromagnetic waves. The varying properties of this zone explain many so-called freaks of reception. Here the atmospheric gases are ionized—that is, their atoms are partly disintegrated into their component electrons. This region causes radio concerts to fade, giving faraway stations great volume for several moments, then swinging them into silence.

The Golden Age of Broadcasting

Night reception from stations outside a 100-mile radius is generally by means of sky waves, and because there are no absorbing objects on the mirror surface such as exist on the earth, sound travels much better. The absence of sunlight is another factor which increases night-reception range. Concerts picked up during the daytime are generally from stations within a fifty-mile radius. They are thought to travel by ground waves, which die out quickly because they are absorbed by trees, steel structures and electric wires.

Although I went in for prophecy back in 1918, I find it hard to assume the rôle in these remarkable days. The years have taught me a certain discretion. I know that either I shall fall so short of the mark as to make what I say archaic in a few years, or else I shall overshoot the mark and be convicted in time to come of partisan exaggeration.

I have mentioned some of the things that radio probably will not do. To sum up, it will not bring about the millennium. Neither, I think, will it revolutionize industries using electric power by transmitting power itself. The energy received by a radio set used continuously during an entire year on a good signal would serve only to light the average incandescent lamp for one second. The talk of transmitting power by radio then is much like talk of carrying water several miles by means of a garden-hose spray. On the other hand, judging by the developments of recent years, it seems a risk to place any limitations on scientific development in any field of activity.

But let us see what the golden age of radio broadcasting may reasonably be expected to bring forth. Certainly, unless and until the best programs in the air can be received and heard in every home in the country—until, in a national emergency, a single voice is able to deliver its message to every home equipped with a radio set—we shall not have achieved the ideal of radio public service.

There should be, too, in the golden age, coöperation between stations so that no listener-in would be compelled to miss the big feature of one station while listening to the big feature of another.

What will be the language of the golden age's broadcasting? I do not know. Assuredly, with international broadcasting, there must for convenience arise a dominant language. I believe this language will be one already in use—perhaps English. The problem of broadcasting in our own country, where only a single language is generally spoken, is comparatively simple; but on the European Continent the programs of any one country can easily be heard by six other nations; and in India, where broadcasting is getting a start, there are nineteen different languages. In Scandinavia last summer I visited at the home of a farmer who every evening tuned in upon London, Paris and Berlin. Music was the only language he could understand of those which came to him from the air.

The day is surely coming when, as a matter of course, a message written by a newspaper correspondent in London will be flashed photographically by radio to the newspaper office of New York—when a photographic copy of an editorial in a French newspaper can be transmitted the whole length of the ocean in a fraction of the time that it now takes to send a summary.

A facsimile message that can be flashed across the sea, instead of being woven letter by letter and word by word into a completed sentence and paragraph, is opening a new era in international communication. Letters, drafts, notes, checks, contracts and other commercial and legal documents can be almost instantaneously reproduced thousands of miles from the sending point. This greatly adds to the momentum of business, economy and convenience. For some time we have been operating photo-radiogram circuits from Honolulu to San Francisco, and from San Francisco to New York daily for test purposes, and now service to and from Europe has been worked out. So the appallingly cumbersome and uneconomical attempt at communication of civilized man has been crystallized into an expeditious, convenient method.

When We Can See by Radio

The greatest day of all will be reached when not only the human voice but the image of the speaker can be flashed through space in every direction. On that day the whole country will join in every national procession. The backwoodsman will be able to follow the play of expression on the face of every leading artist. Mothers will attend child-welfare clinics in their own homes. Workers may go to night school in the same way. A scientist can demonstrate his latest discoveries to those of his profession, even though they be scattered all over the world.

An explorer may use television to reveal the wonders of desert and wilderness. His lecture room will come to be whatever spot he finds most appropriate as an illustrative setting for what he is about to say. I have argued that the radio will not affect to a great degree the education of children, but certainly such agencies as these cannot fail to supplement the classroom to everybody's satisfaction.

Will the radio oust the newspaper? An average big-city newspaper prints 100,000 words of news a day. To speak the same amount of material over the radio would require eight to ten hours.

The impracticability of this is seen at a glance. To get the news fresh off the tap, the subscriber to a radio newspaper would be compelled to listen in all day, and all night too. It is possible, of course, that the radio will be able eventually to bring news pictures of what is happening in the world into the home, but even here the service will be only supplementing and not supplanting the picture sections of the newspapers.

I do not think it is fantastic to see in the future great radio universities broadcasting certain courses, perhaps all courses, and granting degrees on the basis of written examinations. When I speak of these things, of course, I do not mean that the plan of action is already worked out. It is only possible to sketch the high lights and to depend upon time to take care of the rest.

Ousting Jazz

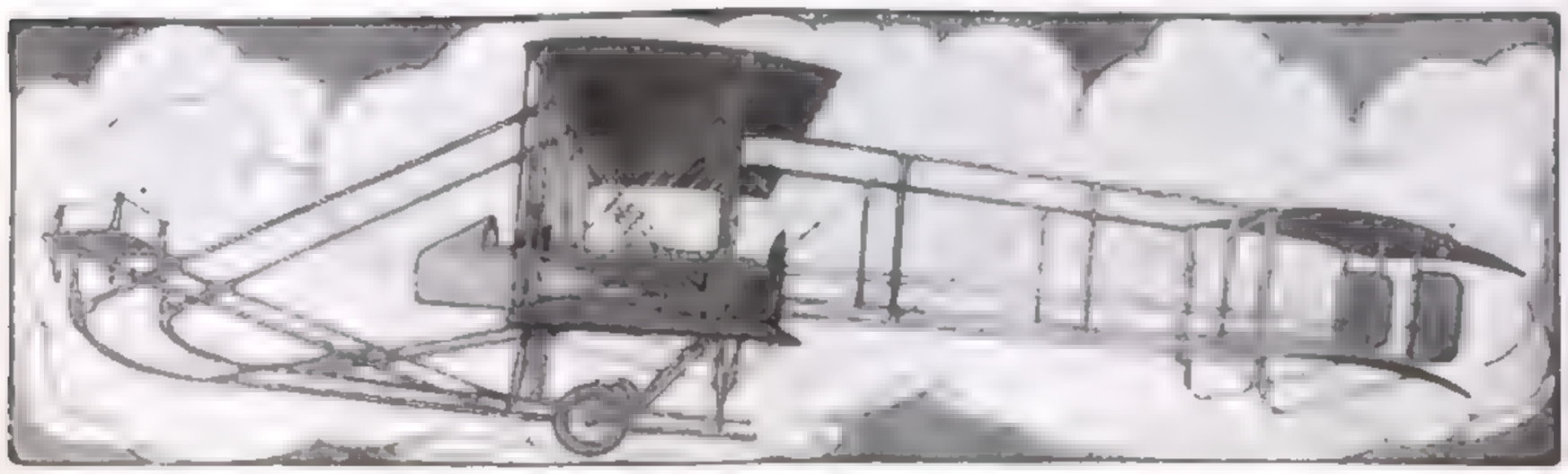
It looks now as if it would not be too much to expect that ether waves will diminish crime waves. Many local police departments are using the radio to spread alarms when a crime has been committed or a criminal has escaped. Perhaps in time a network of broadcasting and receiving stations such as will make it possible to give a national alarm almost instantaneously may be established.

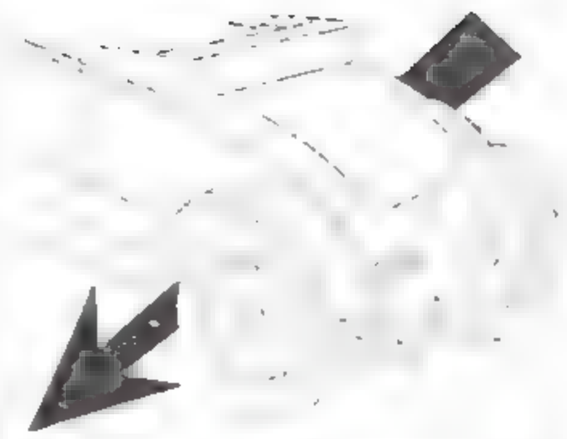
At present broadcasting gets its artists from the opera, the stage and the concert hall. It is not unlikely that in time the broadcasting station will comb the field of original talent, creating new reputations instead of capitalizing old ones. When that day comes, the opera, the stage and the concert hall will draw from radio in response to the demand of the public to see as well as hear its favorite artists. It may be that broadcasting will eventually compete with music publishers for original compositions and not only buy but sell music-publishing rights.

Undoubtedly radio symphonies and radio grand-opera companies are conceptions not too far-fetched to be visualized. Radio employment agencies—that is, bureaus for the placement of artists—will come as a matter of course. One thing cannot be questioned: The musical taste of the country is improving. Even the casual surveys which have been conducted to discover, if possible, what the radio audiences want reveal that jazz is losing its place at the head of the list of favorites.

What I see then for the future of radio is a steady development of the resources already known. I have not the imagination of a Jules Verne, and must stick to probabilities. Perhaps the possibilities, and even what seem improbabilities to me, will become facts of the future. At least it is safe to conclude that, seated by our own firesides, we shall some day see the world in action, as well as hear it. It is to be expected that our scientists will find new and better ways of bringing to our fireside retreats information, entertainment and instruction from the remote corners of the earth. What those ways will be and what new wonders they will open we must leave to a Verne or to time to reveal.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Sarnoff and Miss McBride.





Rust-Proof Because PARKERIZED

"RUST is playing havoc with my car," wired one of the world's famous automobile builders several years ago from the seashore at Miami.

His engineers investigated—they found the solution—they "discovered," like hundreds of other manufacturers have, that all iron and steel parts can be rust-proofed by Parkerizing.

Today this big plant has an immense rust-proofing installation. Other motor car manufacturers, including those who make the finest cars in America, Parkerize all iron and steel parts which are in any way exposed to the insidious attack of rust—

Parkerizing is simple and efficient. PARCO POWDER added to a tank of boiling water makes a rust-proofing solution in which cleaned articles of iron or steel are immersed.

You can rust-proof the smallest nut or the largest part—size makes no difference. Parkerizing is commercially practical for large or small production. Innumerable articles, many of them nationally known, are now Parkerized.

Why risk your industrial reputation with the ultimate consumer and user, by exposing your product to rust action, when there is a positive, economical process which will rust-proof iron or steel without affecting the physical characteristics in any way?

Service plants for Parkerizing are located in seventeen industrial centers to serve manufacturers not having their own installations.

Get all the facts—*THE PARKERIZER*, our monthly publication, and our book, "The Parker Rust-Proofing Process," are well worth reading. Write for them.

PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY
Detroit, U. S. A.

Mapleine

—nationally popular as a

Candy flavor!

WHEREVER the finest sweets of the nation are made—in the great candy kitchens from Coast to Coast—there exists a constantly increasing appreciation of Mapleine as a candy flavor.

It is the delicate richness of candies flavored with Mapleine which unquestionably explains their wide-spread popularity and growing demand. It is the pleasant *familiarity* of flavor, too,—the same tempting, delicious flavor known to millions of Americans for many years in the syrup and desserts on their own home tables

Candy-makers who speak with authority—men who have devoted a lifetime to the creation of the nation's finest candies—tell us that Mapleine's *holding* quality as a flavor is truly remarkable. Being a pure vegetable flavoring, not the tiniest shade of flavor is lost through cooking or storing. It holds true under any and all conditions—indefinitely! Candy-makers find Mapleine surprisingly economical, too, because of its extraordinary flavoring capacity.

We have interesting information for Candy manufacturers concerning the use of Mapleine. Write us.

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO.
Seattle, Washington

Branch offices:
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES LONDON
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MANILA
CLEVELAND TORONTO HONG KONG
PITTSBURGH BOSTON YOKOHAMA
MINNEAPOLIS

MAPLEINE
For Syrup
For Flavoring

OUT-OF-DOORS

Kickapoo Archery

THE old squaw stuck her head out between the flaps of the skin tent and said something that sounded like "Squt-squt." After a decent and manly interval the sixteen-year-old detached himself from the group of males lounging in the sun. Entering the tent, he emerged with a bow and one arrow. Quite unconcernedly he sauntered toward the river, and I followed, curious to know what was going to happen now.

He took up his station behind a magnificent old pecan tree growing by the waterside. Following his gaze, I looked into the gray water. A few fish idled lazily. He waited, immovable. For fully five minutes we stood there—he calmly, I in growing impatience. Then a huge darker gray beauty of a trout floated into view. It must have been four feet beneath the surface. The Indian's back muscles ridged stiffly. Slowly, oh, ever so slowly, the right hand moved back on a level with his hip. Back, ever farther back, drew that right hand. The trout moved, hesitated, decided to stay, resolved to go, reconsidered. But that fateful right hand did not waver. Back and back it moved, until it appeared to me that the arrow must be at least five feet long. Then, without warning, the hand twitched ever so slightly, the arrow sped, hit the water with a soft "plomp," and up came Mr. Trout, belly heavenward, the shaft right through his head.

Without elation, and quite as a matter of course, the young buck reached out with the bow. With its tip he pulled the fish toward the bank. His hunting was over for the time. The sublime assuredness of it! One fish, one arrow, and he certainly not yet seventeen.

"Lucky shot," I said in English. Then in pantomime I praised the superb excellence of his marksmanship. I don't know the Kickapoo word for boob, but I know how one member of that tribe looks when he thinks it. I imagine he felt as I would feel if he went into ecstasies because I proved skilled enough to sign my name on paper with a pencil. Why all that pother over an ordinary trifle?

I could have discoursed learnedly to that youngster, hardly of high-school age, about diffraction of light, and his intelligence and training are both so inadequate that he could not have understood me. But he could shoot a fish through the head with an arrow, from the hip, and allow just exactly the correct deviation of vision due to the fish's depth and distance, at the given angle. Just what is education anyhow?

The next morning Poti, Dave's particular friend in this settlement of Kickapoos in Coahuila, Mexico, asked us whether we wished to go deer hunting with him. Of course. So he took his wife along to bring back the game—any Indian woman would be ashamed to let her husband be seen doing real work; it would reflect on her ability as a provider—and he was further encumbered with a five-foot bow and two arrows. Mrs. Poti carried them for him until we got into the woods up on the mountainside. Well, sir, Dave and I walked as quietly as ghosts tiptoeing on a cloud, but the way that Indian swore at us for disturbing the sylvan peace was gratifying in its polyglot comprehensiveness. He exhausted his stock of Spanish profanity within five minutes—and it takes an artist to use up the Spanish verbal defilements in so short a time—then he reverted to Kickapoo. However, he finally sighted a deer—or acted as if he had. Motioning us to stand still, he took the bow and one arrow from his lady love. Then he began to move forward, his eyes strained on one spot. I looked and looked, but there was nothing. I glanced at Dave. He wasn't seeing anything either.

Poti moved one leg up, forward, down. Then the next one up—and froze stiff. I have laid the end of a stick in an alligator's mouth expecting it to snap, but the 'gator might have been carved of marble. By sighting past the vicious snout to objects beyond, the upper jaw could be judged as moving, though its progress was as slow and as steady as the motion of the hour hand on a watch. That was the way Poti moved now.

He stopped, if the arrest of a non-motion might be called stopping. The right elbow moved back with agonizing deliberation—back and upward. The left hand was moving upward too, in front of his face. Was the blame idiot going to shoot at air? In front of him was nothing but trees. Still that slow, slow movement of the elbow. A pause, a letting down, a lifting up, a drawing back and—zoom! A full-antlered tawny body jumped into the air a mile and a half—well, fifteen feet—and came down with a crash. There was a scurrying of hard-pointed feet rapidly dying away in the distance, the squaw threw the 150-pound deer over her shoulder

"What was the second arrow for, Poti?"

"Sometimes see two," was the answer.

The explanation of this unerring archery lies in the games of the little Kickapoolets. In the camp, toddlers of three and four years all have their little bows—and one arrow. They have a ball of twisted rags about the size of a grapefruit. This they roll along the ground as fast as a man can run and while it is in full flight they transfix it with their miniature shafts.

As they grow older, say to seven or eight, the ball reduces to the size of an apple. At twelve they kill rabbits. By the time they begin to wear clothes, around fourteen, they pot wary game—wild turkeys, paisanos, quail.

Theirs is the only archery that I have seen. But they do one thing that I have never seen pictured or read about. All the illustrations that I have ever noticed show the man behind the bow grasping it with the thumb and four fingers. These Kickapoo do not do that. They hold it with the thumb and three fingers of the left hand, the index finger held out straight ahead, pointing directly at the target. It is a natural method of aiming. Oh, boy, and how they do aim!

ED WOLFF.

Summer in the Little Garden

SUMMER is the time for pure enjoyment of the garden, for it is during the warm months that one can expect to be able to sit in the garden as well as work in it. It is then that the seats in the garden will be used, that the shadows cast by tree or shrub will be noticed and enjoyed in the morning and in the evening; and then it is that certain fine flowers open for the first and only time during the three seasons, such as roses, hollyhocks, delphiniums, phloxes and lilies.

Instead of suggesting what to plant in order to have plenty of color in flowers in the summer garden, it occurs to me to describe a little garden near me which is certainly one of the finest small gardens that can be seen. This garden lies on the northeast corner of a lot about one hundred and fifty feet by two hundred. The garden itself is about fifty-six feet long by thirty wide. Its flowers are all in borders three or four feet wide, surrounding an oblong center of grass, except immediately in the center of the whole, where the border runs in on each side of a little grass walk and forms a six-sided center of turf where stands a bird bath on a slim pedestal.

At the two ends of the whole the borders also turn at right angles to flank at the east end a lovely green-painted archway into which is built a seat; and at the west end, the borders turn and follow the line of a high brick wall which runs from the house north to the edge of the property. In this wall is a green-painted gate to balance the arch at the west end. Another of those attractive wooden bowers, shall I call them, for they are hung with roses, Silver Moon and Dr. Van Fleet in June—another stands halfway down the garden on its north side, and opposite that is the entrance to the garden, a trellised gate in a long fence of green trellis work, whereon rambler roses are very nicely used. Beyond the corner where this garden lies and outside of its owner's ground the garden's owner has a problem. There was, there still is there to the north and east such a collection of aged barns and sheds as is seldom seen. What should be done to hide these, for no garden could be thought of if they were not blotted out? Lombardy poplars were planted inside along a high board fence on these two sides of the garden. They were set four feet apart. Today they stand fifty to sixty feet high and form a magnificent bulwark of green against the hideous sights beyond. Their roots are kept in check toward the flower borders by sinking boards on edge, and no one would think that such a charming garden could possibly be made with such trees close by. Work and watching have conquered; and even the poplars perform their part well without encroaching on the borders.

The variety of flowers in this garden in midsummer is very remarkable. Regal lilies stand with as many as eight blooms to the stalk against the finest types of tall light-blue delphiniums; a little later between and in front of the poplars may be seen in August buddleias and artemesia lactiflora blooming almost six feet high. Below these plants are late phloxes in pink, lavender and white, light yellow zinnias, deep violet petunias. Then come annual asters, stocks, ageratum in plenty, sweet alyssum, stachys lanata with its gray leaves, and beautiful violas. Thalictrums, especially that beautiful variety called by the lengthy name of dipterocarpum, have given beauty to these little borders in their time: Gypsophilas, Canterbury Bells, wonderful delphiniums have lighted the garden and many other earlier things. Suffice it to say that within a very small space and in an unpromising exposure lies a garden which is lovely from June to October—bulbs are not used within the garden—and which, though a constant care to the owner, who does practically all the work in it except the mowing, gives a rich reward.

It is true that the great poplars have this garden at a disadvantage. Their shade to the east is a great objection; on the other hand, this garden would not be the picture it is today if those great green shafts of foliage did not inclose it as they do. This garden was made against discouragement. I have never seen a poorer location in which to expect flowers to thrive. But it is a little triumph in gardens. It is a charming picture from whichever angle it is seen and especially when looked at from upper windows. It finally disposes of the argument that gardens, lovely little gardens, cannot be created in unlikely spots.

To the man or woman who is bound to have a garden, the fact that their land may not look like the place in which to make such gardens as they have seen and coveted should not dismay them. If land is rocky, think of a rock garden; if it is sandy, remember the types and kinds of plants, trees and shrubs that like sand; if it is uneven, welcome the chance for terracing; if it is so wet that no artificial drainage will thoroughly drain it, there are beautiful bog plants which will make pictures—let us hope for the sake of the house itself—at the farther end of the lot. If the climate is too hot and dry for many flowers, remember that trees, hedges, green squares of grass are almost the best possessions under such conditions, and that it is not at all essential to have flowers in order to have a place that can properly be called a garden.

Banana Pie—or shortcake—one of the most popular banana desserts that a kind wife ever served to a hungry family.

Ripeness brings flavor to every kind of fruit

. . . . when all green is gone from the tip of the banana, and the first flecks of brown appear in the side

RIPENESS brings out a better flavor in bananas, a flavor that, though delicate, is pronounced and unmistakable.

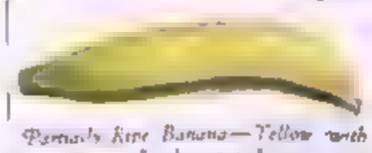
And when are bananas truly ripe and easiest to digest?

When all green is gone, even from the banana tip, and the golden skin is freckled with brown, then this all-food fruit is fully ripe, at its best for flavor, and truly easy to digest.

Carbohydrates, as you know, are the starchy food elements that supply energy. In most starchy foods, the process of digestion first breaks up the starch into sugars, and then absorbs the sugars into the system.

A ripening banana, as it ripens, turns its own starch into fruit sugar. When a banana is fully ripe, the starch is almost wholly changed into fruit sugars, ready to be absorbed into the system.

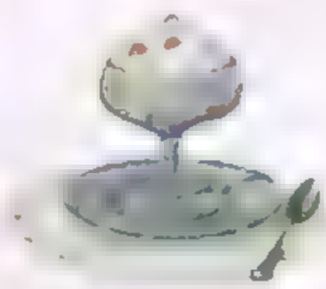
Make sure of ripeness in bananas. Buy them by the "hand" or dozen, and let them ripen at home. Do not put them in the ice chest, for cold interferes with the ripening process. Keep them in a bowl or dish, and let them ripen at room temperature.



Partially Ripe Banana—Yellow with green tip . . . In this state bananas are best used for cooking as a vegetable.

Yellow Ripe Banana—without trace of green . . . At this stage the fruit has a delicious flavor and is readily digested.

Fully Ripe Banana—flecked with brown . . . The fruit is now at its best for flavor and nutrition. It may be eaten freely by everyone, even adults with weak digestion, as well as very young children.



BANANA ICE CREAM

Banana ice cream is full-flavored and wholesome. Ripe bananas retain all the characteristics of their flavor, even when frozen in desserts. Their fruit sugars add natural and delicate sweetness.

There are many appetizing ways to serve bananas all year round. Write for the free cook book, "From the Tropics to Your Table." It contains eighty-three banana recipes and several pages of balanced menus. It is free.

FREE: *book of eighty-three tested recipes*

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A TEMPORARY MILLIONAIRE

(Continued from Page 21)

In his abstraction he was moving toward the window when he caught his foot against one of the pigskin bags, and possibly because of the length of his legs, he went over sideways before he could catch his balance.

"Lucky I didn't twist my ankle," he thought, and suddenly grew more thoughtful yet. As the result of his reflections, he had a bulky-looking bandage around one of his ankles a few minutes later.

"There!" he nodded, as Barrie might have nodded when he had the Admirable Crichton do his first trick on the island. "That's a good excuse for staying in—a sprained ankle. A clever bit of business, though I say it myself." And his mind turning to another problem which had been subconsciously working there, he darkly, almost gloomily, added, "If it were only as easy to work out some way of making money! And I'm sure it ought to be easier than writing plays."

Not only that, you see, but it would give him time to write his plays, to say nothing of traveling pleasantly around the world in search of plots and characters. There had been a time when he had vaguely wondered whether his relationship to old M. J. might some day give him his freedom; but since then his uncle had married a young wife, and the newly crowned king of copper now had two royal princesses to share his kingdom after him.

"No," thought Mell, looking back at the disappearing sky line of the city. "If I ever make any money—real money, I mean—I've got to make it myself."

Still looking back at the disappearing sky line of the city, he found his eyes being held by the tallest office building that has ever approached the clouds, a building so high that those on one side of the tower can almost see that straddling lobster of the sky arise in the east, while those in the west still see him split upon the plate of evening. By which again the sun is meant.

"Chain stores," thought Mell, staring back at the tower—"yes, sir, they always seem to pay. If I could only think of something like that, a new kind of a chain store ——"

Frowning a little, he pushed a chair to the desk; and drawing a sheet of paper from the rack, it wasn't long before he was slowly, reflectively writing—"United Shoe Store Company."

"No," he said, shaking his head and crossing that out, "they have those."

Sitting there, thinking, dreaming, brooding, old habit triumphed over the new, and before he had caught himself, he had written:

ANGELA *(advancing to broken window)*: Another night like this and I shall go mad. *(With increasing horror)*: Oh, what is this I see?

It was then that Mell had caught himself thinking, "Not quite like Barrie," and he crossed that out too.

"Darn it!" he muttered to himself.

"United Hat Store Company," was his next attempt.

"No," he presently said with a sigh. "They have those too."

He was still at it when Gill came in half an hour later to see if the letters were ready for the pilot. Two sheets of paper lay on the floor covered with crossed-out lines; and Mell had just slowly, reflectively written the word "United ——" and was waiting for inspiration to come and give him its flaming cue.

V

"GOD bless my life, sir!" exclaimed old Rosy-Nose almost before he had shut the door. "'Ave you gone and 'urt your ankle?"

"Yes," said Mell, again trying his best to look old.

"Shall I fetch the surgeon?"

"No, no. A few days' rest will put it right again." And hoping that it didn't sound as false to Gill as it did to him, he added, "It kept me back with my letters though. I shan't be able to send them off with the pilot, after all."

Old Gill fussed around, moving the bags, making sure there were plenty of towels in the bathroom, straightening chairs which didn't need straightening; and all the time sewing bits of news together with the briskly moving shuttle of his tongue.

"A nice stateroom, this," he said once, "and quite a favorite with nobby young honeymooners. In fact, among us stewards, sir, we often give it the name of Cupid's Bower."

"Oh?" said Mell; and although he pretended not to be impressed, he suddenly felt a quickening interest in his surroundings.

"Aye," said Gill. "Not many honeymooners aboard this voyage, so far as I've seen yet, but a very fine passenger list, for all that. I'll bring you a copy when I fetch your lunch. Two movie actresses—one with a monkey for a pet with a face like a sad old man's, and another eating raw carrots for her complexion, and I hope they'll do her good. And then there's a bishop or two, and a nobleman or two, and Tod Evans the jockey, and Battling Goldstein, the lightweight champion. And up here on C Deck, they're calling it Billionaire's Row already in the smoke room, what with a committee of bankers going over to study French finances, and another committee of coal and oil magnets going to some international conference where things aren't quite so dry, I expect, as they are in the U. S. A."

It was the word "magnets" which caught Mell's attention as he bent over his sheet of paper still looking at "United ——" afraid of giving Gill the encouragement of an undivided attention. Magnets—the word mildly amused him—magnets who drew profits—coal and oil magnets—coal and oil ——

And then, ever so dimly at first, he thought he began to see it—a chain concern selling coal and oil, with offices and store yards all over the country; stove coal and furnace coal, kerosene oil and furnace oil, gasoline, too, perhaps—selling something, you understand, which everybody bought, and able to sell it cheaper than anybody else.

"Why, a company like that could buy up the output of whole coal mines," he told himself with an increasing glow of excitement. "Or we'd even mine our own coal, and we'd own our own coal cars, too, and our own tank cars for the oil. And we'd open offices all over the country; and say each office only made five thousand a year, and we had a thousand offices!"

He was still dreaming away after his luncheon, half oblivious to the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of the promenading passengers outside, when a knock sounded on his door.

"Come in!" he cried, thinking it was Gill for the empty dishes.

The door opened, but instead of the steward it was a passenger who looked inside—that stately soldier whom Mell had seen with the radiant young angel on the promenade deck—that radiant young angel, you may remember, who looked as though she might be having her first true glimpse of paradise.

Mell arose and nearly knocked his chair over. It is thus perhaps that Corneille would have found his feet if Colonel de Beauvais had unexpectedly appeared before him. It is thus perhaps that Shakspere would have arisen if Rosalind's father had suddenly entered his room.

VI

HIS visitor, Mell told himself later, looked even more distinguished closely at hand than at a distance. Seen through the window of Cupid's Bower, he had been an imposing total, but now the details began to stand out—the excellence of his tailoring with a suspicion of braid here and there, the piqué edging of his waistcoat, the perfect fit of his smoke-colored gaiters, the faint suspicion of a scent which was sometimes like the aroma of Cuba's choicest growing and sometimes like a bowl of tea roses in the next room. But the thing which appealed to Mell, the future dramatist, more than anything else was the underlying sadness in his visitor's eyes, the deeply furrowed lines above the winged eyebrows—the eyes and brow of a man who had suffered in his time and had more than once stood face to face with tragedy.

"A character! Oh, but isn't he a character!" exulted Mell to himself.

"I beg your pardon," began the visitor in a drawling voice that was, nevertheless, pleasantly touched with solicitude, "I trust I am not intruding?"

"Not at all," said Mell; and, indeed, what else could he say? "Wait, I'll turn that chair around."

In fact, he might have forgotten his ankle completely if his visitor had not reminded him.

"I'll do it," said the latter. "Please don't attempt to rise. I—ah—I felt I ought to call, though, when I heard one of the stewards saying that you had sprained your ankle. . . . Mr. Melvin MacCloud of copper fame, I believe I have the honor of addressing."

"Melvin MacCloud—yes," said our temporary millionaire, after an almost imperceptible pause; and again, indeed, what else could he say?

"I thought so from the steward's remarks. Permit me. Major Murchison is my name, late of His Majesty's household. My card, sir. . . . Oh, pardon; that is the card of a very dear friend of mine—Viscount Windham. Also of ours. Ah, here we have it. Patience, you see. My card, sir."

"I'm happy to meet you, major," said Mell, a bit uncertainly, beginning to wonder what he ought to do.

"The honor is mine," said the other, with another gracious bow. "And now, sir, to my errand. I lived in India for many years, and there I made the acquaintance of an extraordinary liniment which I nearly always carry with me on my travels. Unfortunately I happened to be out of it at the moment; but as soon as I heard of your accident I went to the ship's doctor and had him prepare a small bottle according to my prescription. And now, sir, if you will allow me ——"

"That's awfully good of you, major," said Mell, taking the bottle and wondering if he looked as guilty as he felt. "I'll try it later, when I take the bandage off, you know." And to change the subject for more reasons than one, he added, "You are traveling alone?"

"No, sir," said the major. "I have been to America to fetch my daughter. My late wife having been a native of your wonderful country, it was one of her last wishes that Marjorie, our daughter, should be educated there, to get her away from the—er—er—conditions and climate of the East, you understand."

If Mell had been watching more closely—as a detective inspector might have watched, for instance, while listening to a stranger's story—he might have noticed a momentary change of expression in the major's eyes, a look that wasn't far from being evasive.

But it disappeared nearly as soon as it showed itself, and the major cleared his throat with a ringing soldierly sound.

"And now, sir," he continued, "to the second part of my errand. To be confined to one's room aboard ship—that is, I have discovered, the last degree of boredom. And so, sir, I have called—partly called, that is—this and the liniment together—to suggest that after dinner tonight, I might possibly drop in with a friend or two. There are some very interesting people aboard, and—ah—a few rounds of bridge, perhaps, might help you pass the time."

Again if Mell had been that detective inspector aforesaid, it might have occurred to him that the major's manner was just a few points too studiedly careless, that his glance was just the least shade too innocent to be natural. But Mell, you see, had thoughts of his own to keep his mind busy at that moment. For one thing, he was traveling incommunicado; and although he could not very well have guarded himself against the manner in which the major had entered his room—you will remember he had thought it was Gill who was knocking—he certainly had no intention of giving a bridge party.

"Of course the major's all right," he rapidly thought. "He's English and doesn't count. But if some of these American millionaires were to drop in with him, there might be one who had met Uncle Melvin. . . . No; the major's all right, and—and ——"

He drew a deep breath before following up the inspired suggestion which had just arisen in his mind.

"Does your daughter play bridge, major?" he asked, trying to look innocent himself.

"Well—ah—I believe slightly," said the major, startled for a moment out of his customary composure.

"That's all right then," said Mell more comfortably. "I'm no expert either. So if you and Miss Murchison have nothing better to do this evening ——"

The major arose and bowed, and more than ever his eyebrows might have reminded you of the wings of a dark bird.

"Until eight o'clock, then, sir," said he.

He half bowed, half saluted, and the door of Cupid's Bower closed behind him. For as long as it might take you to count ten, Mell stood there staring at the closed door, and then suddenly drawing the keys from his pocket, he strode to the pigskin bags.

VII

FORTUNATELY, his uncle's dinner jacket fitted Mell none too badly—a shade too full beneath the arms, perhaps, a thought too loose across the back. But both these faults were on the right side; and when Mell found that the trousers were right in length, so long as they weren't pulled up too tightly, and that the generosity of the waistband was concealed by the waistcoat, he smiled his slow and serious smile, and looking in the mirror, he suddenly found himself saying the word, "Predestined!"

By that time it was nearly three and the Patrician was plowing well out at sea. A June afternoon, you understand, with just enough breeze to be pleasant and just enough sea to make the ship feel as though she had springs in her keel. The sky was turquoise, but there isn't a jewel known to man which would tell you how blue and clean and dark the ocean looked. Standing near his window in his own clothes again and peeping through an opening in the curtains, Mell watched the crowded deck and the sea beyond till it was all he could do to keep from stalking out and taking part in the procession himself.

"I don't see how it could make any difference," he thought. "Nobody would know me."

But that, of course, was madness and soon passed. For one thing, he had promised his uncle that he would stay in his room; and for another thing, both Gill and the major knew him; and if they saw him they would think it queer, to say the least, that his ankle had mended so soon. So presently Mell sat down to his desk, and there, following the forms which he had seen at his uncle's office, he frowningly began writing: "Prospectus. United Coal and Oil Co. A Sales Corporation. Capital estimated—$10,000,000."

(Continued on Page 111)

Mothers asked for this soft, soothing tissue

For years, mothers have been seeking a toilet tissue that was soft, pure, absorbent and absolutely safe for children. They now have it in ScotTissue. Made to mothers' specifications—snowy white, hygienically pure, kind to the most sensitive skin. Ask your doctor.

ScotTissue belongs in every perfectly appointed bathroom for the comfort and well-being of every member of the family. Easy to buy—just say "ScotTissue".

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TRADE MARK REG U.S. PATENT OFFICE AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES
The absorbent soft white Toilet paper
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1000 SHEETS — 4½ × 5 INCHES
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It your dealer ... paper supply ... send us 15 cents with your dealer's name ... we will send ... full size roll of ScotTissue prepaid

Another Thirsty Fibre Product
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A Good

Sedan $895—Special Sedan $995
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—*priceless* - - and therefore jealously upheld

It is a fact well known that the name DODGE BROTHERS is more valuable than the vast and expanding works in which Dodge Brothers product is built.

Dodge Brothers, Inc., have simply kept the faith and implicit public confidence has been their reward.

Year after year the car has continued to mature into a better and better product.

Costly chrome vanadium steel was the basic metal employed in the beginning, and it is the basic metal employed today — in larger measure than in any other motor car built.

The first automobile to leave Dodge Brothers Works—a Touring Car—was equipped with an all steel body.

And during the past few years, Dodge Brothers have perfected this superior construction for ALL their motor cars.

Beauty has been added to dependability, comfort and silence to beauty. Endless refinements have been made. Prices have been reduced.

But always in every instance, the quality of every detail has been maintained or improved.

The consistent goodness of the car has attracted a steadily expanding market. Wider markets have permitted a better and better product at lower and lower cost. Dodge Brothers progress has been conservative and logical.

The result is a GOOD NAME, worthy of the public trust it inspires, and too priceless ever to jeopardize.

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DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

WIVES! *read this to your* husbands

IS your husband a business man? Then he has typewriters, telephones and bookkeeping machines to help him do his work quicker, easier and better.

IS your husband a farmer? Then he has a riding plow, a cultivator, a farm engine, to help him do his work quicker, easier and better.

IS your husband a factory man? Then he has all sorts of automatic machinery to help him do his work quicker, easier and better.

Wherever men work they are helped by highly developed time and labor saving machinery.

The business of homekeeping . . . *your business* . . . is more essential, more complicated, more tiresome and more troublesome than any man's.

You deserve the very latest developments in time saving, trouble saving and work saving housekeeping tools . . . equipment to enable *you* to do *your* work quicker, easier and better.

In other words, you deserve a complete set of Fuller Brushes.

Next time the Fuller Man comes to your house see all the latest helps the Fuller organization has developed for you.

FULLER BRUSHES
simplify the business of *Homekeeping*

If you want to see the Fuller Man before his regular call, telephone The Fuller Brush Co. Branch in your city, or write us at 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford Conn., asking for the "Handy Brush Book." (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

(Continued from Page 106)

In some strange way this eased him—gave him a feeling of dignity, a sense of superiority over those dawdlers who were prancing up and down a deck and thinking this was life. Presently, too, though somewhat absent-mindedly, he did a few pages of Angela's Vigil.

Gill brought his dinner at half-past six, and also a roll of bandage cloth from the doctor's office. Mell's homemade affair, you will realize, had been good enough for the daytime—a noble cocoon which had slipped down and looked now as though it were associated with the gout; but for evening wear, and the company of a radiant young angel who had blushed when he smiled at her, he decided that a few rolls of narrow cloth, barely perceptible under the sheen of his hose, would serve the purpose quite as well. And although he limped a little when he answered the major's knock at eight o'clock, he tried to make it an interesting limp; but his foot didn't hippety-hop half so much as his heart did when he saw the major's daughter, a truly celestial vision in white silk, with lace-covered panniers such as probably angels wear when they are very blessed indeed.

"Oh!" she said, as soon as her eyes fell upon Mell; and she gave her father a glance which said, "Haven't you knocked at the wrong door?"

"My dear," said the major, "I am proud to introduce you to Mr. MacCloud."

"Oh—Mr. MacCloud," she murmured; and raising her eyebrows, she curtsied a little in her panniers before taking Mell's hand. There was a gloomy young man watching all this from the corridor—one of those sour-faced, sallow-cheeked disciples of success who always look as though their mouths are filled with lemons whenever they see a bit of gallantry; and Mell was about to shut the door when the major stepped forward.

"Ah, Mr. Massey," said the major. "I take great pleasure—Mr. Melvin MacCloud, of your own wonderful city. Mr. Massey," continued the major, "is connected with one of your great banks and has just been appointed manager of the London branch. We are honored to have him at our table; and so tonight when I chanced to mention that we were to meet you here for bridge ——"

Young Sour-Face spoke then, evidently priding himself upon his ability for getting his facts straight.

"Did I understand the major rightly," he asked, "when he said that you were Mr. MacCloud, the new president of Narragansett Copper?"

Mell didn't like that. With all his faults, he had no particular relish for the lie direct. So, thinking quickly, he fell back upon a device which was known to the schoolmen of the Middle Ages as beating the devil around the stump.

"I believe the major generally knows what he's talking about," said he.

"But—pardon me, I thought you were an older man."

"So my steward had the pleasure of informing me," said the serious young author of Angela's Vigil—*(speaking with a touch of hauteur)*.

You could see that Sour-Face wasn't any too pleased at being classed with Gill.

"You haven't been in New York long, I believe," he said, as though trying to excuse himself for not having met the new copper king before.

"About a month," said Mell—*(still speaking somewhat coldly)*.

"Ah, that's it," said Mr. Massey, and he put a pinch of sugar among his lemons, though still rather wry in his smile. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. MacCloud, and I hope that I shall have the pleasure of doing business with you in London. But I had it so firmly fixed in my mind that you were older ——"

They played bridge—Marjorie and Mell cutting for partners. Both the major and Mr. Massey played well, the major at times showing flashes of form which bordered upon the classical.

"I like you for a partner," said Marjorie once to Mell. "You never scold me."

"Scold you?" said Mell; and if he had tried, he couldn't have kept back a queer little tremor in his voice. "I wouldn't scold you if you trumped my ace."

The next hand, her color heightening a little, she trumped his ace.

"That's nice!" breathed Mell.

You ought to have seen young Sour-Face. "Something funny going on here!" he seemed to be telling himself with renewed suspicion.

"There!" said Marjorie to Mell. "Now we're even." Referring, of course, to the way in which he had smiled at her through the window and had made her blush.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Mell, his voice still a bit queer.

"Funny!" you could see young Sour-Face thinking. "Funny!"

At ten o'clock Mell rang for refreshments; and possibly wishing to shine as brightly as possible in front of Marjorie, he told them about his scheme for selling coal and oil more cheaply than anyone else could do it. Mr. Massey, of course, listened sourly; but the major didn't. The more the major heard, the more closely his eyebrows seemed to knit together, the more reflectively he stroked his long mustache.

"I think you have a good idea there," he said at last. "In fact, I don't mind telling you that, after leaving His Majesty's service, my first activities were in the field of promotion. Of course, in America you are not so well up in rubber as we are; but Abdullah, Ltd., and Caoutchouc United—I had a hand in both of those. And Larrabee, Ltd., the famous chain of London restaurants—that was another flotation in which I assisted, paying dividends now of more than a million sterling, and essentially based, I don't mind confessing, on nothing more tangible than a new and distinctive style of restaurant decoration. But this idea of yours is built upon a much sounder foundation. In fact, I—ah—I should like very much to see what I could do in the matter—subject to your approval, I need not say, and committing you to nothing in advance."

While talking, he had unconsciously been playing with one of the packs of cards, parting them, riffling them, patting them back into place, his fingers flashing around them with the touch of a Paderewski at his Minuet. Toward the end he was, without noticing it himself, riffling the whole deck and pushing it together again without letting a card touch the table, a gift which has been given only to the chosen few. Young Sour-Face didn't miss any of this, and you could almost see him thinking, "Funny! Funny! I felt it from the first."

"What do you think of Mr. MacCloud's idea?" asked the major, suddenly turning to him. "Don't you think it sounds well?"

Mr. Massey pursed his lips, and it was easy to see that nobody was going to get any nourishment out of him.

"It may sound well," he said, "but it isn't on sound that the success of a good idea depends. It depends upon character, sir—the character of the men behind it."

He looked at the major, and the major approvingly nodded and stroked his long mustache. He looked at Mell and Mell began to blush, and knew he was blushing, but for the life of him couldn't stop it. And finally young Sour-Face looked at Marjorie, and Marjorie looked back at him, oh, so innocently. Mell's foot had just touched her own beneath the table, and a girl can seldom look as innocent as when she is wondering whether a thing like that is being done by accident or design.

VIII

AFTER his guests had left, Mell wrote a species of poetry till nearly one: To Marjorie M. My Heart Is a Ship on the Ocean of Love and Your Eyes are a Lighthouse. For which at least you must give him credit for the nautical slant of his muse. And in the morning perhaps you can guess whether he stood by the window of Cupid's Bower as soon as the parade started and kept a watchful eye on the deck outside.

It was half-past ten when Marjorie appeared, in a coral hat and sweater and a white scarf and skirt; and although she was looking over the rail as though admiring the blueness of the ocean, there was an increasing brightness in her eyes as she approached a certain window—a brightness not altogether due perhaps to the reflection of the sun.

"Good morning!" called Mell through his open window.

She was so surprised at this greeting from the young copper magnate. "Why, good morning!" she said, opening her eyes very wide. And stopping in front of his window, as though just for a moment or two, she added, "How's your foot?"

"It needs company," he said, and couldn't help thinking that his answer was rather good. Of course you know what she told him. "Yes, I know it has the other one," he replied, "but they both need company. And so do I, kept in here like a—like a bird in a cage."

She told him he ought to whistle. Girls can be very saucy at a time like this.

"I have been whistling," confessed the future American Barrie. "That is, if writing poetry is whistling."

"What have you been writing about?" she asked with another of her innocent looks.

"About you," he said.

She did a funny thing then. She closed her eyes and walked around in two small circles, leaning far in toward the center of these circles and looking every moment as though she might fall upon the deck in a fit of dizziness. And this is the strange part of it: Instead of closing his window and drawing his curtains in manly dignity, Mell looked a bit sheepish, but watched her in tender admiration as a fond parent will sometimes watch his child.

She went on with the parade then, walking with that joyous little swagger which seemed to be all her own; but the second time she came around she stayed longer, and the third time she settled herself in Mell's steamer chair by the side of his window and they had the happiest visit. Before they knew it, the bugler was blowing for luncheon, and the major came marching out of the smoke room as though he had done a good morning's business.

"Ah, there you are!" he said, catching sight of his daughter. "Good morning, Mr. MacCloud. I had meant to look you up before, sir, but I have been rather busy this morning. . . . By the way, have you made any engagements for this evening?"

"Not if you and Miss Murchison will play bridge with me again."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the major. "Personally, I would like nothing better, and I think I can persuade my little daughter."

Mell watched them out of sight—especially the one in the coral scarf and the white stockings—and then he had that second thought which generally comes to sons of Adam at such times.

"That's right," he thought. "I ought to have told him not to bring anybody else. Still, even if he does bring Gloomy Gus again, I don't see how it makes any difference now."

But the unexpected appearance of Mr. Massey the previous night was nothing to the surprise which awaited Mell MacCloud when he cried "Come in!" at eight o'clock that evening in answer to the major's knock. In the corridor behind his visitor were four elderly gentlemen, all of them evidently persons of importance; and by the side of this male quartet stood young Sour-Face, looking, if anything, more skeptical than ever, but apparently determined not to miss any of the show.

IX

"GOOD evening, Mr. MacCloud," said the major in his stateliest manner. "Don't get up, sir, I beg of you. I have taken the opportunity of bringing a few

(Continued on Page 113)

Pittsburgh is Creeping Up on South Bend

SOME time ago we had a report from South Bend, Ind., that 93 per cent of the coal dealers there used Red Edge Scoops. That made our Pittsburgh representatives a bit sore. They went out on a still hunt among the leading dealers of the Smoky City.

"80 per cent of the dealers we called on," Pittsburgh reported, "are using Red Edge. And the same thing holds true in Beaver Falls, Sharon and New Castle. Give us a little more time and we'll show up that South Bend bunch."

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The coal dealer's profit lies between "cost at the mines" and "cost to the consumer." These are pretty well fixed. But every cent he saves in cost of handling is so much Velvet. And Red Edge Shovels are noted for their labor-saving qualities. Ask us why. Or, better still, try out half a dozen and see.

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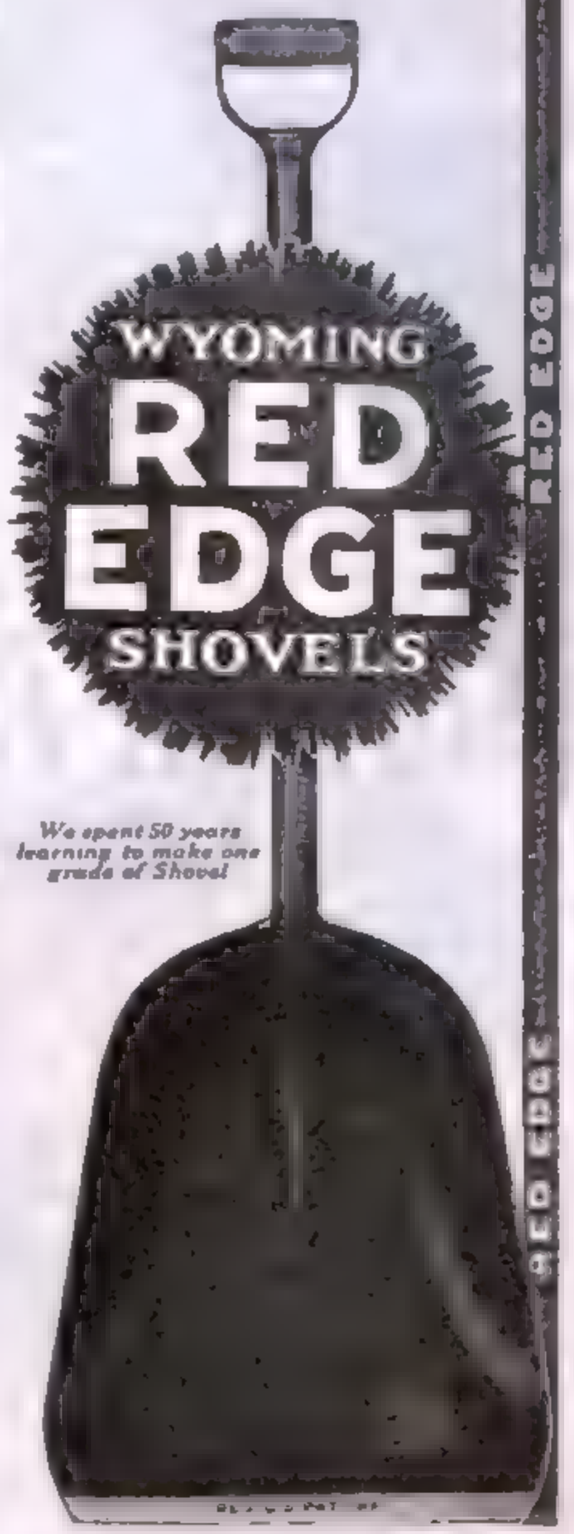

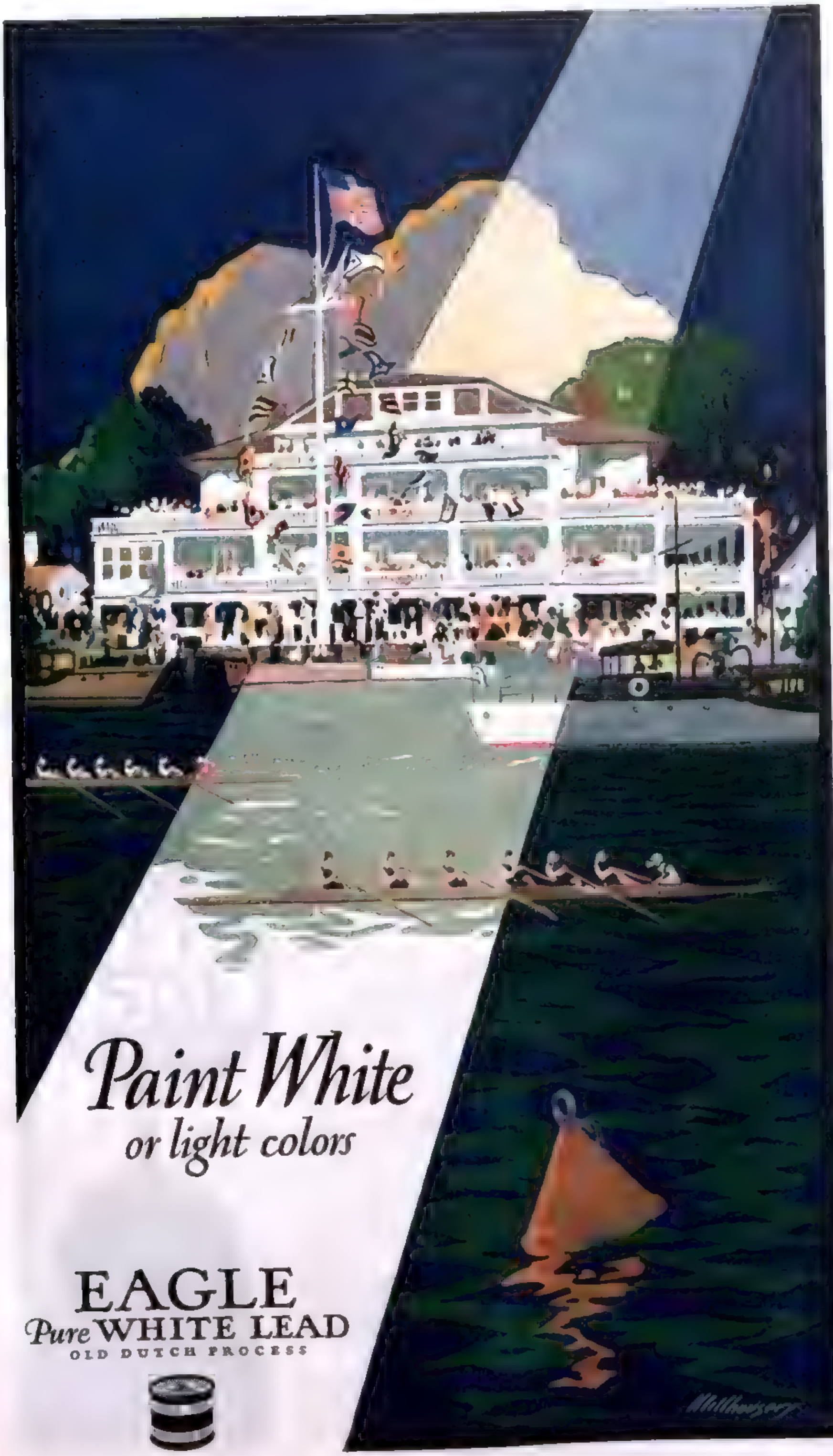

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AT LOW COST
with
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If white lead were very expensive it would still be the most economical paint, it wears so long. But Eagle Pure White Lead is *inexpensive* in first cost, besides being long wearing. When a 100 pound keg of Eagle, in paste form, is mixed by your painter with pure linseed oil, it makes about seven gallons of the finest pure white lead paint. And the cost is no more—often less—than many paints containing other materials.

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134 NORTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO
ELEVEN PLANTS
BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

(Continued from Page 111)

gentlemen who have been good enough to indicate their interest in—ah—your projected enterprise. Two of these are themselves in the colliery business—Mr. Young and Mr. Schureman. And the two others—Mr. Dixon and Mr. Olson—are interested in oil. Gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce you to Mr. MacCloud. . . . Mr. Massey, of course, you already know."

If thoughts could have killed, the major would at least have been carried away wounded; but, knowing nothing of the lethal volleys which Mell was silently showering upon him, the major arranged chairs for the party and rang for extra camp stools, fussing around like a handsome old rooster that is finding places where a somewhat backward flock of hens may lay their golden eggs.

"Miss Murchison couldn't come?" asked Mell, his voice almost sounding as though he had borrowed one of Mr. Massey's limes.

"For the present, she thought it would be too crowded," said the major, beneath his breath; "but later, when the business session is over ——"

The business session lasted an hour, but if you had been there, it might have struck you that the major was obliged to do most of the talking. At the end of the hour, however, the four visitors politely agreed that the possibilities of the idea might be worth investigating upon their return home, where facts and figures could be studied more closely than out on the deep blue sea. Meanwhile, as soon as he had assured himself that none of the four had apparently ever met his grim-faced uncle, Mell unconsciously began casting them for parts in those dramas which were never far from the surface of his mind.

Two of the quartet were rather quickly placed. Mell wrote in his memory:

"*Enter* MR. SCHUREMAN, *one of* ANGELA'S *trustees under her father's will. He stands unmoved while the others are laughing at the beadle. Becoming conscious that* MR. SCHUREMAN *has not relaxed the habitual severity of his expression, the others fall silent, uneasily impressed that they are in the presence of a superior intellect and not realizing that* MR. SCHUREMAN *is in reality exhibiting the chief defect of his character, namely, an utter lack of humor.*"

Mr. Olson was somewhat more briefly placed:

"MR. OLSON *made himself appear impressive by the simple plan of speaking always in such a subdued voice that the others were obliged to lean forward in order to hear him, this giving them the effect of hanging upon his words.*"

Mr. Young took longer, but Mell finally gave him this:

"*He lay quiet and watchful, like a deep pool inhabited by a number of wise old trout.*"

And of Mr. Dixon:

"*The moment* ANGELA *sees* MR. DIXON *she likes him. There is a friendliness, a hopefulness in his manner which appeals to her. He has a book under his arm which she presently discovers to be a volume of Robert Louis Stevenson, and from that moment there is a bond between them which cannot easily be broken.*"

Throughout the major's talk, Mr. Massey remained on the fence. He wouldn't say he was interested and he wouldn't say he wasn't.

"I'd like to think it over further," he said, his eye first on the major and then on Mell. "There are one or two points which are not yet clear in my mind."

At nine o'clock the visitors adjourned to the smoke room and the major went for his daughter. They played bridge then till eleven—two heavenly hours for Mell, who was rapidly approaching that blissful stage which comes to every man sooner or later, even if it only comes but once; that stage where it is enough for him just to sit there and look at her and draw tremulous breaths and marvel at the beauty of life and the richness of Nature's gifts.

The major took Marjorie to her stateroom at eleven o'clock, but returned a few minutes later and thoughtfully seated himself at the table at which they had been playing cards.

"I—ah—take it, Mr. MacCloud," he said, "that you will have the management of this new company which you are promoting?"

"I hadn't thought of that particularly," said Mell, blinking his eyes a little.

"I think I can arrange it, however," said the major, "especially in view of your commercial successes in other fields. The reason I spoke of the matter was this: I have long since entertained the possibility of leaving my native shores; for to be perfectly frank my native shores have not been altogether kind to me."

Mell saw it again then—the underlying sadness in the major's eyes, the eyes of a man who more than once had stood face to face with tragedy.

"But this is the point," continued the major, speaking more briskly: "If the management of the new company falls on you, do you think I could count upon it that one of the good positions would be open to me?"

"You bet you could!" said Mell; and whether or not he was thinking of Nature's gifts, there was certainly no mistaking the sincerity of his voice.

"You are very kind, sir," said the major, bowing across the table in his stately manner. "And now may I ask when you expect to return to the States?"

"I'm going back on the Patrician."

"Quite so." The major grew thoughtful, his winged brows almost meeting. "In that event," he presently went on, "I should like to return with you; but again, to be perfectly frank, some of us in England, you know, were not exactly benefited by the war—taxes—unexpected expenses—living, one might say, from hand to mouth, and not always connecting then. In short, sir," he continued, his hands unconsciously straying to one of the packs of cards, "I've been wondering if you could advance me a few thousand dollars, to pay a number of pressing obligations in London and repay the expenses of my return to New York."

Our temporary millionaire hesitated before replying; but at last, though sadly, it simply had to come.

"I'm afraid not, major," he said; and again there was no mistaking his sincerity. "You see, as I am returning at once, I brought only a few hundred dollars with me. But if that would be any use to you ——" he more eagerly continued.

"Thank you; thank you, no," said the major almost hurriedly. "Unfortunately I shall need considerably more than that and—ah—I think I can get the money elsewhere. But I thought I would ask you first, you know, leaving it to fate, as it were, to see if I should get the funds in this way or—ah—another."

Unobserved by the younger man, he lightly patted the backs of the cards as one might pat the backs of old friends.

"You are not annoyed by my request, I hope?" he asked, rising from his chair.

"Annoyed? My dear sir," exclaimed Mell, "I only wish I had more money with me."

"I only wish you had," said the major in a tone so earnest that the young man stared a little. And then in his more familiar voice the major resumed, "Good night, sir. And may I venture to wish you pleasant dreams?"

Mell hadn't been asleep long, though, when he awoke with the feeling that something was decidedly wrong.

"I know what I'll do," he told himself, thinking that this was it. "I'll change Angela's name to Marjorie."

But evidently it wasn't that, for the troubled feeling still persisted. And then at last he knew what it was that was bothering him.

"I wish I'd been able to lend the major that money," he thought with a sigh. "I hate to think of the way he spoke, just before he said good night."

x

THE weather freshened during the night; and although the Patrician did her best to preserve the even tenor of her way, now and then she drove a line of imaginary piles with the gigantic hammer of her bow, and there wasn't any parade on the promenade deck on Friday morning. For one thing, the deck was wet; and for another thing, it kept pitching up and down and rolling from side to side; and in spite of the canvas screens which had been laced against the rail, an occasional gust of spray came sweeping past this barricade and made the whole deck glisten.

"She won't be out this morning," mourned Mell at his window.

He had been working a bit on Angela's Vigil, but he had been up at the window as much as he had been down at the desk.

"I'm sorry I had to say no to the major last night," was his next sad reflection, still keeping his eye on the empty deck, "especially after all he's done. Then they could both have sailed back with me on the Patrician. But the way it is now, if he can't raise the money and this storm lasts all the way over ——"

He didn't finish that; the thought seemed too dreadful. But his meaning was this: If those two things happened, he might not see Marjorie again.

"That reminds me," he sorrowfully continued. "I must tell the major not to bring any more callers. The way he's started, he'll have the whole passenger list in yet, if I don't stop him. But if this storm keeps up ——"

He was interrupted by the loss of his balance, the Patrician having suddenly buried her bow in the water as though she had missed one of those imaginary piles and was about to stand on her head. And when he returned to the window he was just in time to see a graceful little figure come tripping along the deck, lifting her chin to the wind and the spray as though she gloried in them.

"There!" exulted Mell. "I knew she'd come!" And the next moment he had the window open and was kneeling on the writing desk.

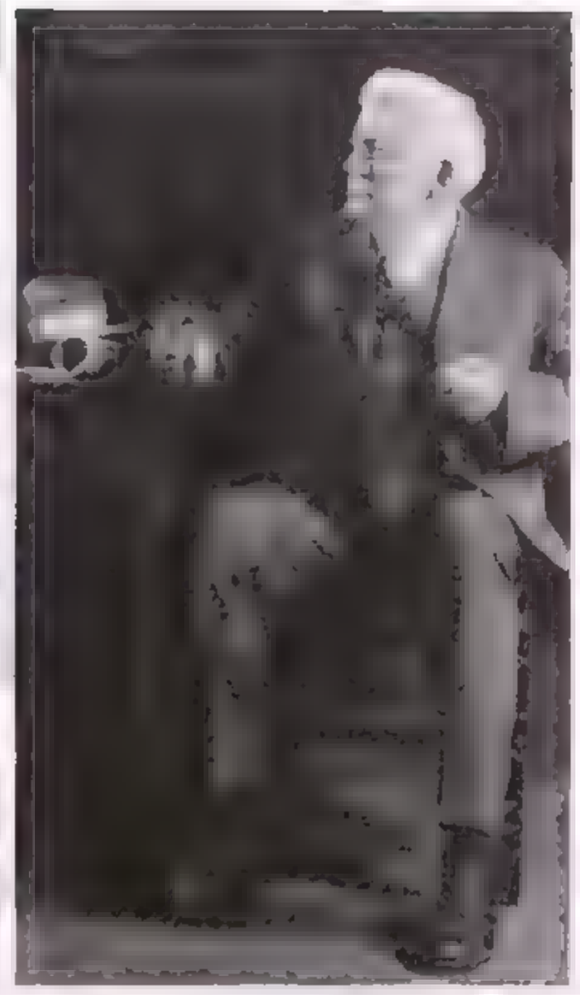
They had the nicest visit. She had to hang onto his window frame to keep from being pitched away. And once the window swung from behind and nearly knocked the back of his head in. And they simply loved it. You know the way young people laugh when they're happy, and the way they look at each other when they feel that solemn dithery feeling inside. And a dozen times she said, "I must run along now," and a dozen times he pleaded, "Oh, don't go yet!"

As if she meant to go!

And did they talk about the cost of smelting copper? Or the curriculum of the school for young ladies which she had attended in Philadelphia? No; they didn't talk of either of those things. But they talked about the major and what a fine old boy he was. And they talked about shipwrecks and how nice it would be on a desert island if the right person were only cast away with you. And they talked about right persons, and wrong persons, and people who didn't count at all—it seems they had both met quite a few of the latter two varieties.

And they talked about the Charleston, and how the girls in school used to dance it on the quiet till some of them could hardly walk into chapel without flinging their feet out sideways. And they talked about what they generally had for breakfast, and about the differences in the sizes of their hands, and about fruit salads, and the Prisoner's Song, and Marion Talley and Norman Rockwell and Keats, and taxi drivers and how awful it was for Romeo after he had drunk poison and then discovered that Juliet wasn't dead after all!

They were both feeling sorry for poor old Romeo when a knock sounded on Mell's door; and thinking—as always—that it was Gill, Mell shouted "Come in!" The door opened and let such a draft through



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Oakland 6	1924-26
Reo	1923-26
Flint 40	1924-25
Essex 6 11 gal. tank only	
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the room that it nearly blew Mell off the writing desk; and turning to see why Gill didn't close the door, he saw one of the ship's officers standing in the doorway. Evidently Marjorie saw him, too, for she whispered, "Good-by; I'm going," and the next moment the deck—that same deck which had just been looking like a sunny slope of heaven—suddenly became cold and wet again, and inexpressibly empty. Mell was glad to close the window to shut out such a dreary sight, and then he turned to see what the officer wanted.

"Mr. MacCloud?" began the latter, smiling a little and leaning against the doorway.

"Yes," said Mell, vaguely beginning to feel from the other's manner that something was wrong.

"The captain's compliments, and he wishes to see you at once."

"But my ankle ——" hesitated Mell, swallowing a bit hard.

"He's heard about your ankle, and I've been instructed to supply you either with crutches or two able-bodied seamen." His smile suddenly became a more familiar grin. "They've found you out and your number's up. If I were you, I think I'd walk," said he.

xi

"IT'S my fault," Mell despairingly told himself as he followed the officer to the captain's quarters behind the bridge. "One of those men last night probably knew Uncle Mell, after all, and this morning he went and told the captain. What I should have done—I should have kept my cabin door locked from the time we left the dock."

And yet, he reflected, the whole thing had happened, it might almost be said, inexorably. The major's gift of the liniment, the proposal to play bridge, the unexpected inclusion of Mr. Massey in the party, the talk about United Coal and Oil, the major's delegation—these events had befallen, step by step, as inescapably as the action of an old Greek drama.

"The only thing to do now," he thought, "is to try to keep them from sending a wireless to New York. If it once gets out in the papers that Uncle Mell's playing 'possum, he might get trapped himself."

By that time they had reached the captain's office; and the moment he stepped inside, Mell knew that this was no simple inquiry which was about to take place. The major was there, for instance, as distinguished looking as ever, but frowning somewhat as he stroked his long mustache. And Mr. Massey was there, his mouth still full of lemons, a sourly triumphant gleam in his eye. And the two coal operators were there, and the two oil magnates, like an elderly male quartet which had just been singing dirges. And seated at a flat-top desk was the Patrician's captain, who looked more like a diplomat than a sailor.

"The captain," thought Mell, sorrowfully enough—*(his cheeks patched with purple and his eyebrows grown like two young bushes as though to keep the sun and the rain from the watchful eyes beneath)*.

"Mr. MacCloud?" began the captain.

"Yes, sir," said Mell.

"May I trouble you for your passport?"

But this might lead to Uncle Melvin; so, after a moment's thought, Mell said, "I'm sorry, captain; but I have none."

"What? No passport?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you expect to land?"

"I don't expect to land. I intend to return on the Patrician."

You ought to have seen young Sour-Face then; he almost smacked his lips.

"They probably live on these boats," he said. "I knew there was something wrong right from the first."

"Do you generally travel with Major Murchison?" continued the captain.

At least Mell saw no harm in answering that. "No, sir," he said. "I never saw him till Wednesday."

"Of course he'd say that!"

"One moment, Mr. Massey," said the captain. "I will conduct this inquiry in my own way, if you please." And turning to Mell, he continued: "Is it true that you impersonated Mr. Melvin MacCloud to these gentlemen?"

"My name is Melvin MacCloud."

"But didn't you lead them to believe that you were another Melvin MacCloud—a gentleman prominently identified with the copper industry?"

"I believe they obtained that impression."

"And you didn't correct it?"

"No, sir."

"And you still deny that you and Major Murchison are traveling together?"

"We're both on the same boat, if that's what you mean," said Mell, beginning to look puzzled.

"No," said the captain; and speaking very plainly and very patiently, he continued: "This is what I mean: The major took a number of gentlemen to visit you last night, and because they thought you were Mr. MacCloud, the copper mine owner, he obtained their confidence. Later he joined them in the smoke room, where they were playing poker; and by a series of most remarkable hands, he promptly proceeded to win something like three thousand dollars."

"He was lucky," said Mell, smiling; and then gradually he stopped smiling as he remembered the major's remark of the night before: "I thought I would ask you first, leaving it to fate, as it were, to see if I should get the funds in this way or another."

"Rather more than lucky," said the captain significantly. "In fact, he held such remarkable hands that one of the spectators, whose suspicions had already been aroused, went to the ship's library this morning, and there in a late volume of Who's Who he discovered that Mr. MacCloud, the copper mine owner, was born in 1866—in other words, that he is sixty years old."

Mell didn't have to look around the table twice to know who it was who had dipped into current history.

"And there you have it," concluded the captain almost sadly, as though he preferred to think better things of mankind. "An impostor, traveling without a passport, and a colleague who is too lucky at cards. As for you, Mr. MacCloud, you will please stay in your stateroom for the present."

"Yes, sir," said Mell in a low voice—Mell, whose heart was beginning to ache as he thought of Marjorie's relationship to a certain stately gentleman who was standing accused of being too clever with the cards.

"And as for you, major ——"

"One moment, captain," said the major, majestically raising his hand. "Remember, sir, before you speak, that I shall hold you to the strictest liability. Mr. MacCloud will bear me out when I say that I never suspected that he was other than what he claimed to be."

"The pot now calling the kettle for witness?" asked young Sour-Face with a short laugh.

"Sir," exclaimed the major, rising, "that remark is distinctly libelous, and I call upon you all to remember it!"

"Two cheap crooks and I found them out!" continued Mr. Massey, possibly wishing to impress the others with his cleverness. "Two cheap crooks, and they think they can bluff me now!"

At that, Mell and the major both arose, and anyone in the room could see that even the future American Barrie had not arisen with any peaceful purpose.

"One moment!" exclaimed the captain sharply. "Mr. Massey, I wish to thank you for bringing this matter to my attention."

The words were those of thanks, but the tone was that of dismissal; and obeying his chief's almost imperceptible nod, the waiting officer led Mr. Massey to the door and politely closed it behind him.

The captain turned to the quartet next, sitting there in the background, not so much now like a musical group who had

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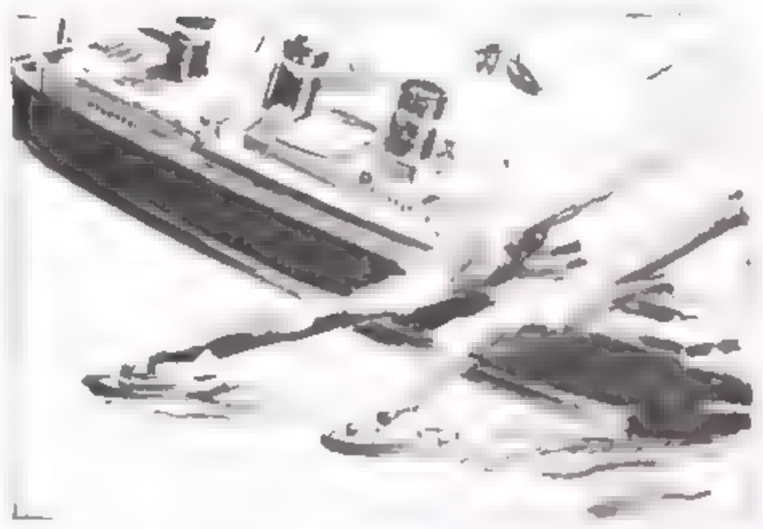
CHRYSLER "70" *Pioneer of a New Order*



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At that time Walter P. Chrysler sensed the widespread public desire for better car performance.

He recognized that motoring needs had developed to a point where the public demanded superior, faster and safer transportation; a car with longer life; greater comfort, more easy to handle and quicker to accelerate in the maze of traffic.

Thus the Chrysler "70" became the pioneer of a new order of motoring and today more than ever emphasizes the leadership it then assumed.

For Chrysler was the first stock car to give a speed of 70 miles and more per hour, an acceleration of 5 to 25 miles in 7¼ seconds and gasoline economy of 20 miles to the gallon with such performance.

Other advanced features were a motor with a seven bearing crank shaft in that price class; oil-filter, air-cleaner, an exclusive spring mounting eliminating side sway even at highest speeds, and self-equalizing hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

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So great was the manifest superiority of the Chrysler "70" that it immediately exercised a marked influence on the entire industry—an influence that has grown with each passing month.

But there has not yet appeared a single car, no matter what its outward resemblance to Chrysler, or that has adopted some of the features that Chrysler introduced, which does the things that Chrysler does as Chrysler does them.

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Coach, $1395; Roadster, $1525; Royal Coupe, $1695; Brougham, $1745; Sedan, $1545; Royal Sedan $1795; Crown Sedan $1895. *All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

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Especially notice Tip-Top's angle on the strap. No need to twist your neck—or your wrist, either—to read Tip-Top's time.

Look Tip-Top over—today! Your nearest dealer has the silver-dialed Tip-Top at $3.75. Radium luminous dial, $4.50. Also see Tip-Top, *the pocket watch.* Like the wrist-watch, but pocket sized. White dial, $1.75. Radium luminous dial, $2.75.

Ask your dealer about Tom-Tom too. The *octagon* True Time Teller alarm clock. White dial, $3.25. Radium, $4.25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.
Clock-makers for over 100 years

(Continued from Page 114)

just been singing dirges as like four members of a jury who had found the prisoners guilty, but weren't particularly proud of some of the testimony on which they had based their conviction.

"My thanks to you, gentlemen, as well," said the captain, with a smile which any diplomat might have envied.

The four were about to rise when the door opened and a cherub appeared in the shape of a rosy-cheeked cabin boy with a double row of round brass buttons on his little monkey jacket. Carrying these splendors with easy grace, he marched to the captain's desk and handed him an envelope and a sheet of flimsy—a sheet of flimsy such as the wireless operators use when making copies of the messages which they have snared with their antennæ.

The captain looked at the flimsy, and then he looked at the envelope, and then he turned and looked at Mell with his watchful eyes.

"A message for you, Mr. MacCloud," he said. "Perhaps you can explain it."

It was from New York; and, as you will see, the sender had been in a discursive—almost a garrulously triumphant mood. It read:

"Operations successful. Further concealment unnecessary.

"MELVIN J. MACCLOUD."

"Explain it? Yes, I can explain it," said Mell; and, his heart still numb at the major's luck with the cards, he sadly turned to the departing quartet and added, "Don't go yet, please. I've something I want to tell you."

XII

MELL was in Cupid's Bower an hour later, frowning at a cut on his knuckles, when the major knocked and entered; and far from showing any embarrassment from his recent exposure in the captain's office, it needed only a glance to see that the major was in excellent form.

"I have just left our friends in the smoke room," he announced. "They are all right again now."

Forgetting his usual dignity, he started to hum—a mid-Victorian air which had once accompanied the adventures of a Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. But catching himself, he suddenly stopped and stroked his mustache with a stately hand instead.

"First of all," he said, "I offered to return their money, pointing out that though I had won it fairly enough, in view of the fact that a question had been raised which reflected upon my honor, I could no longer rest easy with the funds in my possession. Naturally, they resisted; but it was finally agreed that a coin should be tossed to settle the point—leaving it to fate again, you see—tails that I should return the money, heads that I should keep it. And—ah—quite as it happened, of course, I managed to toss a head."

There was a pause then; and perhaps each guessed the question in the other's eyes.

"Are you generally lucky at games of chance, major?" asked Mell in a low voice.

"Well, I know cards rather well," hesitated the major. "Too well, I don't mind telling you now, for my own good. In fact, I might even say that my whole life has been ruined by the damned things. At a time when I should have been studying my career, I made a hobby of bridge. That was bad enough, of course; but to make it worse, I wrote a textbook on the subject—Murchison's Manual, if you please. You'll find it in the ship's library here, and I believe it is still regarded as the European authority. As a matter of fact," he bitterly added, "it isn't a book; it's a millstone; and it hangs around my neck. 'He's Major Murchison, you know, of Murchison's Manual'; and who could regard me seriously after that?"

"Then last night?"

"Oh, last night was all right!" exclaimed the major, still speaking with a touch of bitterness. "Ordinarily I dislike to play poker, because when strangers discover that they have been playing with the author of Murchison's Manual, they generally seem to feel that they have been sitting against a professional, and they resent it. But so far as last night is concerned, I happened to hold two aces and then I drew two more, just at a time when the other hands were good. It was our young friend Massey who stirred up the trouble. . . . Oh, and that reminds me—do you expect to be busy this afternoon?"

"N-no," said Mell, with a glance at the deserted deck outside.

"Then we'll have another talk with those four gentlemen, if you like."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mell, almost in awe. "Are they still going on with that?"

"Going on with it?" echoed the major. "My dear boy, you couldn't stop them now unless you tied their feet! According to a radio item which was posted on the smoke-room bulletin board half an hour ago, Melvin J. MacCloud, the new copper king, cleared up ten million dollars on the stock exchange yesterday; and ah—in some mysterious manner, your own connection with the affair has become public, and you are the hero of the ship."

In response to the major's stately gesture of congratulation, they shook hands, Mell wincing a little when his knuckles felt the pressure of the other's grasp.

"I must be going now," said the major. "I feel that I shall enjoy my luncheon better after I have found Mr. Massey and have asked him to explain a recent remark which he made in the captain's office."

Whatever limitations his authorship of Murchison's Manual had placed upon him, there was no mistaking the major's martial front as he said those words.

"I doubt if Massey will be able to see you," said Mell.

"Why not?" demanded the major, more warlike than ever.

"Well," said Mell, "I met him in the corridor myself just before you came in, and there was no one else out there but our own two selves. And, of course, I'm not sure, major—I couldn't swear to it—but I don't believe he'll be able to see you or anybody else for the next few days—not, at least, till his eyes are open again."

XIII

THE weather cleared during the afternoon; and by the time Mell started to dress for dinner, that straddling lobster of the sky again came out and was duly split upon the plate of evening.

The major and his hopeful four had left him less than an hour before; but Mell wasn't thinking of them. United Coal and Oil and its possible millions were altogether in the future, and what he wanted was something immediate.

"A thousand dollars from Uncle Melvin," he was dreaming to himself. "I'm sure of that much, anyhow, as soon as I get back. Enough for a good long honeymoon—and I'll finish the Vigil too."

His studs and the knot of his tie absorbed him then; but it wasn't long before his glance grew dreamy again, and seating himself at the desk, with Uncle Melvin's coat and waistcoat still upon their hanger, he wrote:

ANGELA *(her hand upon her breast, which rises and falls like twin waves of the sea while she watches the lights of* DEREK'S *car approaching from below):* How strange—the way I feel! I have never felt like this before Even as far away as that, he makes me tremble like the strings of a harp.

Mell read it over and shook his head "No, not quite like Barrie," he said, uncertainly rising and drawing a tremulous breath. "I think—before long, though—I'll be able to describe it better than that."

The second bell was still ringing when he started out to find the dining room, his search an adventure which caught his fancy at every turn. The great stairways, with their paintings and palms, the elevators, the long, mysterious corridors, the shops,

(Continued on Page 118)

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(Illustrated)

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AND DOWERED with those custom details of luxury and refinement that place it in the company of costly custom creations!

Resting on a wheelbase of 127 inches, the President reveals the long level lines of a custom body—settling low over disc wheels with four-wheel brake control—lacquered in a rich ebony with a belt of thistle green striped with Siskiyou yellow—upholstered in broadcloth with broadlace trim and last minute custom appointments—and culminating in the silvered figure of Atalanta poised above its radiator to symbolize the futility of pursuit.

Yet the President is moderately priced, thanks to Studebaker One-Profit facilities. By all means see the President before you see anybody else. It is the final word in a car for the man whose word is final.

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No-draft ventilating windshield, nickel-plated bumper and bumperettes, Watson stabilators, engine heat indicator and gasoline gauge on the dash, coincidental lock, oil filter and air purifier, automatic windshield cleaner, automatic spark control, double rear-view mirror, vanity case, smoking set, clock, arm rests, toggle grips, dome light automatically turned on when right rear door is opened, and two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel

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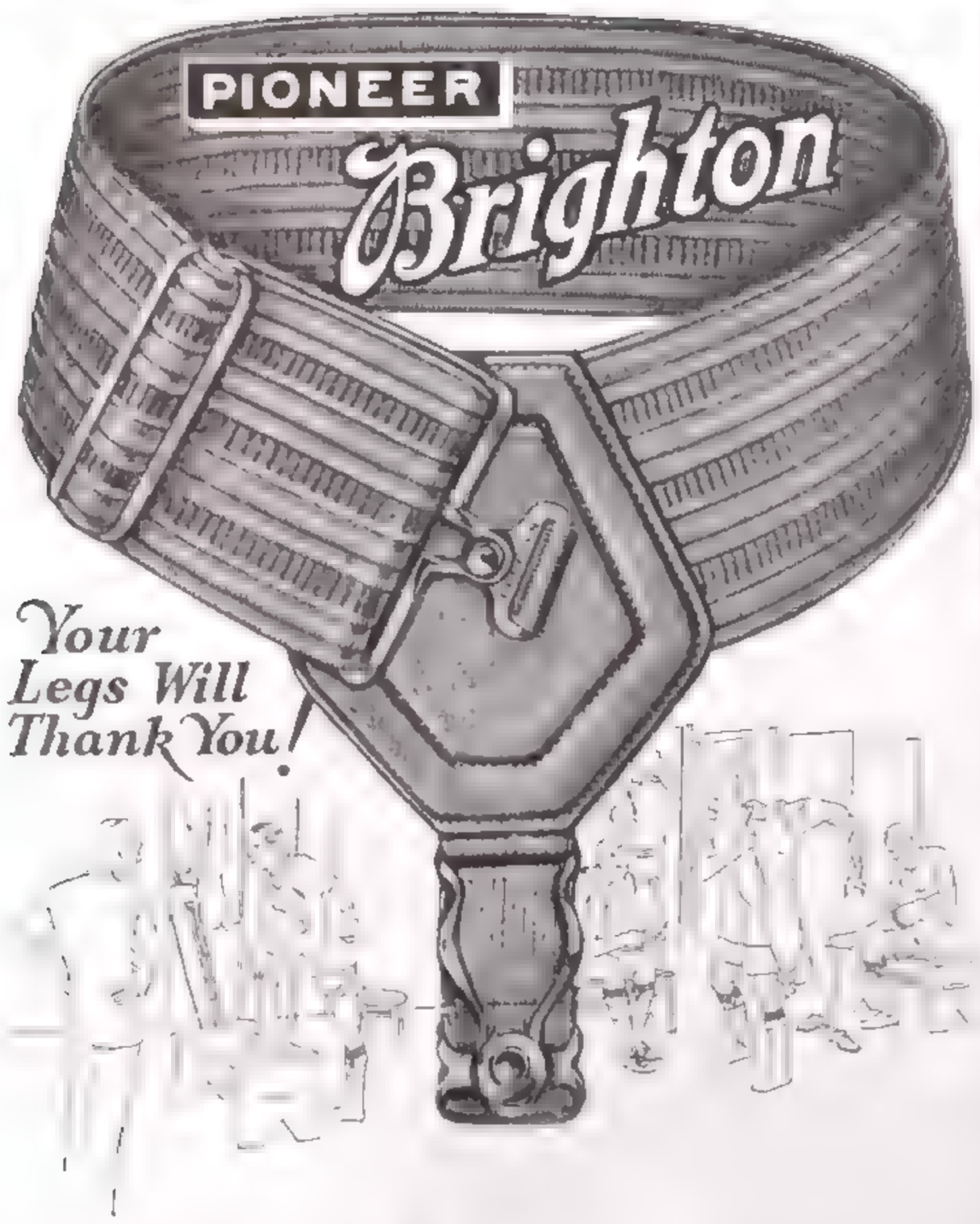

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Insist on Brightons at the men's wear counter—packed in the blue and orange box.

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PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTERS

PIONEER Single Grip 35c and up Double Grip 50c and up PIONEER

(Continued from Page 116

the offices, and somewhere in the distance an orchestra playing Kreisler's Souvenir—nearly everywhere he found something to warm his imagination and start odd bits of fancy in his mind.

A stairway fit for some grand monarch of the seas. . . . Unconsciously ANGELA *took the wrong corridor, and opened the last door but one on the left, by which she always remembered her own room. . . . A terrific lurch of the ship caused the cage to stick between two floors, and just at that moment a mountainous wave crashed over the boat deck and poured itself down the elevator shaft* ——

By that time, following a group of passengers in evening clothes, he had reached the entrance of the dining room. He started to tell himself:

They swept in like peacocks about to eat their golden corn ——

But here he was interrupted by a head steward with a passenger list in his hand.

"Name, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Mell, blinking a little. "My name's MacCloud—Melvin MacCloud. But I'm going to sit in Mr. Massey's place tonight."

It was a table for four, and all the chairs were empty when he reached it.

"Where does Miss Murchison sit?" he asked the table steward.

"'Ere, sir."

"Then I'll sit here," said Mell. As he tucked his long legs under the table, it was evident that some of the other passengers had heard him tell his name to the head steward. Here and there heads began to turn and discreet whispers passed around: "There he is—Table Number 12—Melvin MacCloud. His uncle made ten million on the stock exchange yesterday. They thought he was on the Patrician and raided his stocks, but the old boy suddenly turned up and spanked them. . . . And now they're starting another company—United Coal and Oil ——"

Oblivious to this, Mell was watching the doorway for Marjorie and the major to appear; and he hadn't been waiting long when a queer, palpitating feeling made him thrill all over. The major was speaking to Mr. Schureman and didn't see him at first. But Marjorie did, and after a moment's hesitation she made right for him. Outwardly calm, Mell arose and drew out her chair; but, oh, what was happening inside him!

"Now I must remember all this," he tried to tell himself, "so I can put it in the Vigil."

There must have been a lot to remember, for it was well past midnight before he returned to the Bower. He sat for a while then, smiling in his serious manner at the fancies which came to him, and then he slowly walked his chair along to the desk.

"I think I'll write the last scene first," he told himself, "because that's the freshest in my mind." And dipping his pen in the ink he wrote:

ANGELA *(looking over the rail, and knowing that her vigil is nearing its end):* Doesn't it seem wonderful that the stars have always been here!

DEREK *(his voice shaking a little):* I'm beginning to feel that I've loved you as long as that.

ANGELA: Isn't it strange the way it seems we've always known each other!

[DEREK *kisses her.*

ANGELA *(in muffled voice):* Careful, dear! I think the watchman's coming by again.

Mell leaned back in his chair and read what he had written.

"There," he exulted to himself, "that's more like Barrie! I always knew, 'way down in my heart, that the time would come—at last!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

goes to lunch, which is eaten *maestoso*. The wailing oboe, played *poco pianissimo*, indicates that he objects, mentally, to the check, but pays it, *ritardando*. The saxophones break into a wild tempo *rubato*, expressing difficulties in Mr. McGoofus' efforts to become a captain of industry. This movement becomes more and more *rallentando* until there is a crash from the cymbals, showing us that Mr. McGoofus has closed his desk for the day. There is just enough of a suggestion of Home, Sweet Home to recognize it, after which the entire orchestra plays a sprightly air in unison. Mr. McGoofus is going home. He is anxious to be there.

The music is taken up at a more rapid tempo. It becomes *più mosso* and *forte*. There is a *diminuendo* as the train pauses for Rolling Roost, the home of Mr. McGoofus. The music swings into a *legato* waltz. All is at peace. So is Mr. McGoofus. He approaches his own door, *grasioso* and *leggiero*. This motif is particularly sweet and cloying. It grows fainter and fainter, with nothing left but the singing of the muted violins. A sudden pause, then every instrument in the orchestra blares forth with a discord and the symphony ends. Mrs. McGoofus has just told Mr. McGoofus that they are going to a concert that night.

—*Tom S. Elrod.*

The House That Jack Built

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the banker who furnished the dough to construct the house that Jack built.

This is the man who signed the note to give to the banker who furnished the dough to construct the house that Jack built.

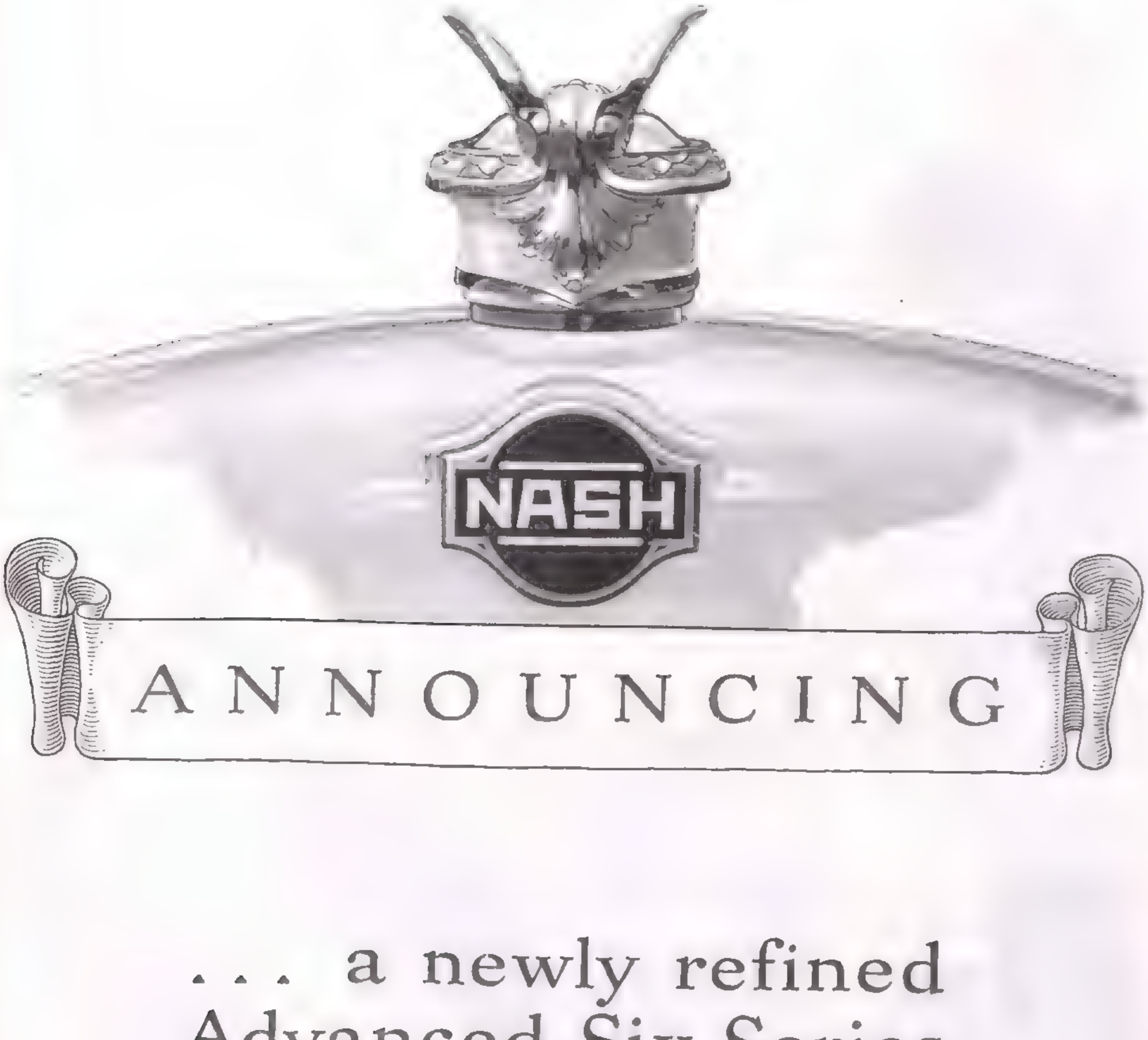
This is the man who sold the plot so Jack could have for his house, a lot; he backed the man who signed the note to give to the banker who furnished the dough to construct the house that Jack built.

This is the agent—a salesman hot—who furnished insurance for house and lot to protect the man who sold the plot, who backed the fellow who signed the note to give to the banker who furnished the dough to construct the house that Jack built.

This is the policy tried and true, sold by the agent—a salesman hot—who furnished insurance for house and lot to protect the man who sold the plot who backed the fellow who signed the note to give to the banker who furnished the dough to construct the house that Jack built.

This is the mortgage, black and blue, along with the policy tried and true, put up to secure the salesman hot who furnished insurance for house and lot to protect the man who sold the plot, who backed the fellow who signed the note to give to the banker who furnished the dough to construct the house that Jack built.

This, an asylum painted red, was built for a guy who was off in his head; who owed for the mortgage, black and blue, as well as the policy, tried and true, put up to secure the salesman hot who furnished insurance for house and lot to protect the man who sold the plot, who backed the fellow who signed the note to give to the banker who furnished the dough to construct the house that Jack built; yea, to construct it so by and by it could be turned over to some other guy, who would borrow the money and hock his coat to get some poor sucker to sign his note, rush up to the agent—a salesman hot—to get more insurance on house and lot, to take out a policy tried and true and follow with mortgages, black and blue; and who, before long, with a pain in his head, would wend his way to the asylum red, and say: "Move over, Jack, an' gimme room; I tried to get rich in the real-estate boom, so I bought a house and borrowed the dough an' now there ain't nobody I don't owe; the banker and the salesman hot have taken over my house and lot an' unless I miss my guess by a mile, they'll be here, too, in a darned short while." —*Holbert Seigle.*



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NEAPOLITAN SCREAM

(Continued from Page 23)

"Well ——" Cæsar was none too gracious. "I walks slow up the street."

That seemed to satisfy Mr. Potts, who vanished unobtrusively into the tobacco shop while Director Clump brooded slowly up the narrow, steep thoroughfare.

He had almost determined to become friends again with Welford. For one thing, he liked the dapper little actor, and for another he was eager to ascertain just how much President Latimer had said to Welford in their fateful interview of an hour since. And so, while Welford wrestled despairingly with the keeper of the tobacco shop, trying to make him understand what it was that he wanted, Cæsar crept along the street, staring through sprawling doorways at scenes of domestic intimacy frankly revealed to the casual passer-by.

But the motion-picture cells of Cæsar's brain seemed to have atrophied. Back in Birmingham, in the hustle and bustle of Eighteenth Street, Mr. Clump's brain clicked like a pair of castanets in the hands of an enthusiastic Spanish dancer. Here in Naples it exhibited all the fertility of a cold-storage egg

His problem was that of a beginning point. He knew that once he swung into action the rich flavor of Europe would provide him with multitudinous hunches to keep the movie fans of America goggle-eyed with laughter.

The pristine bitterness of President Latimer's tongue-lashing was wearing away. True, Clump still believed that he was a much-picked-upon gentleman, yet there was a feeling of relief in the knowledge that the issue had been joined and he, himself, scourged into action. Anything was better than this state of desuetude into which he had fallen. The fact that he had much company in his misery relieved the situation not a bit.

He moved slowly and more slowly, waiting for Welford. He didn't know where the little star had gone or what was detaining him. He noticed children and women along the street staring at him, but a fortnight in Naples had schooled him to languid indifference. He moved very slowly, and finally stopped before a five-story stucco tenement which was as like every other structure on the block as one string bean is like a thousand other string beans, and there he stood, indifferent to his surroundings, enmeshed in the net of his own troubles.

Now it happens that in certain sections of Naples American tourists mean but one thing—and that one thing is alms. The cry for charity falls upon the ear of the stranger from every direction; it issues from the throats of young boys and girls, from able-bodied men and cripples, from young women and old. But most particularly it comes from women who are fortunate enough to be possessed of children of carrying size. It is a never-ending din of pleading; it rises and falls in shrill cadence; it has a timbre of command and it is startlingly persistent.

It so happened that things had not been going very well of late with the Petronio family. Signor Petronio was a hard-working gentleman who labored at a modest wage in one of the city's less pretentious spaghetti factories. Mrs. Carmelina Petronio did more or less housework and struggled valiantly to make ends meet, and there was a baby Petronio who was lusty-lunged and not unattractive. Wherefore, when the coffers of the Petronio family needed slight replenishing and the spaghetti business was off, Mrs. Petronio lay in wait for any tourists who might come strolling by, and from them solicited financial aid on behalf of the *bambino*.

By this it must not be concluded that Carmelina lost any caste or social prestige. It was quite the thing in that neighborhood for men, women and children to extract what money they could from pedestrians. As a matter of fact, genuine success in the casual begging line was looked upon by the indigent neighbors as being the hall mark of genius.

Carmelina Petronio glimpsed Mr. Julius Cæsar Clump strolling moodily along her street. To her untutored eye he was merely a very elegant American tourist. She was delighted with his checkered cap, his silk shirt, his putties and his horn-rimmed goggles, and so she bustled into her house, gave strident commands to three small Petronios and gathered into her arms the youngest of the family, a masculine person about sixteen months of age. She threw a shawl about her head, assumed an expression of abysmal dolefulness and moved once more into the narrow street.

J. Cæsar Clump was standing just outside the door. His hands were plunged deep in his pockets and he was absently fingering a dozen small coins which were contained therein. The clink of money was wafted to the ears of this mother of four Petronios like the opening measures of a great symphony.

Mrs. Petronio gathered the newest Petronio to her bosom and advanced mournfully on Cæsar. Her voice rose above the street din in wailing anguish.

"A-a-a-ah, *signore! Bambino!* A-a-a-ah, *bambino!*"

Cæsar favored her with a disapproving stare. Her cry meant nothing to him. The word "*bambino*" was merely a name attached to a certain prominent American baseball player in whom Mr. Clump was not at the moment interested.

"*Bambino!*" The cry was plangent on his ears. "A-a-ah, *bambino!*"

Cæsar stared at mother and child. Mrs. Petronio extended the child for his inspection, and the child chuckled delightedly at sight of J. Cæsar's dark countenance and black goggles. In spite of his ill humor, J. Cæsar smiled.

That was the signal of encouragement which Mrs. Carmelina Petronio needed. She knew then that it was merely a question of how much. She sprayed the Italian language all over the street in a staccato medley of words which fell heavily on Cæsar's uncomprehending ears. She was telling him in her most impressive way that none of the Petronios had partaken of a square meal in many weeks and that this particular child had been the chief sufferer. She also explained that ordinarily she would not stoop to beg, but this was a very particular case engendered by the vacuum existing in the *bambino's* digestive apparatus.

J. Cæsar Clump had no faintest idea of what was happening. It never occurred to him that charity was being sought. He only saw a fat, healthy, laughing baby and a mother who seemed proud of it. He saw her come close to him, and he laughed with the baby. The *bambino* returned the laugh and J. Cæsar chucked it under the chin.

Mrs. Petronio with difficulty restrained a shriek of triumph. She commenced to think in lire instead of centesimi. She held the baby beseechingly toward J. Cæsar Clump—and Director J. Cæsar Clump misinterpreted the gesture. He took the child in his arms!

The trio was now beaming. In the glory of the child's happiness Mr. Clump forgot his own miseries, and devoted himself with commendable enthusiasm to the task of keeping the baby in good humor. Mrs. Petronio witnessed the tableau with joy unbounded and smiled her approval on offspring and American alike.

J. Cæsar displayed all the qualities of a perfect nurse. He tickled the child and grimaced at it and made queer, unearthly sounds which are popularly supposed by adults to comprise an infant vocabulary. The baby laughed gleefully.

And then, from somewhere in the cavernous recesses of the tenement in which the Petronios resided, there came a series of unearthly howls and screams which indicated that something was radically amiss with one of the other little Petronios.

Mrs. Carmelina stood motionless for a moment. The howlings crescendoed and became terrifying. The mother heart of Mrs. Petronio filled with worry. She gave a quick glance at the kindly American who played so perfectly with her child. And she asked him—in Italian—whether he would object to amusing the baby for a few moments while she went to investigate what manner of evil had befallen her other children.

J. Cæsar did not understand what she was saying, and so he merely nodded acquiescence and said "*Si!*" which was all the Italian he had absorbed in two weeks. And then Mrs. Petronio vanished!

For five minutes after her departure, J. Cæsar enjoyed himself hugely with the baby. But there is a distinct limit to the amount of amusement a man can derive from a sixteen-month-old infant, no matter how cute that child may be; and so Cæsar commenced to walk up and down the street, peering into doorways and wondering where the mother was and why she did not return. He appreciated her confidence in him, of course, but he had no desire to accept a permanent position as nursemaid, and from all indications the mother was not thinking of effecting an immediate return.

Ten minutes passed. A horrid thought smote Cæsar. He had heard of children being abandoned! What if he had acquired a nice Italian child as his very own! The idea was appalling! He decided suddenly and unanimously that he wished to get rid of this *bambino*—quickly and completely.

He approached one or two neighborhood women, extended the child toward them and made grimaces which were intended to convey the impression that he wished to know the child's domicile. But the women shook their heads in negation, and also refused to take the infant from him.

Cæsar had lost all track of which tenement was partially inhabited by the Petronio family. Each building on the block was absolutely like every other building. All swarmed with men, women, children and dogs. No one seemed to understand that this dusky American considered himself in a decidedly embarrassing position.

Mr. Clump yearned for the services of an interpreter. With someone who could slip readily from English to Italian it would be easy enough to go from tenement to tenement inquiring the baby's parentage. But no one seemed to understand him.

He desired to walk down the street toward Via Roma where interpreters swarm. Yet there was grave danger in such an act. Suppose Mrs. Carmelina returned and thought he was attempting to kidnap her offspring. He concluded ruefully that he must emulate the lad who did fixed-post duty on the burning deck.

And then, from the corner, a vision appeared—a slender, radiant, inspiration-inspiring vision which caused a pæan of joy to overflow the heart of Mr. Julius Cæsar Clump. The vision was personified by Mr. Welford Potts, star actor.

Welford toiled blithely up the street toward his chief, blissfully unconscious of the fact that he was about to become a victim. And as for Mr. Clump, that gentleman experienced not a single qualm of conscience. Hadn't Welford done him dirt by agreeing with President Latimer's drastic opinions? Hadn't Welford been so much in the wrong that all morning he had been trying to make peace with Cæsar, and hadn't he himself said that he'd do anything in the world to make things right? Very well—here was his chance.

Mr. Potts approached Mr. Clump and opened his lips in the speech preliminary to presenting the American cigarettes. But the speech was never finished. Mr. Clump stepped forward and shoved the little Petronio into the astonished arms of Mr. Potts.

(Continued on Page 125)

Happy, Healthy People

Thousands have corrected clogged intestines, skin and stomach disorders—found glorious health and happiness—*by eating one simple food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-17, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"FOR two years my face was badly affected with skin eruptions. I decided to give up dancing and sports until my face was free and decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Four months have passed and my face is completely free from eruptions. I am still taking Yeast and always will."

DAVID H SAVER, Jacksonville, Fla.

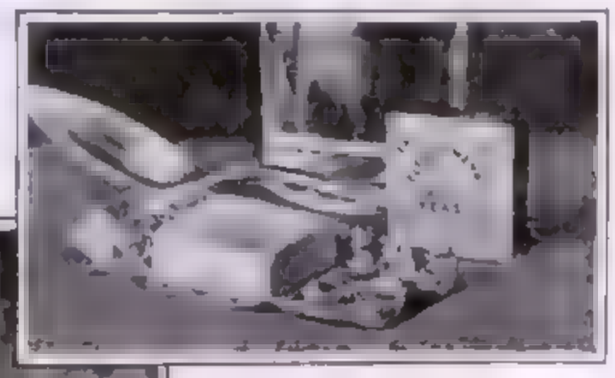
"I AM a sailor in the United States Navy and all my life, as long as I can remember, I have been bothered with stomach trouble. I have read and have been told of Fleischmann's Yeast and have also seen a difference in my shipmates who have used it. While home on leave last August I got in the habit of taking Yeast in a glass of warm water. Now I feel like a new man. I eat much more and I also perform my duties with much more 'pep' than I ever have before."

STANLEY H STRAINGE, U S. Navy, Hampton Roads, Va.

(LEFT)

"I DID competitive swimming and diving. I met with an accident which confined me in a hospital for one month. Afterwards I was very weak and tired easily. I decided I would make yeast a daily habit. Now I feel so strong that Friday night I swim a mile. And I credit my pep to Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. BETTY KURZWELLY, Chicago, Ill.

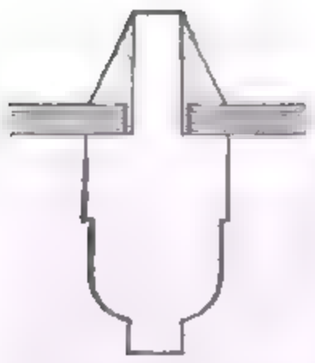


THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

(LEFT)

"I HAD dizzy spells and a disagreeable rash on my skin. I had chronic constipation but did not know it until my physician told me. He directed that I eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I did as he said. After four months in his charge I was a new man. I don't get dizzy any more. My complexion is now clear. I feel in perfect health."

LEONARD H DITTRICH, Pittsburgh, Pa.



ONE of those little things that make the living room in Mr. Child's home beautiful in detail as well as in general design and proportions is the character of the moldings in the casement sash. If the photograph were larger you could see that each thin division bar between the panes of glass is delicately molded. The drawing above is a cross-section of a muntin, or division bar, and shows the exact shape of this molding. All Curtis Woodwork shows care in such matters.

Casement sash, with small, well-proportioned panes, are attractive from the interior as well as the exterior. This photograph, taken in the living room of the home of Mr. Edward T. Child, in Larchmont, New York, shows their interior beauty. The noted architect and author, Mr. Aymar Embury II, was the architect of this house. The New Rochelle Coal and Lumber Company, New Rochelle, N.Y., supplied the Curtis Woodwork.

So much *beauty* is due to *woodwork* alone!

That is why some people are able to get a wealth of beauty into their homes for very little money

YOU have seen homes in which a great deal of money has been lavished on rugs, furniture, curtains. Yet they are indifferent, if not actually unattractive—not a bit homelike.

You have seen others in which very little has been spent on furnishings. Yet these interiors catch and please the eye. They are restful, beautiful—because they have beautiful woodwork. Woodwork is structurally a part of the house itself, being built into it when the house is constructed. At the same time it has something of the character of furniture.

A home in which the doors and windows and trim are tastefully designed is attractive even though sparingly furnished. And beautiful furnishings appear at their best only when set off by woodwork that is properly designed.

Yet the right kind of woodwork for your house won't cost half as much as you will spend on your furniture and furnishings. It won't cost one-eighth as much as you will put into other materials and labor.

Therefore, give particular attention to the selection of doors, windows, trim, stairway! And have good built-in china closets, mantels, bookcases, and kitchen dressers. Choose Curtis Woodwork and look for the Curtis trademark to be sure you are getting Curtis. Then much of your furnishing will be done before you move in.

Now easy to have beautiful woodwork

Builders of expensive homes have always realized the importance of beautiful woodwork. To be sure they had it, they employed architects to "detail" it specially for them. Today builders of homes of all sizes can have beautiful woodwork. And they save the extra expense of made-to-order construction.

You and your architect or builder can now select the designs suitable to the style and plan of your house from the Curtis dealer's stock or from his Curtis Catalog. These items are manufactured in advance of your needs. Confine your selections to Curtis sizes and designs (consult the Curtis dealer on this important point). Then there will be no errors in production, and no disappointments so common with made-to-order millwork. And every Curtis article is not only of known design, but is uniformly of the same construction as every other similar article, because all are made by one manufacturer, and according to definite standards of construction.

This Curtis stair C-908 is in the home of Mr. Morton Hall, Albany, New York, and was supplied by The Blakeslee Lumber Company.

Designed by architects who know

You can depend on Curtis Woodwork being right from every stand-

DOORS · WINDOWS · FRAMES · MOLDINGS ·

The heavy, thick mantelpieces that weighted down fireplaces built as recently as five years ago have given way to better proportioned and more graceful designs such as this Curtis design C-615. Note what a lovely background it makes for the furnishings of the room. The painting is from a photograph taken in the home of Mr. Frank Miller, Albany, N. Y.; The Blakeslee Lumber Company, dealers.

YOU will see many mantels that look something like this one in Mr. Miller's living room. But they will not be quite so pleasing to the eye. Why not? Because they will lack its graceful proportions and the subtle beauty of its moldings. It is so easy to get the shelf too wide or too long; and the moldings underneath too heavy or too sharp or too something. Above is a cross-section of the mantelshelf itself which shows the intricate pattern that is responsible for the beauty of this Curtis design.

point of architecture and interior decorating, because every item has been designed from authentic originals by architects of standing.

The best houses in America and England have suggested designs suitable for modern homes. These designs are authentic . . . beautiful . . . appropriate.

Good design has not added one cent to Curtis Woodwork prices

Every article of Curtis Woodwork is manufactured, in standard sizes and approved woods, in quantities. That brings down production costs. That is why, when the many points of superiority in Curtis Woodwork are taken into account, it costs no more than ordinary millwork. Very often it actually costs less when such expense items are included as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job.

Go see some Curtis Woodwork and judge for yourself. The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) probably handles the line and has some in stock or on display. He will also show you his Curtis Catalog from which you and your architect or builder can select the designs and sizes to fit your plans; or write for a free copy of "Curtis Woodwork," 32 pages, illustrated.

Choose your French doors as you would windows; see that they have narrow stiles and rails and that they are divided into small, well-proportioned panes, with nicely molded muntin bars between. Curtis recommends French doors like those above. These Curtis doors C-321 are from the home of Mr. Francis T. Hunter, in New Rochelle, New York; E. D. Parmelee, architect; New Rochelle Coal and Lumber Company, dealers. The trim around these doors is C-1620.

If you are planning to build a Colonial house, select a Curtis entrance like this one (C-100) in which all the niceties of design are taken care of for you by the noted architects who have designed Curtis Woodwork. This photograph is from a home in Germantown, Philadelphia; The Gillingham Co., Philadelphia, dealers.

If you expect to attend the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, see the Curtis Woodwork in the "Save the Surface" bungalow facing Patterson Avenue in front of Treasure Island

CURTIS WOODWORK

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
435 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law, however, does prevent others from using our trademark. Make sure that the woodwork you buy—sash, doors, moldings or interior woodwork—bears the CURTIS trademark

1866 CURTIS

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Usually, the sales letter is written by one man, and the stationery is purchased by another. The one man's aim is to carry a message of enthusiasm, to create confidence, to sincerely "put over" the big story of his organization—while, necessarily, the other man's inclination is to cut costs.

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The Chart assures the *right price*, as well as the *right paper*, because these Nine Standardized grades, covering all business requirements, are made in volume by the world's largest makers of fine papers, with every resulting economy in production and distribution.

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MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

EAGLE-A *Business* PAPERS

Future Contents
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(Continued from Page 120)

"Hold him," commanded Cæsar in his most authoritative voice.

Welford held. He was accustomed to taking orders from Cæsar and just at this moment was in no mood to excite further ire. But he did question.

"Whaffo'?"

"To hol'—what you think? I ——" Then Cæsar had another idea. "I has borried this baby to take a pitcher with."

Welford's not to question why; Welford's but to do or die. Welford did!

Cæsar turned hurriedly away and flung parting instructions over his shoulder:

"You remain right where you is at, Welford. I goes an' gits Exotic Hines an' his camera. Us starts shootin' right now."

"Is you comin' right back?"

"Quick as I an' Exotic can git heah. You remain where you is at."

"Y-y-yas-suh," said the unfortunate Welford doubtfully. Ordinarily he might have argued, but not at this moment.

And so J. Cæsar Clump left Mr. Welford Potts standing in the street clutching a strange Italian child, while he himself swung off—not in search of a cameraman, but on a still hunt for an interpreter. He moved rapidly and relievedly in the general direction of Via Roma. He turned a corner and vanished from the sight of Mr. Welford Potts.

Thus far Mr. Potts did not doubt the honesty of his chief's statements. Welford held Cæsar in highest esteem, and if, in that few moments, Cæsar claimed to have developed a picture hunch and the baby to use the hunch with—then Mr. Potts was pleased but not surprised. He had been too long intimate with the amazing functionings of Mr. Clump's fertile brain.

But Welford was neither a good nurse nor an enthusiastic one. He didn't know how to hold a child and he was not adept in contorting his physiognomy into expressions which delight extreme youth. He tried his best, but the baby did not seem satisfied. It squirmed and whimpered. Unfortunately for Welford, it did not shriek. That might have signaled Mrs. Carmelina Petronio that all was not as it should be. And as for Welford, he didn't even know that there was a Mrs. Carmelina. He only knew that he waited an unhappy and interminable time for the return of J. Cæsar.

The baby became restless and Welford impatient. He moved slowly down the street toward the spot where Cæsar had vanished. He wished to meet Mr. Clump halfway. At the congested corner he paused uncertainly, peering right and left. In a crowd, two blocks away, he fancied he discerned the checkered cap of his director, and so, with firm and positive strides, Mr. Welford Potts and baby quitted that neighborhood to meet Mr. Clump.

But, unfortunately for all concerned, the checkered cap was a mirage. Its possessor was not J. Cæsar, and Welford found himself completely bewildered as to which of the narrow streets it was from which he had so confidently turned.

Meanwhile J. Cæsar's quest for an interpreter had not been immediately successful. He achieved Via Roma eventually and moved toward the Arcade, where interpreters are usually to be found by the dozen. But it seemed that early in the day two huge transatlantic liners—one on Mediterranean cruise and the other engaged in circling the globe—had berthed in Naples and their passengers were swarming over the city. English-speaking guides were scarce and at a premium.

Twenty-five minutes elapsed before the inevitable young man sidled up to him and inquired to know whether the American cared to view Pompeian dances. Cæsar clutched the man by the arm and explained his dire need for an interpreter. The man consented to rent his services for a half hour or so in exchange for fifty lire, which was, at the exchange rate of the day, precisely two dollars in American money.

J. Cæsar did not return immediately to the vicinity of his friend Welford. That, he reflected, would be bad strategy. He had informed Welford that the baby was part of a motion picture and that he had gone in search of Exotic Hines. It behooved him, therefore, to return to Welford with the cameraman and to make some pretense of shooting, else Welford's present humility would be engulfed by a tidal wave of resentment.

Mr. Clump and his guide rented a battered old taxicab and sped to the Albergo Regal where the entire Midnight troupe was housed at thirty lire a day a person, inclusive of breakfasts. Exotic was in the lobby, wrestling unsuccessfully with a native cigarette. Cæsar ordered the camera, and five minutes later Mr. Hines, Mr. Clump and the interpreter were headed back toward the central part of Naples. They alighted before the royal palace and started on foot toward the place where Welford was supposed to be. They shoved through Via Roma, walking in the middle of the street and dodging horse cabs and taxis with the dexterity born of necessity and practice. Exotic Hines was the only grumbler—his camera was heavy and Mr. Clump proffered no assistance.

It was not difficult for Cæsar to locate his street, in as much as he had taken the precaution to count corners. He led the way to the right, up the street, around a corner and into trouble.

He knew it was trouble the minute he saw it. There hovered over the wailing, excited crowd which thronged the narrow thoroughfare a miasma of disaster. And high above the din rose the shrill, hysterical voice of Mrs. Carmelina Petronio explaining to all and sundry that her beloved *bambino* had been kidnaped by a brunet American.

Cæsar was in the middle of it before he had a chance to reconsider. He cast one wild glance about and realized that Welford Potts had vanished. So had the baby. And just as he turned to emulate their strategic example, Mrs. Carmelina Petronio spied him.

It was a moment of high embarrassment for Cæsar. Mrs. Carmelina descended upon him in a cloud, howling for her *bambino*. Cæsar explained quickly—in English—that he had loaned the baby to a friend. Eventually the interpreter managed to understand something of what was transpiring and endeavored to explain. The crowd closed in about Cæsar and the interpreter, but Exotic Hines managed to remove himself from the congestion.

He squinted at the sun, placed his camera firmly on the ground, inspected it, and took a few preliminary turns of the crank. Then he waited.

Now the interpreter was explaining to Mrs. Petronio that her infant was quite safe in the arms of the American's friend. Mrs. Petronio demanded to know where that friend was, and when she learned that Cæsar himself did not know she unleashed a howl of fury. Cæsar glanced wildly about. He tried unsuccessfully to back out of the crowd. The other tenements were spewing out humanity. The streets became almost impassable. Mr. Exotic Hines, his professional instinct aroused, ground many feet of excellent mob stuff.

Then, just when it seemed that extreme mayhem was about to be committed on J. Cæsar Clump, a vision appeared from the high end of the street—and again it was Welford Potts, the elegant star.

Welford recognized the street for which he had been desperately searching, and far down below he saw the crowd and his director. He increased his pace, held the baby out before him and advanced toward his chief. Exotic Hines cranked his camera.

Cæsar emitted a yell of triumph. "Yonder he comes!" he exulted, and pointed. Mrs. Carmelina saw. Being naturally an emotional lady she started up the steep street at top speed to collect her long-lost child. Behind her trailed the mob, scarcely knowing what was occurring, but being very interested. Exotic Hines spoke softly to Director Clump.

"Does you crave me to git all this, Cæsar?"

Mr. Clump looked around. He saw the camera set up, he noticed that Exotic had reversed the visor of his cap, signal to all the world that footage was being accumulated.

The brain of Mr. Julius Cæsar Clump, dormant since the bleak day when the Midnight organization had sailed timidly from New York, commenced to click. He had not known that Exotic was photographing this scene, but now that the knowledge was thrust upon him he realized that his troubles were at an end and that from this moment on, twenty-one colored persons were destined to remain constantly and excessively busy.

In a split second J. Cæsar was thinking in pictures. He looked upon the mob which swooped toward Welford with an eye which was purely professional and impersonal. He was tense and rigid. There was superb color in this scene—Mr. Potts advancing blithely down the street, Mrs. Petronio and her friends rising in a cloud to meet him; and there was drama, too, but it was only potential drama.

Cæsar knew instinctively that here was the place where something should happen. It was the perfect spot for disaster to descend upon Mr. Potts under the blinking eye of the camera.

Then, in a white and blinding light, inspiration hit Director Clump right in the head. He leaped onto a doorstep and bellowed directions at his masculine star.

"Turn aroun', Welford," he yelled; "an' run!"

Mr. Potts did not hesitate. For two years he had done grotesquely absurd things under the lash of Mr. Clump's directorial tongue and he had learned to do any and everything as, and when, ordered. So, without further ado, he turned away from the advancing Mrs. Petronio, clutched the infant to his skinny breast and bolted up the street.

"Cam'ra!" shrieked Cæsar delightedly. "Git it all, Exotic."

"Tha's the one thing I ain't doin' nothin' else but," observed Mr. Hines grimly.

There was plenty for him to get. For one rending instant Mrs. Carmelina Petronio stood rooted in horror at sight of this stranger leaping upward with her child. His actions meant to her, and to her friends, precisely what Director Clump had meant they should.

The baby was being kidnaped. Mrs. Petronio distributed a howl beside which all her previous lamentations were as whispers; and, led by her, there started up that narrow, picturesque street as perfect a slapstick-comedy chase as the cinema has ever disclosed. Ladies, children, goats and dogs, yelling, gesticulating, leaping and falling; Welford leading the way, supremely unconscious of his very actual danger and therefore pausing every few seconds to face the camera and register comedy terror.

Mr. Clump held the chase until he was quite sure his principals were near the limit of registering range. Then he cupped his hands and megaphoned.

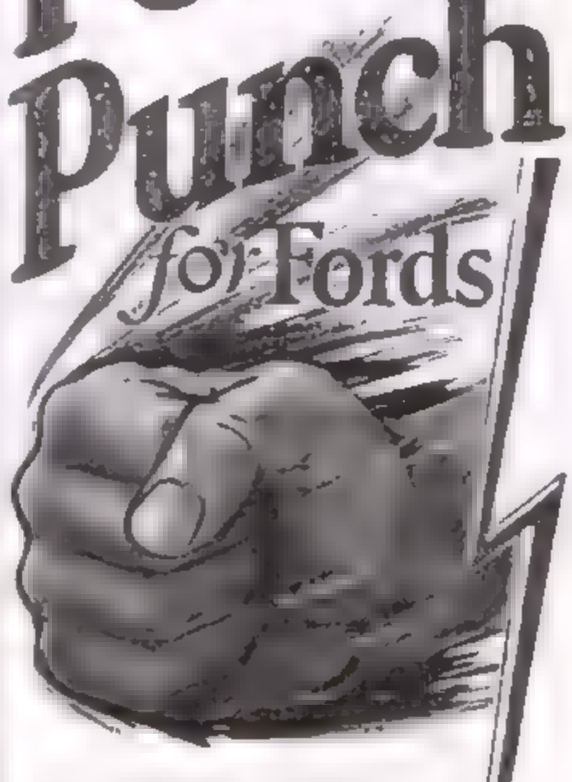
"A'right, Welford. Give the lady her baby."

Exotic was instantly in action. He flung camera on shoulder and sped forward to the spot where the mob was now proceeding to show Mr. Potts, in actions, just what it thought of him. He made a quick set-up and ground away happily.

Meanwhile Welford Potts was experiencing a few decidedly hectic moments. He was surrounded by a haze of language, all of it insulting. The baby was snatched from his arms by a wild-eyed lady. But the crowd was not satisfied. Someone reached out a strong hand, fastened it in Welford's collar and tore his shirt. Somebody struck him. Somebody else tore his coat.

For two age-long minutes Mr. Clump permitted his flock of extemporaneous and earnest extras to do their worst with the slender star. Then he ordered Mr. Hines to cease cranking, after which he advanced toward the irate Mrs. Carmelina Petronio waving aloft a new, crisp hundred-lire note. The sight of that much negotiable currency

Power-Punch for Fords



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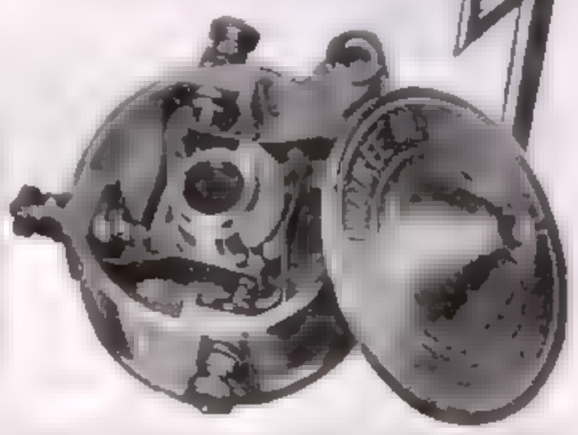

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Its clean after-feeling lasts

its pungent taste insures the health of teeth and gums

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had soothing effect upon Mrs. Petronio. She was instantly all smiles and gratitude. The anger of the crowd shimmered and expired before this enormous generosity.

And so peace descended once more upon that narrow Neapolitan street and Mr. Welford Potts gathered himself up from the gutter.

"Cam'ra," whispered Mr. Clump, sensing the value of this very sincere dilapidation. "Git some good shots of him."

Mr. Potts was a terrible-looking object. His sartorial elegance had completely disappeared. His countenance was lopsided. His expression was superbly comic, because it was not assumed. He was weak and bewildered—and Cæsar instantly commanded a half dozen close-ups.

Then he paid his interpreter, left Exotic to pack his camera and walked toward Via Roma with Mr. Potts.

"An' that," observed Mr. Clump, "is that."

"Huh?" queried Mr. Potts. "Which is what?"

"Midnight's fust European comedy."

"Wh-what's the story of it, Cæsar?"

"Shuh! How come I should bother my head about that? I got action an' color an' comedy an' laughs, an' tomorrow mawnin' I gits Forcep Swain to auth me a story which fits all the stuff I got. Then I completes the pitcher."

"Tha's grand," murmured Welford with scant enthusiasm. "But art is showly tough."

Mr. Potts searched diligently through his pockets.

The cigarettes he had purchased as a peace offering were no more. Only torn papers and loose tobacco existed where once the pride of a Virginia factory had been. The battered star spoke pleadingly:

"You ain't mad at me no mo', is you, Cæsar?"

"No. Co'se I ain't."

"Hot ziggity dam!" exulted Mr. Potts. "An' I guess us two ain't done somethin', huh? Golla, Cæsar, what you reckon President Latimer is gwine say when he sees this swell pitcher you tooken?"

Director Clump experienced a slight twinge of his old bitterness.

"You cain't tell about an ol' crab like him," he observed pessimistically. "The way he's been low-rating me recently he might even claim this whole thing was an accident."

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 7)

variations in plants, because I soon determined that success could only come to me through raising better vegetables and delivering them to the market earlier than anyone else could do. Taxing my wits to find a way to make my garden pay, I came to my first illuminating contact with the mysteries and miracles of Nature, and that contact resulted in my life work.

Better vegetables, I saw at once, meant not only the best seeds and roots to be had, but the best that could be produced. In those days, with very few exceptions, no one had paid much attention to this ideal—this "best that could be produced"—and what we had to take was what we could get. That set me thinking. To produce vegetables more cheaply than the other gardeners meant cutting corners in production and marketing, and there my Yankee instincts, I suppose, served me well. But what instantly fascinated me was the thought of producing vegetables of fine quality and getting them into the market ahead of everyone else. Here was a goal for any inquisitive and active mind! Here was something you could get all excited about! Here was a place to use wits and ingenuity and inventive faculty, and another faculty that, at the time, I did not know I had, even latently—the power of choice as between two apparently identical varieties or even between two apparently identical plants. Looking back, I envy myself the thrilling and inspiring research and experiment these considerations opened up to me.

First Experiments

My mind went back to the winter garden I had found in the woods as a boy. There Nature had deviated from her apparent law of seasons and produced summer plants in the dead of January. How? Obviously the deep-flowing spring, with its warmer waters sufficiently contrasted in temperature with the bitter cold of New England to temper the atmosphere where they rose, made growth possible; but I knew enough to understand that vines and shrubs and flowers grew according to their season and withered according to a hereditary tendency that had impressed itself on them through thousands of generations of growth. The warm-water spring accounted for the equability of the temperature in that spot, but it did not account for the luxuriant and lush growth of plants that should be dead What I had supposed was a fixed and immutable law of Nature was not, then, fixed and immutable at all. The law was there, but I had misinterpreted it. What was the influence behind this phenomenon?

It was presently clear to me that hereditary traits and characteristics could be overcome, modified, changed and adapted. That much, though perhaps not in so many words, I had for a starting point. I began to experiment with plants in a crude, superficial way, without any order to my trials and without keeping any record of results. I may say, though, that years later I discovered that there had been an unconscious order to my trials and that I had an almost perfect record of them in my mind, and those clear mental data proved perhaps more useful to me than a whole card index would have been. I found certain bean, pea and potato plants that grew more rapidly than the others in the same row, with all cultural conditions apparently the same. I marked those plants, and when harvest time came I left the fruits on the plants and let them go to seed, or, as with the potato, I dug the early tubers for replanting.

The Potato-Seed Ball

The place where most stories of my work would begin, I suppose, is with my finding of the potato-seed ball that resulted in the Burbank potato. That was an important discovery to me, and it did set my feet finally and successfully on my road. But I have thought often lately that if it had not been the potato it would have been something else, for I was determined before that time to find the vulnerable spot in Nature and make her my coworker with plants. Nothing could have delayed me long, and it was only fortunate, probably, that the incident of the potato came as it did, and so hurried things on for me somewhat.

The potato story has been told again and again, often correctly, and I am only going to summarize it here. In New England we grew large quantities of potatoes, but they were generally small, of a reddish color and few of them good keepers. It required no genius to know that if a large, white, fine-grained potato could be produced it would displace the older varieties and give its discoverer a great advantage over his competitors. I tried crossing and selecting, with poor results.

Then I found a potato-seed ball! I use an exclamation point. That is because—well, it was what an astronomer would use if he discovered a new solar system. A potato-seed ball was not unheard of, but it was a great rarity, and I couldn't learn of anyone who had done anything about the event, even when it occurred. I did something. I planted the seeds in that ball. I had

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twenty-three seeds. I got twenty-three seedlings, and from that whole number, although there were many that were an improvement on any potato then grown, I selected two that were amazing, valuable, and a distinct type. They were as different from the old Early Rose as the beef cattle of today are different from the old Texas longhorn.

It was from the potatoes of those two plants, carefully raised, carefully dug, jealously stored, and painstakingly planted the next year, that I built the Burbank potato. And it was from the Burbank potato that I made my beginning as a plant developer. Not only did the new potato prove to me that Nature was ready to cooperate and collaborate with man, but it made me a small name and paid me some small amount of cash. Both of these were important factors in my career. They are important factors in the career of any young man, and those who affect to despise either are talking rubbish. Money and fame, if you go out after them without any other motive, are a pretty low order of goal, but if your goal is service or expressing yourself or making the world a better place in which to live, you will find that a respected name and a few dollars in your pocket will grease the runners considerably. You'll go farther with less strain on the trace chains and you won't tire so easily on the first short hill.

Environment's Tap, Tap, Tap

Meantime there was an influence in my environment that I did not reckon with, and yet that determined my life for me. Let me give you a notion of how environment seems to me to operate and do its work on the living individual—plant, animal or man.

It is not the duration of an environment that affects heredity; it is the amount of pressure exerted. The more sensitive the plant or the man, the more readily he takes the impressions his surroundings or situation give off. It is all a matter of vibrations—a matter of response to vibrations. In no other way than through vibrations do we get anything. You know that the camera plate is struck with blows of light to burn into the sensitized surface the picture you want to take. If you make what is called a time exposure the blows are gentle, but sooner or later they make a dent in the gelatin. The lighter parts are burned deeply, and the shadows and black places are only just touched. But it is the steady tap, tap, tap of the rays of light that do the work.

We are all made—plants and fish and cats and elephants and men—of organisms built of tissue that is built of cells. The life force is in the cells—protoplasm, made up of almost everything in the universe in infinitely minute particles. Now, because that protoplasm which, Huxley says, is the basis of life, is made up of almost everything in Nature, it responds to almost everything in Nature. Protoplasm is the sensitized film on our body and intellectual plates; vibrations from about us strike it and gradually they make a dent. Repetition, repetition, repetition—that is the process by which environment bends and molds and directs and diverts and changes us. Why does the great composer choose two or three little phrases of music and work them into a symphony in a thousand different ways? Why does the orator use the same simple lines again and again, playing with them, decorating them, embellishing them, speaking them in a low tone, then in an abrupt voice, then as a question? Repetition! We say: "Give a dog a bad name and you might better drown him." Because the badness of the dog is stressed day after day, month after month, until the whole neighborhood believes he is bad, and after a while the dog itself begins to figure that there may be something in the idea.

Perhaps one of the first words I ever heard was California. Certainly there must have been talk enough about this country, for the year before I was born was the year in which gold was discovered here, and in the ten or twelve years following, emigration had set steadily this way from every part of the land. Moreover, my older brother, George, had come here in 1854, and his occasional letters—he was not a letter writer, but a man who did things and left the talking about them to others—undoubtedly fired the interest of the older people and the curiosity of the boys. All that I heard of California day after day, week after week, from every side and source, even during a time and in a neighborhood where slavery and the strong will of the South were lively topics, impressed itself on my mind. I do not know that I ever suddenly announced my belief that California would be the place for a plant experimenter to work; repetition, repetition, repetition struck the storied name on my consciousness until I was as certain to go West as I was to continue plant experimentation.

And here is a happy moment to take one more step with you in the scientific course necessary to an understanding of much that must come in these rambling papers of mine on the work and memories of my years. Because here is an excellent example of what environment and repeated impressions did to negative the strong pull of my heredity.

New Englanders were notoriously fixed and set sort of folks; they were the oldest Americans, they were well satisfied where they were, they were conservative, they were not always chasing will-o'-the-wisps. Even their famous seamen, wanderers and adventurers and pathfinders though they were, usually came home. The New England heredity exerted a strong influence on all its youth to strike their roots still more deeply into the parent soil. And you must not suppose that heredity is only a matter of red hair or speaking German or bearing a family resemblance to your father and grandfather. Heredity is a matter of ideas, ideals, habits of thought, point of view, temperament and all the other mental and intellectual aspects of a man; the heredity of the Navajo Indian is to be a wanderer, a nomad, but of the Hopi to be a town dweller. Just as truly it is the heredity of a family of scholars and preachers to be studious or literary, while in a long line of merchants or manufacturers you will find the hereditary pull is toward business.

There is an interesting point that comes in here left-handedly that must be considered, and I have thought about it a good deal, even though my life work with plants gave me little opportunity to experiment with the facts. And that is the mingling of heredities through the meeting of two sexes in the offspring.

Nature's Provision for Change

We accept sex as a fact and we accept the necessity for two sexes as a similar fact. But did it ever occur to you to wonder why Nature bothered to require two parents? I mean by that question to ask you to forget everything you know about the matter and consider it as though the whole plan of life were being instituted for the first time, and you were sitting in on the conference on ways and means. You would agree that there must be a law to compel the individual plant or dogfish or toadstool or lynx or ape or man to desire to live, otherwise the first discouragement met with would be the end of that enterprise. You would agree, secondly, that the individual must be compelled to want to reproduce himself, or else the job of starting him off would have to be done over and over again. So you would be unanimously in favor of the law of self-preservation and the secondary law of the perpetuation of species. Very well; why not let each individual leave a cell somewhere in a warm protected spot and then lie down and die, assured that the nested cell would be born into a copy of the original and that the species or family would go right on?

I don't think it was accidental this arrangement that required two cells to meet and join to reproduce themselves in a new life. Not at all. I think it was for the very best reason that there is for anything in the miracle working of Mother Nature. I think it was because she knew that sameness, monotony, exact reduplication over and over again would make this world the dullest point of light in the whole universe. Nature required variations, change, development, growth. She may or may not have wanted improvement—there is a great quarrel among the scientists on that fine point, and I'll pass it by for the moment. She did demand change—variation—a constant blending of old stocks to make new forms, shapes, sizes, colors, and to make it possible for the individuals, whether plants or animals or humans, to move about and adjust themselves to new conditions and so give the earth the diversification and interest that it has for us today. If the aster had re-created itself from one cell it would have been an aster, and no power on earth could have developed it into a coreopsis to the end of time; if the Burbanks had been blacksmiths and none of the strains brought into the family by the women they married had exerted their hereditary influence, I would have been a blacksmith, and probably a poor one, and nothing could have changed me or given me a different chance.

Roots of the Family Tree

Nature saw all that, and by the simplest and most adroit single stroke that the whole history of biology records made it impossible. She went a step farther and attached certain penalties to the single-cell or single-strain method of reproduction, so that what we call inbreeding is known to be a very risky thing to try, and cousins who marry often bring forth weak or sickly or defective children. No, Nature wanted variations, and she made it possible to have them from the very beginning—indeed, made it pretty difficult not to have them. And there is something you won't find in most of the textbooks, and I think you will find it something worth musing over!

This cunning provision Nature made brings us back to my discussion of the influence of the environing gossip and excitement concerning California on my New England heredity. That heredity had in it not only the Burbank strain, but it had in it the pulls of my father's mother's heredity, and his grandmother's and hers, and so on, back and back, until I was related distantly, perhaps, to half the white people in the world; more than that, it had in it the pull exerted by the heredity of my own mother—a Ross—and her people, on both sides, spreading laterally and running through the tree of the families of earth until, on her side, I was probably related to the other half of the world's white inhabitants. In short, I was a product of all my heredity. And Mark Twain was not altogether joking, maybe, when he said that he had to abandon his efforts at getting up a genealogical tree for himself when he discovered that it included a horse thief or two. If there wasn't a horse thief or an embezzling bank cashier somewhere back in my line, I am certainly different from most folks. If you want to make a family tree that will really tell the whole story you will have to go on below the ground—something I notice the genealogists are all too canny to do—and follow the roots from tap and anchor main stems through the laterals and branches to the very tiny little threads at the ends—and even then you would only be starting your task.

I had, you can see, a variety of influences on me that were purely hereditary. My sensitized plate was struck repeatedly—repetition, repetition, repetition—by an environment interested in California. I was pulled irresistibly Westward. When my potato money came in and I knew that I had found my life work, I was ready to pull up stakes, and emigrated.

Now we come to another very important influence that operates on our hereditary

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tendencies to change and modify and direct them into new channels—the influence of education. Education is a form of environment—an intellectual environment that is as definitely molding and directing as the pressure of a rock on a plant to force it to creep toward the light, or of a spring of water to give it the strength to grow taller than its kind.

I am not speaking of my education by books in the schools. I am a good deal of a crank about the education of children, and probably I won't be able to contain myself on that subject as we go on; right now I have in mind the influence on me of the greatest scientific thinker of our age—the man who changed the whole meaning and language of science—Charles Darwin. In Lancaster I had got hold of a book of his—The Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication—it opened a new world to me. It told me in plain, simple sentences, as matter-of-fact as though its marvelous and startling truths were commonplaces, that variations came from cross breeding and selection, and that these variations seemed to be susceptible of permanent fixture in the individual. While I had been struggling along with my experiments, blundering on half truths and truths, the great master had been reasoning out causes and effects for me and setting them down in orderly fashion, easy to understand, and having incredible possibilities for my work. I doubt if it is possible to make anyone realize what this book meant to me.

When Darwin Shook the World

Big as the book was, and significant as it was to me, there was something else occurring at the same time which heightened its importance to me and doubled its influence and power over my mind. In 1859, Darwin had published The Origin of Species, and just when The Variations of Plants and Animals Under Domestication was stirring me all up, he shook the world with his Descent of Man. Almost immediately the storm broke, especially in the New England churches and homes. The theory that man had descended from an ancestry common to that of the apes—Darwin never said anything about his descending from monkeys—was blasphemous, scurrilous, infamous, and other things even worse! Darwin was banned from the churches and from most homes, and those who read him were considered as bad as he was. Perhaps I was always "ferninst the gover'ment," as they say; at any rate, the man everyone was discussing and most of them were damning was for that very reason interesting to me, and the controversy—a rather one-sided one in our neighborhood, I remember, since there were few to defend him—only served to heighten my interest in every word he wrote. The blows his personality and phrases struck on my sensitive mind were steady, sharp and persistent; my New England heredity was outweighed by the pressure of my environment—the talk of California, the furor against Darwin, and his clear and illuminating book—and I pushed out and away.

I check myself here to be sure that I am telling the whole story, and a little guilty feeling comes over me. The fact is that there was an immediate and, to me at the time, climactic cause for the ultimate act of severing home ties and setting out for the West. I am sure now, and I think I was sure a few months after my arrival in California, that I was certainly destined to make the break, but if I had been asked as I boarded my train for the great adventure just why I was going so far away, with such apparent suddenness, I should have replied sadly that it was on account of an unrequited love. The story of this early romance of mine has crept into the newspapers now and again. The truth is that I was very deeply fond of a beautiful young lady who seemed to me, I remember, less ardent than I was. A trifling disagreement, two positive natures, probably hasty words—and I determined that my heart was broken. To be frank, I think I gave that affair as my reason for coming West.

Rolling Stones and Mossbacks

Mary and I can look back now on those tragic days—for I am sure they were tragic to both of us—with smiles. Shortly after my arrival in California I wrote her, or she wrote me, and we resumed our friendship by letter. The friendship has been kept up all these years and has been very significant to both of us. Probably my Mary of those old times has had many an occasion to be thankful that I took her at her word when she told me—as I think she must have—that I was not the only eligible young man in Massachusetts! There is the story, in a few words, of the early romance that drove me West. It was the proximate cause, probably the turning point. And it was rather heroic and romantic to use as an excuse for this dramatic move in my life.

I find, on looking back through letters written home at the time, and on considering all the facts, that there was another motive behind my decision, although I am not at all sure that I was conscious of it at the time. There are in those first California letters several references to the sense of freedom California gave me, and now I can say that I was undoubtedly influenced by a desire to be my own man, unadvised by family or friends, and no longer compelled to explain or apologize for my choice of work or the methods I employed in getting at it.

There are, I have observed, many proverbial adages that tell only a half truth, if that much; one of them is the saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss. It may be a fact that the young man who doesn't know his own mind about a life work and who is always jumping from one thing to another will never get anywhere on the straight, long road—though I am not so sure that this isn't due to maladjustment to his environment rather than to his instability. On the other hand, the stone that is planted in the home field and never stirs from there is pretty certain to gather nothing but moss and so to become that other proverbial monstrosity—a mossback! My belief is that you will find that most of the men in the world who have accomplished something have done a considerable amount of rolling in their time, and have gathered a large amount of the varieties of moss that are most useful to us all—experience, adjustability, adaptability, facility, acquaintance, breadth of view and vision, and the chance to learn just what it is in the work of the world that it is most useful for us to do. I am a poor hand at giving advice to the young, but I will say that if your environment or surroundings or situation seems to you to hamper and restrain and hobble you a sharp break with all that is old and settled and traditional may save you from becoming a mere cog.

It was in 1875 that the stories of the West, Darwin, my unconscious sense of restraint in New England—and Mary—sent me packing. I was twenty-six years old—a small, wiry, active young man, observant, alert, inquisitive, and full of ideas about what I was going to do. A few very definite fundamental laws of Nature were fixed in my mind as a basis on which to build. I had read more science than most youths of my acquaintance, and all that I had read had been illuminated and crystallized for me by Darwin. In my luggage I had ten Burbank potatoes that I had been permitted to retain when I had sold the new variety to a New England seedsman. They were to be the foundation of my fortune and the beginning of my fame. I meant to round out both fortune and fame. It was some years later before I reached a turn in my road where I had to decide between them and my work—that is an interesting chapter in these papers that must come in its turn. For the moment I was pretty definitely fixed in my ambition, and the bigger, broader, more important meaning of life hadn't come to me. I expect that the first person singular of the personal pronoun was the one I employed most in my thoughts, whether I used it in conversation or not.

Two Good Precedents

That one-letter word "I." For some years now I have been more proud than of any other one thing in my career that I have deleted at least a million I's from my own manuscripts or from those prepared about me by others. Here they keep cropping up like the blotches in measles! They tell me that in such papers as these they cannot be avoided. I shrink from each one of them. I have been so long accustomed to fighting them off. But perhaps one can get hardened to them. Whitman used them more than any other man, perhaps, who ever lived; he said it was because he was preaching himself to the world, since he himself was the only man whose intimate nature and reactions he was acquainted with at first hand. And, turning to an old and well-loved book, I find Henry David Thoreau boldly stating his same case in the words, in his book called Walden:

> I should not obtrude my affairs so much on the notice of my readers if very particular inquiries had not been made by my townsmen concerning my mode of life. . . . In most books the first person is omitted; in this it will be retained; that, in respect to egotism, is the main difference. We commonly do not remember that it is, after all, always the first person that is speaking. I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well. Unfortunately, I am confined to this theme by the narrowness of my experience. Moreover, I, on my side, require of every writer, first or last, a simple account of his own life, and not merely what he has heard of other men's lives; some such account as he would send to his kindred from a distant land; for if he has lived sincerely it must have been in a distant land to me.

I am resigned. I will write of this harvest of the years of mine, as though to you, my kindred, from a distant land!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Burbank and Mr. Hall. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE TERRIBLE TROPICS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Why?" said Earl Abbott, but Mr. Cameron had turned to Polly.

"There's a fellow at the club who can always dig up seats," Mr. Cameron said. "Perhaps I could sit near you."

Earl Abbott looked appealingly at Polly, but she was powdering her nose.

"Ta-ta," said Mr. Cameron. "Hope I see you in the theater."

"I hope," said Mr. Abbott, but not audibly, "that I'll see you in hell."

Polly and Earl were running the gantlet of traffic cops on the way to the theater and Tropic Doom. Polly spoke: "Don't you like Harvey Cameron?"

Earl shifted gears savagely. Privately, he was pretending to himself that he was pulling the lever of a guillotine whereon reposed the classic neck of Mr. Cameron.

"In a word—no," he said. "Do you?"

"Yes, I do. There's something so sure and strong about the way he does things."

"Crust," said Earl Abbott.

"And I like the way he carries himself—so slender, erect."

"Like Ivanhoe, I suppose," said Earl morosely.

"Sort of."

Earl decapitated Mr. Cameron with his hand brake and they stopped in front of the theater. As they took their seats Earl Abbott made a wry face, for next to Polly there was a vacant seat. Earl said a prayer.

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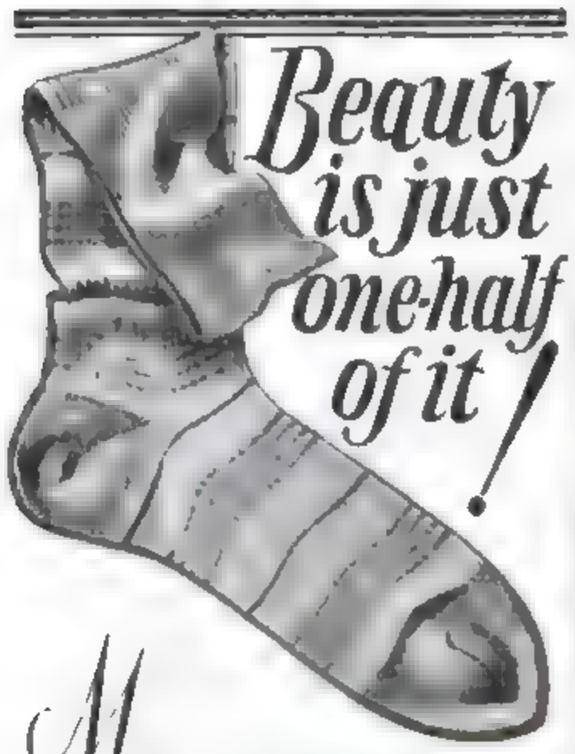

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It was not answered. Mr. Cameron arrived and inserted himself neatly into the seat just after the curtain rose.

"What luck!" said Mr. Cameron. Earl Abbott gnawed his program.

The play Tropic Doom had rounded out its first hundred nights on Broadway, and there seemed to be no way of stopping it from running a year. Under other names, it had already enjoyed long runs. It was all about a clean-limbed young American who gets thrown down by a girl in Cleveland, Ohio, and goes to Africa and the devil in the order named. Its half sister, Jungle Lure, was playing across the street. Its first cousin, The Call of the Equator, was doing nicely a block away. There was a story, possibly apocryphal, that a playgoing gentleman, a bit befogged by his dinner, strayed out of Tropic Doom at the end of the first act and by mistake into Jungle Lure for the second act; then, still slightly insensitive, he roamed into The Call of the Equator for its third act. Next day he reported that he had seen a bully show.

Earl Abbott watched the play with absorbed eyes. He saw the young American, hale and hearty for all his broken heart, and very natty too in white duck riding breeches and a pith helmet, arrive at the rubber settlement of Banga-Tanga, just across the street from the Congo. The lad, who up to that point has led a highly moral life, is welcomed by an old trader, in a grizzled-and-tan make-up who, it turns out, is no booster for Banga-Tanga.

"Take warnin', lad," the grizzled trader says. "This ain't no place for a clean white man. There's the heat and the booze and the—women."

The young man flicks his new riding boots with his crop in a proud, disdainful way and gives a devil-may-care laugh. Little does he know.

"Little do you know," says the old trader. "See that sun up there?" He points to a stage hand perched out of sight in the flies. "Well, boy, that there sun is poisoned. It fries, melts, boils and broils the soul out of a white man. I've seen as fine young fellows as you waste and wilt away into trembling shadows inside of six months. The sun hits their bodies, then their characters. Liquor gets them. Then women. Yes, women, curse their black hides! They're an evil lot, Edgerton, but particularly that girl Malooba. Look out for her, Edgerton. She is the spirit of the tropics. And it will git you, Edgerton, it will git you!"

"Pooh!" says Edgerton. End of Act I.

When the curtain goes up on a bamboo hut in the second act young Edgerton needs a shine, his ducks are spotty and he has let his whiskers grow. He's been there only two months too. The calcium sun beats fiercely on him from the wings. He doesn't look at all well. He helps himself to a tremendous swig from a square bottle. He is, as he tells the old trader, trying to forget it all.

"Look out, lad. The tropics will git you," warns the old trader, who then goes out to water the rubber trees. A lady enters dressed in a grass skirt and Number 3 light-tan grease paint. She doesn't speak very good English, but she makes herself clear. She says, "Me Malooba. Me lovem white boy. Damn nice."

This makes the audience laugh, but it turns out to be no laughing matter for young Edgerton. He begins to neglect his rubber trees.

In the second act alone he empties six square bottles right before the horrified eyes of the audience. When he ought to be out taking exercise and attending to his rubber trees he is lying about in the bamboo hut, listening to Malooba play the Zulu zither. It is all very tragic.

The third act finds him a mere shaking wraith, with haggard eyes. The tropics have done their dirty work. Of course, Malooba turns out to have a heart of gold, and she finally hides the square bottles, makes him shave and sees that he waters the rubber trees, and marries him; but everybody in the audience knows that that was just thrown in to send them home approximately happy. Earl Abbott knew it, anyhow.

He was not even approximately happy as the curtain fell on a jungle night. Nor did it elevate his spirits to any marked extent to hear Mr. Cameron say, "Driving uptown, Earl? How jolly!"

"It's a two-seated roadster," said Earl.

"Oh, I don't mind. I can hold Polly on my lap," said Mr. Cameron cheerfully.

It was just as they were passing Fifty-seventh Street that Earl Abbott heard the pistol shot. He thought it was a pistol shot because his mind, at the moment, was full of pistols, cutlasses and large stout clubs. But it was not a pistol shot. It was only his left front tire. He wabbled to the curb, stopped. A drizzle of rain at that moment began to fall.

"Tough luck," said Harvey Cameron. "Well, I'm not much good at tires. I think the most useful thing I can do is to take Polly home in a taxi. Hey, taxi!"

Earl said nothing. Polly, he knew, was broad minded, but in her presence he did not want to say what he wanted to say. She held out a small white-gloved hand to him.

"Good night, Earl. I had such a good time. Thank you."

He shook her hand. "Good-by, Polly," he said.

Next day Miss Polly Boyden received this note:

Dear Polly: When you get this I shall be on my way to Africa. My uncle has a trading station at Peelo. It is on the edge of the jungle near the equator and said to be quite hot. I do not expect to come back. Please remember me as one who cannot forget you. EARL.

The little steamer bobbed and slipped its way along the palm-fringed tropical coast and at last poked its nose into the harbor of Peelo. On the deck stood a young man of liberal mold, incased in white ducks, riding boots, a pith helmet. With resigned eyes, Earl Abbott regarded Africa. He was surprised it did not look more sinister. But then that would all come later.

The native who pounced on his bag on the pier was sinister enough in mien, but he would have been more so if he had not had a falsetto voice.

"Catchem bag and takem Abbott office," directed Earl Abbott, in his best African.

"Very good, sir," said the native.

Earl stared at him. "Speakem Eengleesh?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," said the native. "I graduated from the missionary school at Monrovia, with honors. I'm to be your personal servant. My name is Everett Brooks."

"Oh!" said Earl Abbott. They had reached the end of the pier. A new automobile of a very respectable make whirled down the village street and came to a halt. From it a young man hopped. He was spruce in white golf knickers and shirt. He held out a firm, coffee-brown hand to Earl.

"How are you, Abbott? My name's Throckmorton. Frightfully sorry I wasn't waiting on the pier, but I thought I'd have time to shoot one more hole before the funny old tub docked."

"Glad to see you," said Earl Abbott.

"We'll skip round to the club," said Throckmorton. "I took a room there for you. You'll want a bath and a cool drink, I expect, before you begin your African career."

"The club?" Earl asked.

"Oh, it isn't much. Dinky swimming pool. Tennis courts only so-so. Trickiest golf course in the world. Only three holes."

Earl Abbott noted that Throckmorton guided the car at a brisk pace through the narrow streets in a manner that did not bespeak sun-and-gin-frayed nerves.

"Been out here long?" asked Earl.

"No; only three years."

"Like it?"

"The heat's a bit of a bore at times, but the life's great."

"How are the natives?"

"Jolly lot."

Throckmorton halted the car before a comfortable-looking building with broad verandas, where white men in snowy duck were sitting, laughing, talking, drinking.

"Here we are—the club," said Throckmorton, introducing Earl Abbott. The club members were youngish, Earl noted, and meticulously shaved.

"You'll want a drink?" asked Throckmorton.

"Thank you," said Earl Abbott. At home he seldom drank. Bad for the figure; and, besides, he didn't like the stuff much. But this was Africa—and forgetfulness.

A very black boy in a very white suit appeared, grinning.

"Two Club Specials, George," ordered Throckmorton. Earl Abbott sank down into a bamboo chair. African life had begun. Presently George returned, bearing on a tray tall glasses, pink and frosted.

"Here's to the new African," said Throckmorton, and they drank. "Like it?" Throckmorton asked.

"Why—er—yes. Very smooth."

"I invented it," said Throckmorton, a slightly proud smile coming to his rather earnest face. "Shaved ice, sugar—not too much, though—a lemon, a lime and a dash of grenadine. A good warm-weather drink."

"Yes," agreed Earl Abbott, "I can hardly taste the gin."

Throckmorton peered at him. "Gin?" he said. "But, my dear fellow, there's no gin in it. This is Peelo, remember. We're dry here."

"What?"

"Have to be," said Throckmorton. "Booze and business don't mix in the tropics any more than they do anywhere else. Less so, in fact. We've found that out. So there's practically no drinking done here. For one thing, the natives wouldn't stand for it."

"Why?"

"Against their religion."

"What religion?"

"They're all Christians," said Throckmorton. "Your man, Everett Brooks, is an elder in the church."

Earl Abbott thoughtfully sipped his drink. "I'm awfully green here," he said. "I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me about—things."

"Well," said Throckmorton briskly, "if you want to get ahead here, it's just like New York. You have to work hard. The hours are different, that's all. We get up at dawn, work till eleven. Siesta till four. Then work and possibly some tennis or golf. Bridge in the evenings. Good small libraries connected with all three churches. Y. M. C. A., with bowling alleys. I teach business English there every Friday evening. . . . By the way, are you interested in scouting?"

"I don't know much about the jungle and big game," said Earl Abbott.

"Oh, you don't have to know about them," said Throckmorton. "You have to know how to tie knots and wigwag."

"Wigwag?"

"Sure." Throckmorton stood up and waved his arms.

"Are you talking about Boy Scouts?" asked Earl Abbott.

"Of course. Nearly all us fellows have troops, and there's keen rivalry between us. The native kids take to it naturally. It's great sport."

"Do you mean that I'll have to put on little khaki pants and wigwag?" asked Earl.

"You'll enjoy it," said Throckmorton. "Well, I suppose you'll want to go up to your room now. Don't forget that we all have a get-together luncheon every Wednesday at the club."

Earl Abbott pulled himself together. "Throckmorton, are there any—er—women here?"

"About a dozen of the fellows are married," said Throckmorton. "There's a dance every other Saturday. We have amateur dramatics too. Last year we gave quite a decent performance of She Stoops to Conquer."

Earl Abbott lowered his voice. "And the native women?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 132)

"Jolly lot," said Throckmorton. "Very obliging. But look out for Nyooma."

"Nyooma?" Earl Abbott repeated the name. "Nyooma? Who is she?"

"She's generally regarded in native circles as the belle of the village and a fine type of jungle beauty," Throckmorton told him. "You'll meet her soon enough. But look out for her."

In his room in the club, which was immaculate to the point of being antiseptic, Earl Abbott began slowly to unpack. With an effort, he pushed away from his mind a vision—a vision of a slender girl with golden-blond hair—in short, Polly Boyden. He shut his eyes, as if to shut out the sight of Polly, and in the dusk of a jungle evening that had stolen softly into the room he breathed the name "Nyooma."

He was standing knee-deep in soiled shirts and pajamas, when he heard on his door a faint knock—a low, insinuating tapping.

"Who's there?" he called, and there was something about the knock that made him keep his voice down. The reply was in a voice like the knock, low but significant: "Nyooma."

For fully four seconds Earl Abbott stood there wavering, his arms full of used union suits. Then, with a decisive gesture, he dashed the union suits to the floor. He faced the door. He had heard the lure of the jungle. Africa had spoken to him.

"Come in," he said in a hoarse whisper.

Nyooma came in. Her purple silk dress fitted her tightly—so tightly, indeed, that her round arms had burst through. She was wearing a pair of white shoes which had not always been hers, for their toes turned up. She was smiling, a wide, unabashed smile. She was not tall—hardly five feet in fact. That was the first thing that struck Earl Abbott. The second was that, conservatively speaking, she was just as wide as she was tall.

Expert at such things, he placed her weight at two-twenty. Her other attributes were a smudge of a nose, frizzly hair and a complexion like an undertaker's hat. Then she spoke.

"Laundry?" said Nyooma.

Brokenly, Earl waved at the pile of pajamas and shirts. "Take 'em," he said. Nyooma puffed as she picked them up.

"Where do you come from, sir?" she asked.

"New York."

"Do you know Mary Pickford?"

"No."

"Could you get me a job acting in the movies?"

"I'll try."

Throckmorton stopped in to take Earl down to dinner. Earl Abbott looked at him sternly.

"Why did you warn me against Nyooma?" he asked.

"She's so careless with socks," said Throckmorton. "She's lost a dozen of my best. Be sure always to check up on her."

Earl Abbott ate a tremendous dinner that night. Nothing was barred. Somehow, nothing seemed to matter any more.

The Pelican Troop of Boy Scouts was returning from a hike. Their black faces covered with dust and pride, the Scouts marched behind their leader, who fitted snugly into his short khaki pants. As they swung down Main Street, Peelo, the Scouts were startled to see their leader suddenly break into a run. He headed for the pier. They followed dutifully. On the pier a girl in white was watching the natives take her trunk off a yacht's tender.

"Polly! Polly!"

She turned. "Oh, Earl!"

"In heaven's name, where did you come from?"

"Your uncle and aunt were coming past here on their yacht. I made them bring me."

"But, Polly, this is no place for you."

"Then it's no place for you. Oh, I've been so scared—and yet you look all right."

"Polly," said Earl, "I never felt better in my life. And I might as well tell you, right here and now, that I weigh two hundred and one pounds a net gain of four pounds in the five months I've been here."

"I'm so glad."

"But, Polly, why should you come way out here away from New York ——"

She smiled and turned her head away. "You know what I said about liking aggressive men?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Polly, "I still like them, so I thought I'd come here and give you a chance to be aggressive."

"Polly! You don't mean—do you mean—you'll marry me?"

"Of course."

Scout Master Abbott called an order to his troop:

"Pelican Troop, go round the corner, double quick, and wigwag!"

"What corner, sir?"

"Any corner."

Then, when the Scouts had vanished, Earl Abbott took Polly in his arms.

"Oh, Polly, darling, why didn't you say that before?" he said.

"You never asked me."

THE JUNK SNUPPER

(Continued from Page 19)

"It would be interesting," observed the man from Boston, "to determine the composite complex or the psychoanalysis of the collector-mind—the motivation."

"I suppose so," says Mr. Lovell; "but sometimes there ain't no motivation. When Whistler, in the early 90's, did up his dining room with plate rails crowded with old blue china against a background of yellow butcher paper, he started a purely decorative fad, and as a decorative fad it led to the use of a great deal of old Staffordshire. It wasn't a collector fad; it just grew to it; and it is interesting to note that the New York Herald of March 3, 1895, called attention to the fact that there was a craze for old Staffordshire and that good plates and platters were selling as high as five dollars and ten dollars each. And thirty years afterward these same plates were selling all the way up to $500 each, some particularly rare ones, as you know, going up to $1400."

The gallant old frigate, the Constitution, has been always the storm center of history. Of late we've been holding some very peaceable rallies to raise $500,000 for reconditioning the battle-scarred veteran, which, by the way, back in 1797, cost $299,366 to build.

In 1833 there was another kind of rally—a rally to protest against placing the figurehead of Jackson upon the bow of the ship—and it kicked up an awful rumpus, second only to the famous tea party.

It was started by a broadside distributed from hand to hand around Boston.

FREEMEN, AWAKE!
OR THE CONSTITUTION WILL SINK!

It is a fact that the old "Glory President" has issued his special orders for a colossus figure of his ROYAL SELF in Roman Costume to be placed as the figurehead of "Old Ironsides."

Where is The Spirit of '76, where the brave Tars who fought and conquered in the glorious ship, where the mechanics and where the Bostonians who have gloried in her achievements?

Will they see the figure of a landlubber at their bows?

Let the figurehead, if mortal man be worthy, be that of the brave Hull, the immortal Decatur or the valiant Porter, and not that of a tyrant!

North-enders, shall this Boston ship be thus disgraced without remonstrance, and let this wooden god, which is being built at an expense of $300 of the people's money, be placed on its bow?

For God's sake awake and save the ship from this foul disgrace!

There were precedents, of course, for landlubbers' figureheads on a ship. The figurehead of Captain John Smith was placed on the bow of the Potomac, and Walter Raleigh's on the North Carolina, so this objection was hardly logical.

However, the rest of the story is known—how the Jackson figurehead went up in spite of protests and how one night the head was chopped off by an anti-Jackson faction and disappeared; and here comes the mystery.

Jarvis, in recording the transaction in a pamphlet published in 1835, says that the head, following the decapitation, was brought into one of Boston's coffee houses, placed on a table and chopped into forty-four pieces, one piece each to participants in the outrage. On the other hand, it is a fact that the mutilated figurehead was preserved and sold finally to a New York collector of figureheads and ship models, who denies the Jarvis history and declares that he has found the head and can trace its various meanderings since 1833, and can prove it genuine. So here's a problem for the experts.

I believe in experts. I believe in doctors and lawyers, but after all they are not infallible.

Recently one of the best known experts in America brought suit for the recovery of $500 paid for four Duncan Phyfe chairs.

I don't know, but assume that he examined them before paying for them. He must have believed at that time that they were genuine. He must have reversed his opinion later, and there's nothing to criticize in that. A lower court is frequently reversed by a court above, and this court, in turn, is reversed by a court still higher.

It's an old aphorism that "a wise man changes his opinion, but a fool never." But I cannot avoid reflecting that if an expert gets stung now and then, what chance has the amateur?

It's a far cry from collecting chairs to collecting buildings.

P. T. Barnum once made a bid for the home of Shakspere at Stratford-on-Avon, with a view to moving it to America; the proposition was regarded by the English as an absurdity. But conditions have changed and so many old English show places have recently been sold to Americans that Sir Henry Slesser has introduced a bill in Parliament prohibiting any further removals.

This step was actuated by the announcement that the old Essex home of Christopher Martin, who is said to have fitted out the Mayflower, was to be taken down, stone by stone, and reërected in the United States.

It was here in the Martin house, according to the English agents, that the Pilgrim Fathers assembled and laid their plans; and if these facts can be authenticated it would seem as though the American who would buy this property would acquire a substantial piece of early American history.

With the burdensome taxes on the English people many estates have been broken up of late and dispersed, and it is only natural that some of the old historic places which were kept by sentiment are now, through new ownership, being displaced by more practical and more comfortable dwellings, and that the house wrecker is salvaging the wood trims and shipping them to this country.

Some enterprising decorator bought the globe room of the ancient Reindeer Inn at Banbury. The old oak paneling of the Moat Hall at Shrewsbury decorates an

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American home. The Warwick Priory is another American purchase, so also Agecroft Hall of Salford, one of the oldest houses in Great Britain, built about the twelfth century; and now it is rumored that two other famous buildings have been bought, the doors and paneling destined for this country.

And why not? We want the wreckage and they want the money. But look out how you buy that sort of thing on faith; for all that's decrepit is not antique.

In dear old London they are making decrepitude while you wait—wood paneling a specialty. They go so far as to cover the new panels with two or three coats of different paint, scraping them here and there, denting the wood, or puncturing it with old nail marks or peg marks, and rotting the ends of the lumber with chemicals.

It's an old story, although there is more of it done now than there ever was before.

But they don't fool Uncle Sam.

Tons of counterfeit stuff are being stopped at the United States Appraisers' Stores every year.

A man in the Customs employ showed me a stack of invoices a foot high, all for antiques, and all crooked. If they simply represented tourist purchases, we would assume that the tourist was stuck and let it go at that. The tourist is so gullible; he is on a holiday and has the money to spend; and he is so impressed by the antiquity of the country and its old methods that he is easily duped. But hold, fully half of these invoices were not for tourist goods but goods billed to dealers. What's the conclusion?

Either these dealers are dishonest and in collusion with the seller, or they themselves have been deceived, and if deceived, they are not the experts they are supposed to be.

It isn't surprising. You can't expect efficiency from some of the fellows who have crept into the antique business of late years.

In the customhouse the glass examiner has put his entire life into the subject. That's all he is supposed to know—glass. The furniture expert knows furniture and nothing else; so with the fabric man and other lines.

And they know that Belgium and France are reproducing the old tapestry bell pulls, that Spain is sending over glassware—bottles and tumblers—liquor-stained and grimy with dirt; but all signs of age disappear after two minutes under the faucet.

At an auction sale recently, a lot of pewter was grabbed by the trade, but I happened to know the goods came straight from Birmingham.

C. O. D., Not P. B. C.

Reproduction stuff is legitimate so long as handled legitimately; but when handled by the ignorant or unscrupulous it tends to the discrediting of all dealers and a general public prejudice against the whole subject of antiques. So I am glad to see that during the past few months the Antique and Decorative Arts League has been organized with the object of correcting abuses and establishing a higher code of ethics among dealers.

It is a common thing for the seller abroad to furnish the buyer a duplicate invoice for the American customs examiner, this invoice showing a much lower cost, and thus effecting a saving in duties. Crooked invoices of this character have been so common that the Government has been obliged to open headquarters in London and Paris for agents who cover all Europe, investigating values and shady practices, and card-indexing the firms guilty of that sort of thing.

A good deal of this deception would be avoided if tourist buyers or trade buyers would purchase their antiques subject to payment when the goods are passed by the Customs. But no, the stuff is always sold C. O. D., not P. B. C.

And then there's the auctioneer abroad. I saw a Rembrandt at a famous auction gallery in London sold for $100—at any rate it was catalogued as a Rembrandt. That's a sample of what you're up against. You're supposed to know.

In Paris most of the public sales are held at the Hôtel des Ventes Mobilières, more generally known as the Hôtel Drouot. It's a motley crowd that assembles here, but fascinating to the collector.

Then of a lower degree, though none the less interesting, is the Flea Market. Of a Sunday a couple of hundred venders of anything and everything from an automobile to a watch spring meet here and offer their plunder. The market place covers about four acres, thickly packed with push-carts upon which these wares are shown. Everybody in the junk business or second-hand business utilizes this Sunday opportunity to display his collections, and the place is crowded; especially by folks who haven't any regular antique shop, but who think they have something that somebody would want. The poor come for discarded raiment, the rich for illusive treasure. But I have said it before, and I reiterate—old books, old manuscripts, old fabrics, old anything, mean little in themselves. You can buy Greek and Roman coins of 2000 years ago for twenty-five cents apiece. It is scarcity, sentiment and historic interest that make for value. And because of this interest the old American lard-oil lamp of 1720, out of a New England farm, is worth more money in America than the ancient clay burner of far Phenicia, and the old double-faced coverlets of our Colonial forbears have a greater appeal for technic and for beauty than the grimed and ragged stuffs of the Old World.

A Find in Phyfe

Thoreau says the value of a thing is determined by the amount of life you put into it. A year of a woman's life went into the making of some of these coverlets and you can tell the nationality or ancestry by the patterns that were used. The women from Holland, Switzerland, France, England, Scotland and Ireland, long before the days of power weaving, brought to America their own drafts of patterns, and these drafts were inherited and handed down from one generation to another. Thus, one family might have drafts of two or three patterns, no more, and there was great excitement in the village when a professional weaver—an itinerant craftsman—arrived to teach the gentry a new pattern.

And now the patchwork quilt is coming in. Up to last winter there was no demand for it. Of course this doesn't mean that all patchwork quilts are desirable; some of them are poorly made and wretchedly colored, but those that are really artistic are bringing high prices; and don't confuse the patchwork quilt with the appliquéd quilts. Some beautiful designs were made in appliqués, but they're not patchwork.

And look out for good examples in the despised Empire period of furniture. Dealers ignore that period, but in another decade, when all the older things are picked up and gone, they'll be glad to get them.

Thirty years ago there was the same indifference for Duncan Phyfe furniture. People didn't appreciate it. It was not old enough. It didn't go quite far enough back in memory lane to quicken the heartbeat. In 1905 a Duncan Phyfe sofa sold in Philadelphia for fifteen dollars. Last month the same sofa sold at a Park Avenue auction house for $2600.

A few years ago an old lady from upstate called on a dealer in New York and said she had a lot of stamps, some going back to the first City Dispatch stamp of 1842. Some of them were on the original envelopes, and she had an idea that they were very valuable, because somebody had told her that an Alexandria stamp in blue was worth $10,000 and that Philip Ward, of Philadelphia, paid $3600 for a thirty-cent red-orange stamp of 1861. But the dealer wasn't much interested until he happened to notice in one of the envelopes a bill from Duncan Phyfe to the grandfather of the present generation of the family; and say, it was the thrill of his life!, And, as the lady observed that she had more of them at home, he said he'd go out there some day and go through the collection.

That's what he wanted—to get into her house and snup around. And sure enough, she had four or five fine old Duncan Phyfe pieces, and cared nothing for them, and was glad to get rid of them; there were so many other things she'd rather have. He bought them all. He might have hunted for years and never run up against such a find. He paid $500 for the City Dispatch stamp, with envelope and bill inclosed; for they authenticated and further increased the value of the furniture. And then folks say there's no luck in business.

Not long ago there was a sale of the family heirlooms of John J. Miller, of Southampton, Long Island. The genealogy of the family runs back to 1640, and to the Bleeckers, the Duanes, the Livingstons and the Rutgerses after whom the streets of New York were named at the time when it was in truth little old New York. In the collection there was a lot of miniature furniture—a serpentine desk, for example, a replica of the old Hancock desk, made absolutely to scale, and only twelve inches high.

More of this miniature cabinetwork was shown at the Nolen Sale, at the Temple Sale; and recently, at the Colony Club in New York, there was an exhibition of small pieces, all contributed by members of the club.

The origin of these diminutive pieces is little understood. Contrary to the general impression, they were not made for children. In the old days they were made by apprentices to demonstrate their skill, before ever they were given their master's papers. These apprentices had to do small pieces before they were allowed to spoil good lumber on regular work. Then again, they were often made as models to work from, even to take orders from.

Why the Craze for Americana?

What does all this craze for Americana mean? It is a symptom of national awakening. We have come to realize that this great country is a land no longer of promise, but of achievement. No longer has Europe anything to give us but a pleasant trip over and a pleasanter trip back. We have taken her best. And in all things, excepting ruins and ancient history, we have surpassed her.

Our men are paid better, our women are dressed better, our children are housed better, and we have begun to realize this, and to think in gratitude of the pioneer folk who blazed the trail to our great achievement, and we are hoarding and cherishing the reminders of their lives—old daguerreotypes, old bell pulls, rag dolls, rag rugs, furniture, glassware, even old wall paper—and now we have restored and reanimated and removed them to a new life and modern environment, remote from the age of their origin. I sometimes wonder what they think of their rehabilitation.

There used to be a little red schoolhouse up at Sterling, Massachusetts, and according to the reliable records of the First Reader, Mary Sawyer went to school there, and Mary's little lamb attended also, much to the consternation of the teacher.

No one knows what the people want any better than Henry Ford, and Mr. Ford has taken time off, away from his multitudinous interests, to locate the place where the little red schoolhouse stood, and has bought the foundation stones and is going to reconstruct the house.

To be sure, there is somewhere the habitat of this or that revered and illustrious Pilgrim; but Mr. Ford, with his uncanny appreciation of what the people want, is doubtless pleasing a much larger audience in perpetuating the memory of Mary and her lamb.

"Well, in any event," says Mr. Lovell, "he's staying at home and not getting the British Parliament all het up over her disappearing ruins. Uncle Henry can do about anything, and, who knows, he may yet discover the cupboard belonging to the lady who made loose wrappers popular, likewise the house that Jack built."

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THE USES OF ADVERSITY

(Continued from Page 11)

And when he undertook to stow the hay away in the mow, the result was chaos; before they were done there was hay on the barn floor, hay in the tie-up and hay on the wire top of the chicken pen. Cindy herself was exhausted by her efforts to right the mischief that he did, and her impatience with him at last boiled over.

She said, stammering with her own anger, "You're the awkwardest man I ever did see; you can't do a thing right to save you."

His humility appeased her; but she could not help dreading the next day, and when Jud appeared after supper to say that he would be there in the morning with Chet Thomas to put in a day's work, she was near weeping with relief, and forgot her scruples altogether. She told Jud that she had put some hay in.

"Morris helped me," she explained; and the little man laughed in that quick fashion of his, a curious hardness in his laughter.

"Wonder he didn't drive the mower into you," he commented.

"We got in a lot of hay," she said, driven into the defense of Morris by Jud's scorn.

"Guess you did the bulk of it then," he hazarded, and she felt the justice of this and did not deny it.

She wondered, after Jud was gone, how she should explain to Morris. The story of the antipathy between the brothers was familiar to her. She thought it absurd, but at the same time she recognized the fact that it was beyond her power to change. Jud would, she felt sure, refuse the other's help; and she tried to think how she might avoid any meeting between them. But the matter solved itself; for in the morning Morris limped across the road to explain apologetically that his ankle was swollen, that he would not be able to work that day. Cindy hid her relief, showed only her very real sympathy for him, and made him let her examine the wrenched joint and bathe it and rebandage it more firmly. He was just starting back across the road again when Jud and Chet Thomas drove into the yard, and through the open kitchen door she heard Jud hail his brother.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Need a crutch?"

"Fell off the hayrack," Morris explained soberly. "Give my ankle a kind of twitch."

Jud laughed. "Too bad it wan't your neck," he commented; and Chet Thomas grinned, and Morris tried without success to think of some fit retort, and turned at last and limped away.

Jud and Chet went to work with a businesslike efficiency; they did the work so easily that Cindy felt a furious and unreasonable resentment at them because they did not suffer as she and Morris before.

[illegible]mmer, Jud asked [illegible]as no particular [illegible]part; but he [illegible]inclined

"I wish you would," he urged. "It's right sensible, if you want to look at it that way."

"I don't know that I want to look at it that way," she retorted.

"You got to get married sometime," he reminded her. "Soon or late."

And she said at that, curiously provoked with him, "Well, Jud, when the time comes, I'll let you know."

Thus the matter lay all that winter long. If Jud were impatient, he concealed his feelings; patience in such affairs is characteristic of this countryside. Not even Will Belter had up to this time perceived any possibilities in the situation. Cindy got through the winter comfortably; and Jud went about his business and made no occasion to see her, saw her only as occasion offered.

Jud had put in Cindy's wood again that fall, and Cindy was uncomfortable about this until Mrs. Hunt told her that Jud had said she hired him to do it.

"There ain't a bit of need of your hiring it done," Mrs. Hunt urged Cindy. "Gay'd do it for you, and glad to. Jud'd ought to be ashamed of hisself; but he was always one to get a dollar where he could."

Cindy was so grateful to Jud for this lie that she protected him in it.

"But I don't want it done for nothing," she told Mrs. Hunt. "I'm not on the town."

She considered speaking of the matter to Jud, expressing her appreciation of what he had done; but the moment never seemed fitting, and she never did.

Sometime during the spring Jud gave her a hive of bees. He had half a dozen hives in his orchard, and he told her that her own trees would benefit from a similar arrangement. He brought the hive over and set it in place.

"They'll likely swarm sometime along this summer," he warned her. "But when they do, you just come along over, quick as you can, and get me and I'll take care of 'em."

Cindy nodded, but when the emergency did in fact arise, she was unwilling to send for him; she knew in a general way what it was necessary to do. The bees had swarmed on an upper branch of the maple beside the house, a hundred yards or so from the hive, and to reach them a ladder was needed. So Cindy went across to fetch Morris; and Morris came without protest, dragging his ladder behind him, and stood still while she adjusted a veil about his head and tied gloves upon his hands. Then he got the ladder up into the tree, so awkwardly that he disturbed the swarm and had to wait while they settled again; and when eventually he climbed up to a point below them, the bees hummed around him angrily.

There are some men who have or seem to have a kinship with bees; they may handle a swarm without much fear of being stung; the sting itself, if they suffer it, does not harass them. But Cindy, on the ground, [illegible]rs more than once wince with

It is a [illegible]on he began the attempt to to furnish the [illegible]to the dish pan Cindy the American custo[illegible]ld of them en- voice showing a much lower [illegible]ly down the effecting a saving in duties. [illegible]Cindy fled voices of this character have be[illegible]n lifted mon that the Government has bee[illegible] in the to open headquarters in London a[illegible]nd the for agents who cover all Europe, [illegible]o look gating values and shady practice[illegible] card-indexing the firms guilty of tha[illegible] and of thing.

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And then there's the auctioneer abroad. I saw a Rembrandt at a famous auction gallery in London sold for $100—at any rate it was catalogued as a Rembrandt. He's scared to death of them." He went over and over the same ground, jeering at Morris, blaming her for her share in the fiasco; but afterward, and during the succeeding days, Cindy went often across the road to tend the big man's hurts and to do for him those small household chores which, because of his swollen hands, were for the moment impossible.

A week or so later Jud drew a moral from the affair. "It just goes to show that you need a man around," he urged Cindy, "to do that sort of thing. That's why I say, why don't we get married? There ain't any sense your staying here alone this way."

But though she did not deny him, he failed for the time to move her to his will.

During the rest of the summer she came by small degrees to see more of Morris. The big man's humble and submissive mien she found vaguely irritating; she was often impatient with him; and when she went, as she sometimes did, to put his house in order, she was accustomed to berate him roundly for his own failures in this respect. He was not one to protest. "Guess I don't get the trick of it," was the only defense he ever offered. But his gratitude expressed itself in little ways; he came across the road more and more often to seek out small services he might do for her; and though he did them bunglingly, was in many ways more trouble than his help was worth, yet she had no heart to thrust him aside.

One rainy day in early November he came in this wise to cut and fit some cordwood for her; she heard his ax in the shed soon after breakfast and looked through the door and passed the time of day with him.

"I can do that myself," she told him. "There ain't a bit of sense you doing it."

"Might as well," he said diffidently. "There ain't a thing to do at home, raining the way it is."

"I guess I could find something to do if I was to go over," she told him, smiling a little, and he assented submissively.

"Guess you could," he agreed, and swung his ax again.

The event was that when her own housework was done, she left him there in the shed and crossed the road and let herself into his kitchen; and for an hour or two she busied herself there and about the house, her sleeves rolled high. She had a kettle of water boiling on the stove; went to and fro with a hot and sudsy pan of water in her hands.

Now and again she came upon small evidence of his ineptitude, and always greeted them with a ferocious impatience.

"That man!" she would exclaim, under her breath. Or, "Now look at that! Who ever saw the likes of him? Helpless as a baby, he is."

A little before noon, however, Morris came in through the kitchen door, his expression rueful, as it so often was; and he was limping, and he sat down rather quickly in a chair just within the kitchen, and a red stain spread upon the boards.

Cindy flew to him, catching up a sheet of paper as she went, and she lifted his foot and set it on the paper.

"After I've scrubbed all morning!" she cried indignantly. "What you gone and done now, Morris?"

He grinned in a shamed way. "Looks like I'd learn," he confessed, and began to untie his shoe. There was, she saw, a gash in the side, toward the heel; and she helped him get the shoe off, scolding steadily.

"You been using an ax all your life," she told him. "A man your age to go a-cutting hisself! Is it bad, Morris?"

"Just kind of nicked it," he explained. "Don't hurt any to mention."

She found that the cut was in fact not particularly serious; no more than a deep skin wound.

"But I guess it's going to have to be sewed up," she decided. "I'll have to go fetch Doctor Crapo."

"Guess I can stitch it up," he protested. "Tie a rag around it and it'll be all right, looks to me."

She was a woman of courage, and she nodded. "I'll fix it," she decided. "You set still till I get some hot water and get it clean." She had, it appeared, a certain comprehension of the measures that were advisable; for she put cotton thread and a big needle into the kettle to boil, and scrubbed her hands with soap and hot water, and then in like fashion cleansed the wound and closed it. She was too deeply absorbed in this task to pay much heed to him; gave him only the slightest glances while she worked. She had drawn up a chair and placed his injured foot upon it; and she bent over this busily, and was at last in the act of adjusting the bandages when he rolled limply out of his chair to the floor. Cindy gave an exclamation of impatience.

"Drat the man! You might know he'd faint on me!"

She had been so careful to protect his foot from contamination that she caught it up from the floor now; and then she remembered that to elevate the feet and lower the head was a remedy for fainting, so she lifted his other foot too. After a moment his eyes opened and began to focus, and his head wagged limply, and she said in a sharp tone, "You lay there! Go a-fainting that way!"

He made no defense; and after a moment she asked, "Hurt, did I?"

He shook his head apologetically. "Kind of—tickled when you stuck that needle in. I never looked to go and act this way."

She let him lie there while she finished the bandaging, and got him into a chair afterward, and prepared food for him; but when she came to the house at suppertime she found him able to get around the kitchen and attend his own needs. She made him sit down, and waited on him; but at the same time she chided him in terms unmeasured.

Morris only said, "I was always one to get into trouble. Things never did go right for me."

The affair, of course, was noised abroad; everyone in town knew about it, and they laughed at Morris for his awkwardness. But Jud was irritated with Cindy for her part.

"Let him alone," he advised her. "He ain't worth bothering with. He'll fall off his own back step some day and break his neck, and it's time he did. I never did see such a thumb-handed man."

"Somebody had to take care of him," she suggested gently, and Jud shook his head.

"Didn't have to be you."

"He was working for me when it happened."

"Wan't any call for him to," Jud retorted. "I'd have done it, time enough." He added in a sudden explosion of bitter wrath: "He's a-hanging around here too much, making trouble for you. I aim to tell him to keep away."

Cindy did not in words object to this, but she studied Jud with a curious eye. It occurred to her—she knew quite well that in a little town such matters are public knowledge—that someone had been laughing at Jud, telling him that Morris was his rival. Cindy was amused at the thought of a rivalry between these two; between Morris, so inert and unaggressive, and Jud, this alert and assured little man. But she did not voice this amusement to Jud himself.

Will Belter came to see Cindy next day. Will, who had an insatiable and shameless curiosity, and an ungovernable love for telling tales, made everyone's affairs his own.

He had a great many questions, covert and direct, to put to Cindy; and she listened courteously, and talked with him at length, and sent him away so well content that he did not realize he had learned nothing at all.

That night at the store, he repeated his opinion that she would in due time marry Jud. (Continued on Page 146)

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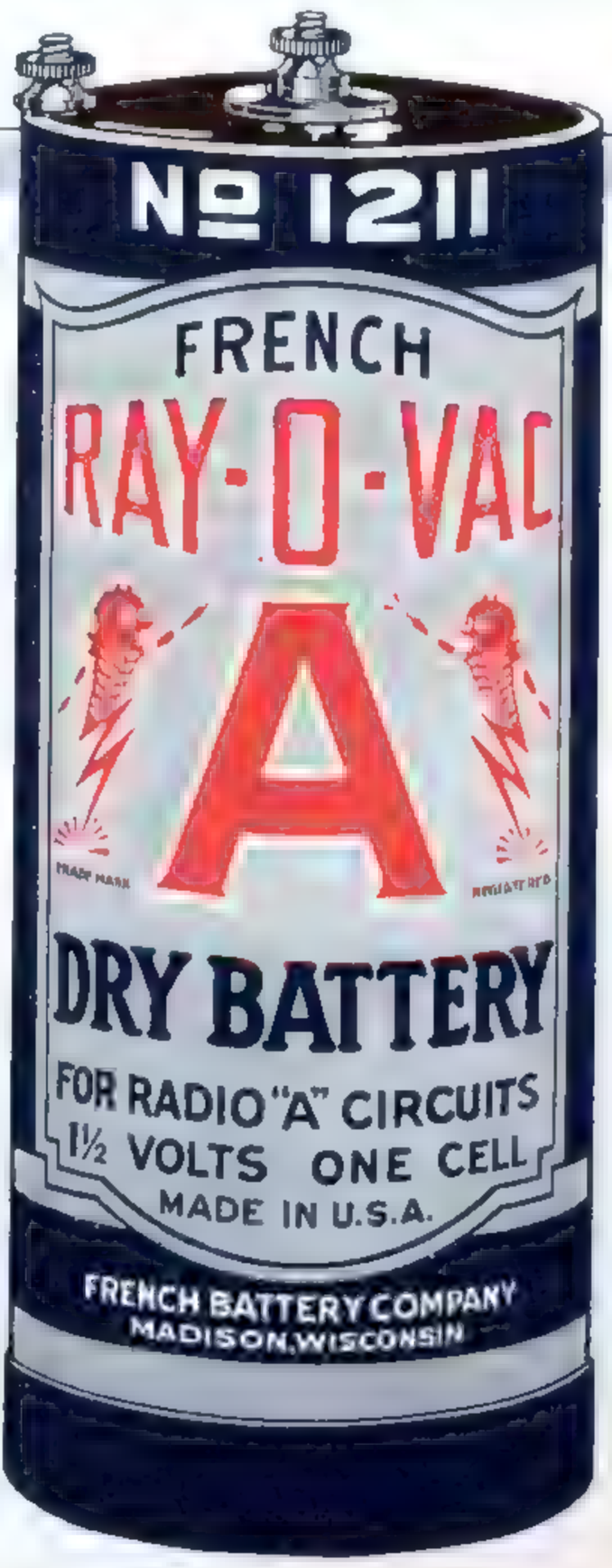

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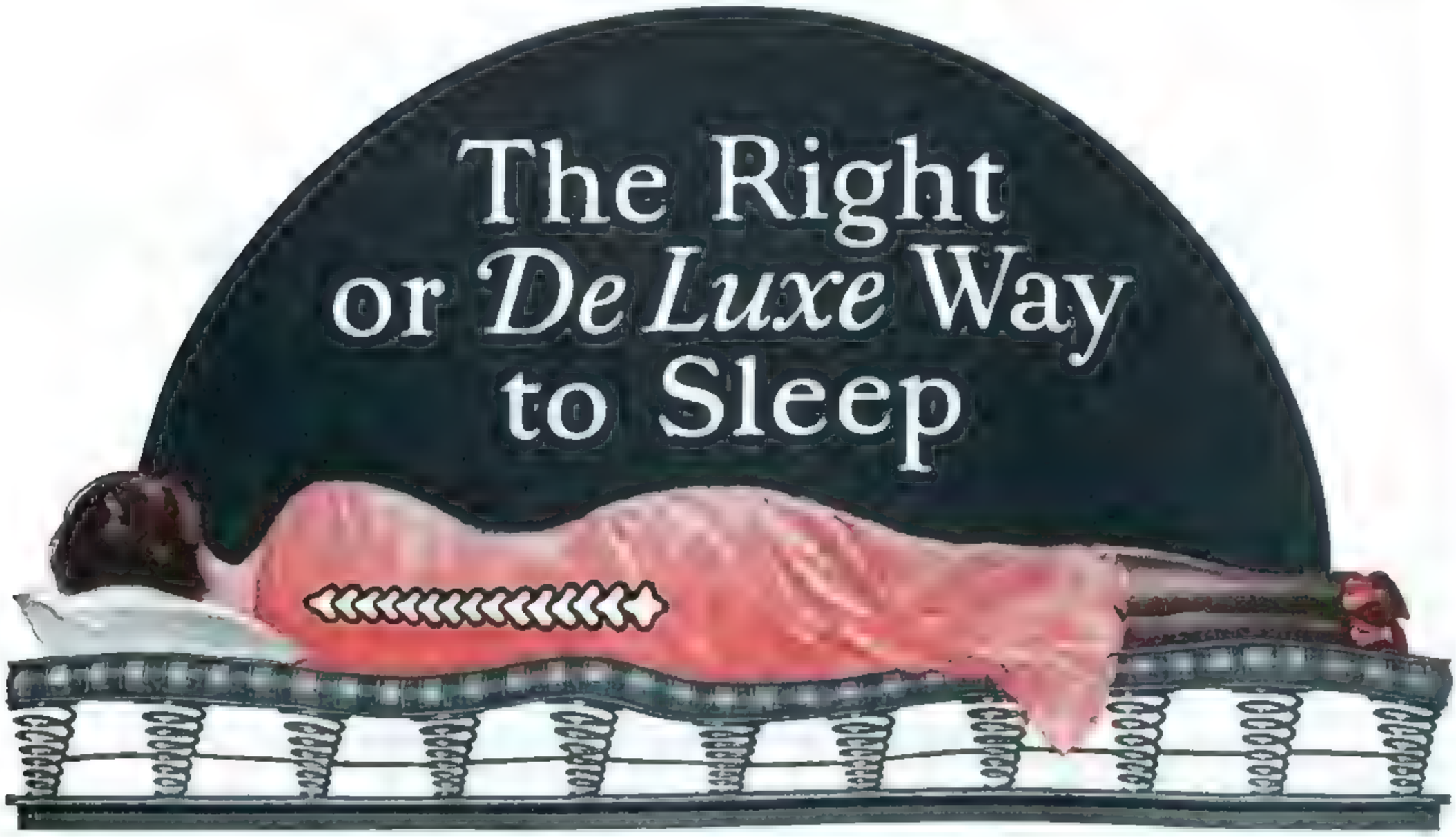

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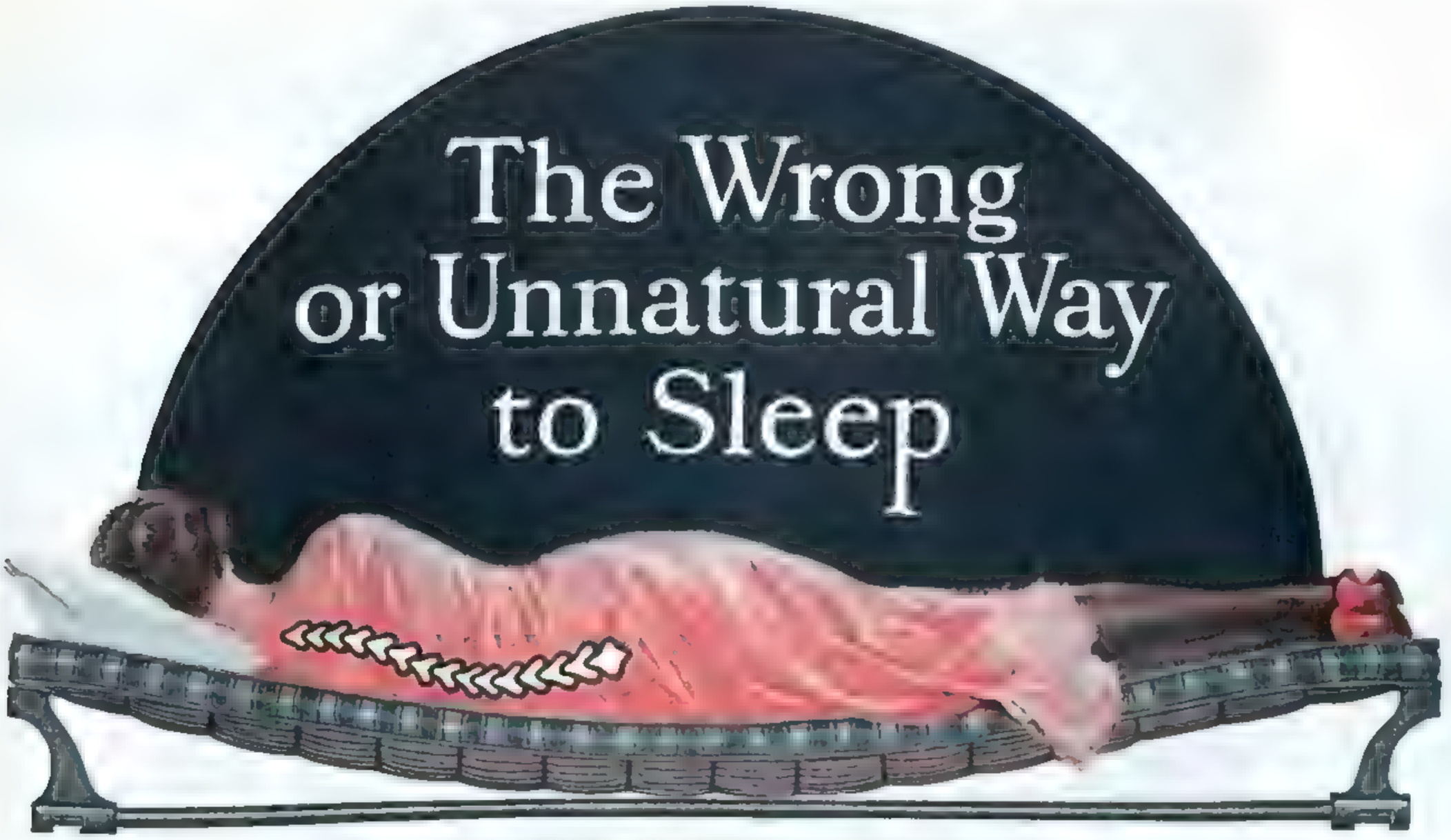

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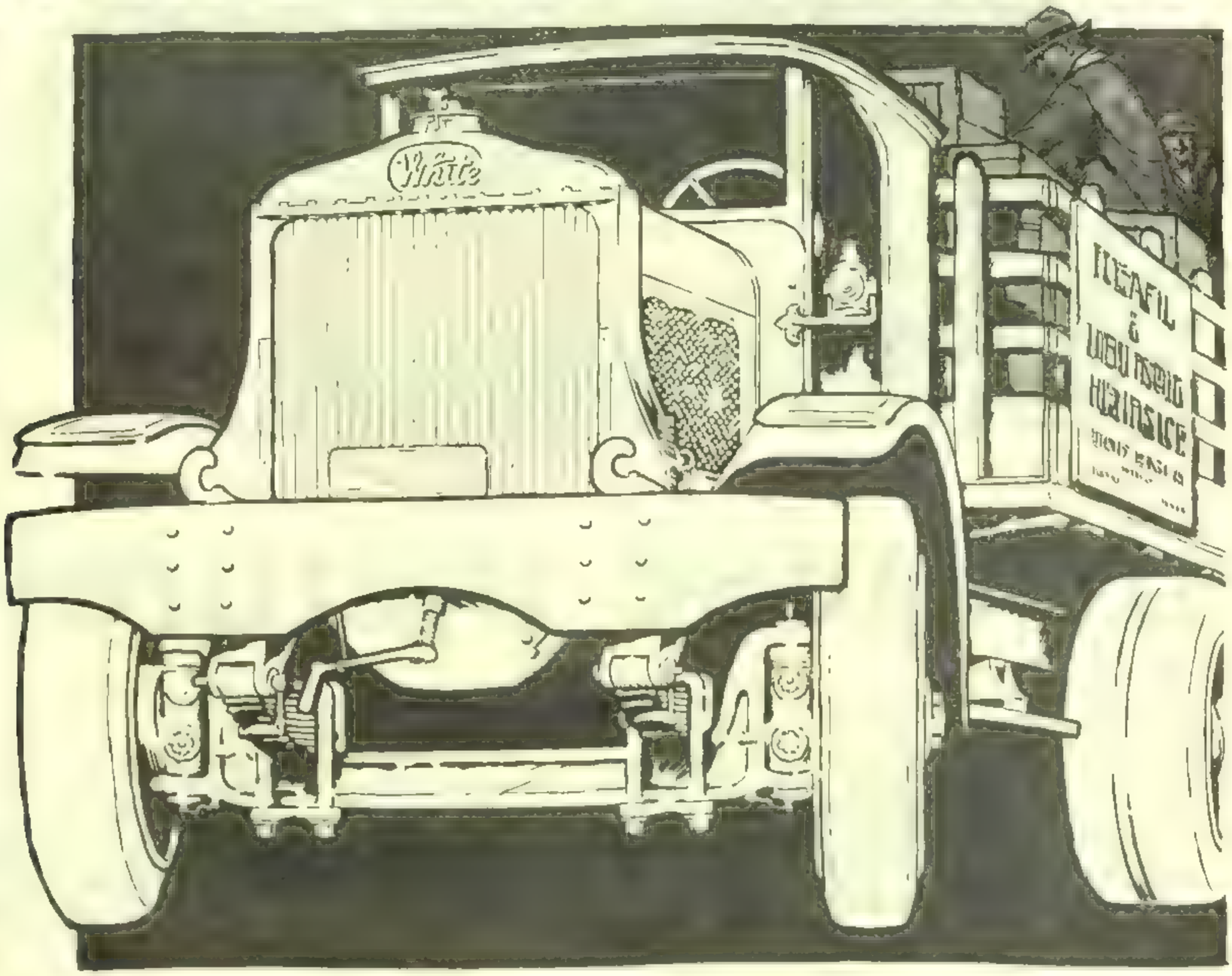

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(Continued from Page 140)

Gay Hunt said, "She's long enough about it, looks to me."

"She's a-waiting till she's ready," Belter assured him. "That's the whole of it."

The others were of divided opinion. Some thought she would marry Jud and some thought not; but Morris, Jud's brother, was scarce mentioned in the discussion at all.

In Fraternity, through the long winters, when the snow lies heavy on the ground and the outer air is still and biting cold, neither chickens nor swine nor cattle may safely go abroad. So the farmer gathers his stock into his great barn. The cows stand in their tie-ups—save in moderate weather—all day long, and they must be watered and be fed. The pigs are penned in a corner of the barn floor, or they are housed below. Chickens have another pen apart. All the beasts and fowl thus gathered together under one roof live in a neighborly communion, raising their voices at times in unison; and the cows emanate a bodily warmth which tempers the outer cold and makes the interior of the barn not at all uncomfortable; a drowsy place, clean enough in its fashion, filled with a warm and heavy air. And in bins and boxes and barrels the roots from the garden are stored, and apples perhaps; and in the mow the piled hay lies, its faint dust impalpably filling the air. There are usually a few cats about, dozing all day long on the timbers above the tie-up; and on most farms you will also find a dog.

Cindy had three cows now, and she still had a pig, and she had a dozen hens and a rooster or two. As it was on other farms, so it was with her; she housed them all in the barn, connected with the house by the shed. To tend them it was not necessary for her to go out of doors; the pump was in the shed, the feed was in the barn. She went to and fro among them, and they knew her coming and welcomed her each after its own fashion. When she pumped water she could hear the cows lowing softly at the sound; when she opened the door between shed and barn the pig grunted and reared himself on the side of his pen and the chickens came clustering against the wire to watch her with anxiously bobbing heads and little clucks of nervous apprehension for fear she would forget their needs. She used to talk to them while she filled the troughs or the pans; she had names for each one, and they were individuals to her.

During the winter each farm about Fraternity is to some extent isolated, self-contained and at the same time remote. If the snow be deep, there is very little visiting to and fro; the glimpse of someone in a sleigh, bundled among his furs, passing by, may be the only contact with another human being all the long day. Thus mankind is driven to find solace in the company and the dependence of the beasts.

There are, in this work, small problems forever arising. A chicken, for no reason that can be discovered, may be found one morning dead in the pen; or perhaps its throat is torn, or its flesh half eaten, so that vermin must be reckoned with. Or the pig breaks down half the side of his sty and this must be repaired. Cindy met these difficulties as they came along, using makeshift means when none better afforded; and it was one such incident which in the end precipitated matters between her and Morris and his brother Jud.

The cows in the tie-up were held in their places by two perpendicular staves which fitted on either side of the neck; the beasts were thus free to stand or to lie down; but the staves were close enough together so that it was impossible to escape from their hold. Cindy had an old cow which they had owned while her husband was still alive, a cow with a black flank and a white back and head, a cow of doubtful age. Cindy's husband, when he bought her, had named her Faith, because she was at that time dry. Faith's daughter, Belle, a two-year-old heifer, stood next her; and the third cow, not a member of the family, was in the second stall beyond.

When Cindy came to the barn one morning she found that Faith had broken one of the staves which held her in her appointed place. As a matter of convenience, it is better to keep a cow where she belongs; so Cindy, for default of a stave that would replace the broken one, fastened Faith by a chain. But Faith was a creature of habit, and the chain discommoded her and she resented it; and after a few days Cindy was brought to submit to Faith's protests, and thereafter allowed the cow the freedom of the tie-up. She could do no great harm there; and the roots—turnips and beets and carrots—were out of her reach on the barn floor, in boxes among the apple barrels there. A door between the tie-up and the barn floor barred the way. The arrangement became familiar. Cindy's first apprehensions passed and her vigilance relaxed, and one night she forgot to secure this door.

So it came to pass that at about two o'clock one morning Morris, across the road, heard someone calling at his window in the night; and he woke and made response, and recognized the voice of Cindy.

She said calmly enough, "Morris, the old cow's sick. Can't you come over and try to do some good for her?"

"That you, Cindy?" he asked; and she said, "Yes, Morris, yes." She added less patiently, "The old cow's sick. I can't do her any good."

"You get on home," he said. "I'll come right away." And as he got out of bed he saw her dark figure against the snow on the ground outside; saw her start back across the road. The business of dressing occupied him only for a moment; he was only a little way behind her.

He found Cindy in the barn, her lantern hung on the disused hayrack and casting queer and gigantic shadows all about; and Faith, the overturned apple barrels testifying that she had eaten not wisely but too well, in sore distress of spirit and of body. Thereafter for a while he did what he could, and Cindy helped him; and she shivered a little because it was night, and all about was still, and the shadows were so black. Sleep was near overpowering her; she drew back and leaned against the pigpen and her eyes half closed, and the scene lost all reality for her and seemed more and more like a dream.

Morris must have been sleepy, too—drugged with sleep. He moved like a man in a daze, and his hands were uncertain, and he stumbled across the hay-littered barn floor.

He was for a while absorbed in what he had to do; but he looked toward Cindy at last and said uncertainly, "Guess you might as well go in the house. I'll stay long's there's anything to do."

"I'm cold," she confessed sleepily.

He nodded. "Go along," he urged. "I'll light you through the shed." And when, after a moment's uncertainty, she stirred to do as he suggested, he took the lantern from the hay rack where it hung. She stepped past him and he followed her a pace behind, and doing so he passed too near the corner of the rack. A hayfork lay on the bed of this conveyance, and one of the tines caught in the frame of the lantern and twitched it from his sleepy hand. To make the catastrophe complete, the lantern touched the hub of the wheel as it fell and the glass was shattered, and the flame met the litter of hay on the floor, and oil flowed out to feed the little fire so swiftly that for all the fierce and instant zeal with which he threw himself upon it, Morris could not stop its spread. It touched the edge of a mound of hay against the foot of the mow and roared upward, and—so swiftly did disaster come—within no more than a second or two the cause was become a hopeless one.

But the two, Cindy and Morris, were wide awake enough now; and in the time which was left to them, through the billowing and choking smoke shot with red flares, they fought in desperate wise. Morris flung wide the further door and harried the sick cow into the open, and half drove, half flung the pig into a drift outside; and he leaped toward the tie-up and loosed the cows there, and drove them into the lane, now deep with snow, which led in summer toward the pasture behind the barn. The chicken pen was at Cindy's end of the barn—the fire had bloomed between them—and while Morris did these things she had the chickens out, driving them clacking and fluttering into the snow. They flew or ran a dozen paces, then stopped to recapture their shattered dignity; but the snow gave way loosely beneath their feet and they floundered there absurdly, crowing and cackling in resentment.

When Morris had the stock clear of the barn, he ran around its outer side to the further door of the shed, intent only on seeking some means to check the fire there. He had been somewhat burned in his first efforts to avert the destruction he had let loose, and his hands were blistered now, but he forgot them, flinging himself at the cordwood piled in the shed in the end toward the barn, throwing it back, making a clear space, working with no particular plan, but with a tremendous zeal. In the barn, the flames were roaring; smoke and the glare came through the cracks in the shed wall to him. But his own exertions were so absorbing that he did not hear Cindy behind him till she cried out. He had thrown a billet of birch which struck her below the knees, tumbling her to the ground, and she scrambled to her feet and screamed at him, "Morris! Morris!"

He stopped then, and turned and looked at her stupidly; and she cried, "You big fool! Oh, you fool! Oh, you ain't got the sense —— What you trying to do?"

He said humbly, "I figure I might keep it from spreading."

"Don't you know anything?" she demanded. "There ain't any stopping it now. All I can do is get things out of the house. You come along with me!" He did not at once move, and she cried, "Come on, you! Move yourself, Morris! Come on!"

Her tone galvanized him; he followed her. And thereafter, while the barn blazed high and the inexorable flames crept through the shed, they labored mightily. It was her wisdom which bade them begin with the kitchen, and then with the dining room, since here first the fire would come; it was her judgment which chose those things she treasured most for this poor salvation. And Morris, submitting to her, doing as she bade, accomplished miracles of toil. It chanced that the glare from the fire reached no other eyes, roused no single one of the surrounding farms, where at that hour folk slept soundly.

The night was still, the smoke rose in a red column high and higher, losing itself at last in a pale blur against the star-pricked sky. None came to help them; they worked alone; and when at last they were driven to give over the task, surrender to the flames, they drew back toward the road, and Morris looked toward the barn, already fallen in and dying into glowing embers; and he watched the house itself burst into a torch and blaze fiercely for a while and then begin to die. But Cindy was making inventory, cataloguing in her mind those things which she had saved. She was astonished to discover their number; she thought back, and she guessed at the time of night, and it seemed impossible they could have done so much so quickly. When she spoke to him at last, there was something almost like approval in her voice.

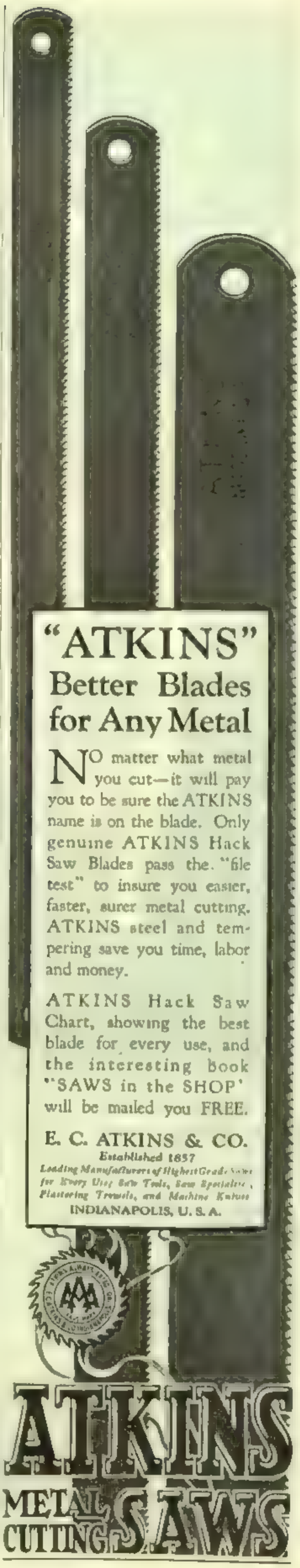
"I declare, Morris," she said, "you're a good worker when you've got someone to tell you what to do."

Morris said nothing; he was sunk in black despair. But after a minute she roused him.

"No sense a-setting here," she decided. "There's room in your barn for the cows and all. Let's get 'em in, Morris."

So by and by they had the animals under shelter; and the chickens submitted to be led or captured and transported to their new home and went composedly to roost again, cackling resentfully in their sleep for

(Continued on Page 147)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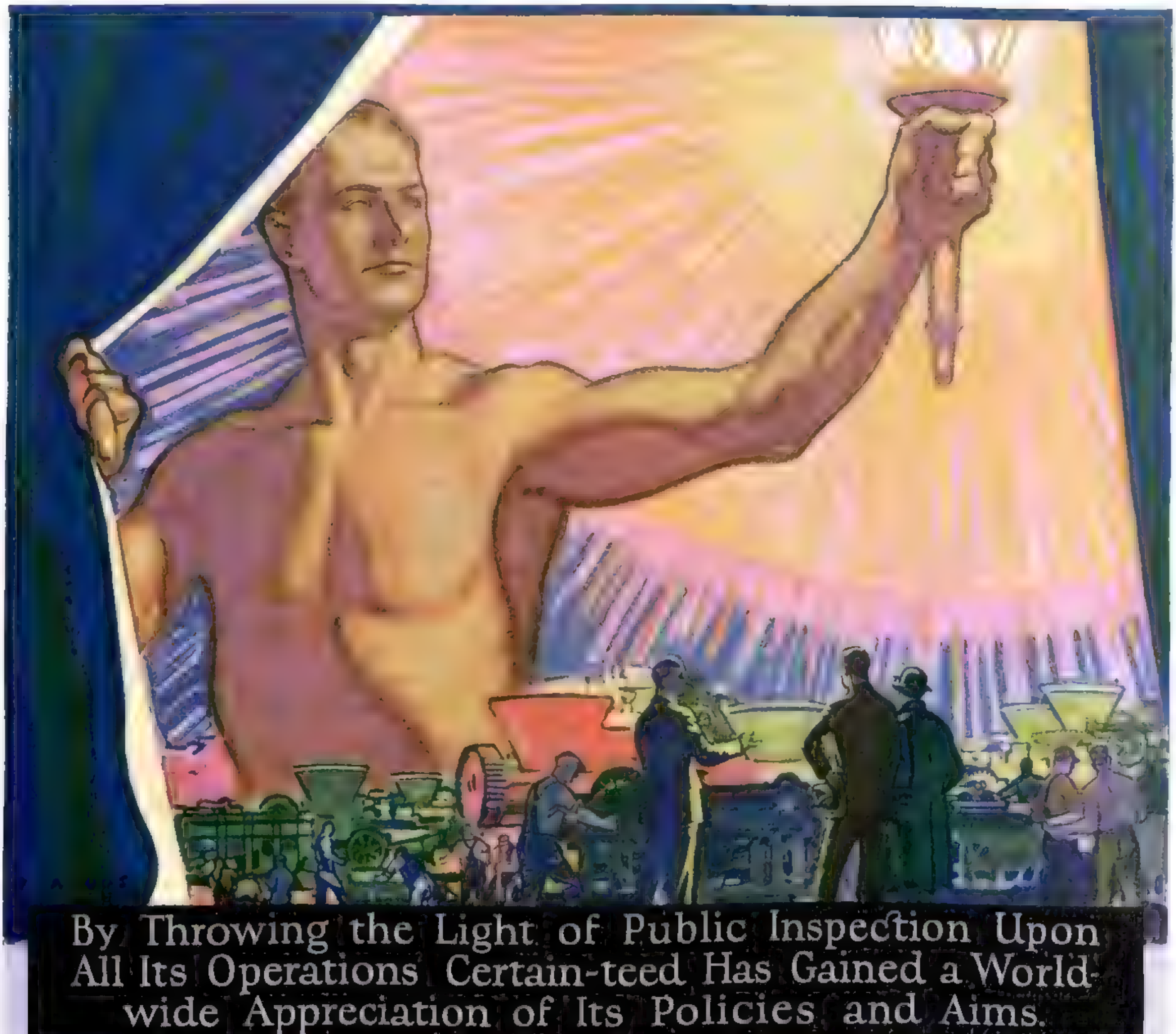

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(Continued from Page 145)

a while. And before daylight, what had been Cindy's home was blackening and only the stark chimney rose from the cellar hole above the level of the ground.

By and by, of course, people began to come that way. Gay Hunt and Mrs. Hunt were the first, and then Chet Thomas, and then Lee Motley and Mrs. Motley; and then others came in little groups, floundering through the snow. Cindy had gone to sleep at last upon the couch in Morris' dining room; but Morris was awake and met the first to come; and thereafter as others gathered they moved to and fro in little groups or stood to survey the ashes. Chet McAusland it was who pointed out that snow was imminent, that the things which had been saved must be got under cover, and everyone helped at this business, stowing the stuff away in Morris' barn or in his house where there was room.

They were thus occupied when Jud Brisker came. Jud had, unaccountably, slept late that morning; it was Will Belter who, with the nose for drama which was his birthright, had carried him the news.

"Cindy Weed's whole stand of buildings has burned down," he said. "And they're carrying everything over to Morris' barn."

Jud, already jumping into his clothes, asked sharply, "How'd it start?" And Will knew and told him; and Jud exploded in a wrath and scorn which Will found infinitely stirring. So a little later these two came along the road, Jud almost running, Will hurrying at his heels.

They came into the groups about the furniture, and Jud asked at large, "Where's Cindy?"

Lee Motley said, "She's in the house, Jud." And Jud nodded and went toward the kitchen and found Cindy there with Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Motley. Morris was at the moment in the barn, helping with the task of clearing space there. Cindy stood by the stove, watching a pot of coffee almost at the boil, and the others were beside her, and they all three turned to look at Jud as he came in with Will Belter at his heels and one or two others just behind. But Jud turned and shut the door against these others; only Will was already within the room, and Jud seemed not to remark him. He came toward Cindy, and she stood waiting for him there, a little smile upon her lips and in her eyes.

He asked quickly, "You all right, Cindy?" And she nodded without replying. "Morris burnt you out, Will says." Jud exclaimed; and Cindy glanced sidewise at Will Belter, faintly discomfiting that not easily embarrassed man. But Mrs. Hunt answered, indignantly enough.

"He dropped the lantern," she explained. "Cindy's cow was sick and she come and fetched Morris over and he dropped the lantern on a pile of hay."

Jud was purple with anger at this brother of his. "It's a wonder he wouldn't burn hisself out!" he cried. "It's a wonder he wouldn't ever do any hurt to hisself, instead of you." His lips twisted with the violence of his own emotions, but he spoke more gently. "Cindy, you come along down to my place. It's time you come. I told you you'd have to, in the end."

She bowed her head a little, as though in some faint embarrassment, and he said quickly, "Everybody knows I want you should marry me, Cindy. I guess you're ready now. It's a good time, with everybody here; they can carry your things down there right now."

She said mildly, "You're a manager, Jud."

He seemed to feel a faint criticism implicit in her word.

"I can take care of you," he asserted, "if that's what you mean. I've got a good farm, and it's in good shape, and I can look out for you. You won't have to chop wood and all; you won't have to hardly more than lift your hand, Cindy. All I want's a chance to do for you."

"I don't know as I want you to do for me," she confessed gently, and he knew her thought and he exclaimed resentfully, "You wouldn't go to marry Morris, Cindy!"

Her eyes met his. "I don't know as I wouldn't," she retorted.

"He can't do anything right," Jud exploded. "He never touched anything he didn't spoil. He's helpless as a baby, all the time. You'd have to just wash his face for him 'fore you was done. I sh'd think you'd know by this time, now't he's burned you out of house and home. He can't plow a garden and he can't drive a hayrake; he can't load hay or mow it; he can't even chop wood without he cuts hisself; and he can't take a lantern into a barn without he sets it on fire. You'd have to do for him; but I can take care of you, Cindy."

He seemed to feel then that he had said enough, that he had said all that needed saying; and he was still, and Cindy stood before him, head a little bowed. And Mrs Hunt and Mrs. Motley and Will Belter watched her, waiting for what she should say. They waited what seemed a very long time, while Cindy stood thus thinking, and they might have waited longer. But Chet McAusland came to the door and opened it, and he caught Cindy's eye.

"Mis' Weed," he said, "you want we should put your bureau in the barn, or where?"

Cindy glanced at Jud and she smiled gently at the little man, as though she would, if she could, have softened the blow. But when she spoke it was to Chet.

"Guess you better bring it in the house, Chet," she said gravely. "Bring it in and put it in the front room."

Jud made one last protest, like a cry: "Cindy, Cindy, what do you want to do that for? He can't even take care of hisself; he can't do anything."

She nodded, half a dozen times, as though affirming this on her own account and to herself.

"That's why somebody's got to take care of him," she said.

And Jud, after a moment, laughed; he laughed in a fashion quite without mirth. And with no further word he stalked out of the kitchen and along the road toward his home.

The matter was, of course, discussed and rediscussed at the store, evening upon evening. Will Belter loved to tell over again the familiar tale.

"That's the way with a woman," he was accustomed to say at the end. "Jud had gone out o' his way to look out for her, and Morris had burnt her out. You can't ever tell what they'll do."

Jim Saladine came down one night from his farm upon the Ridge and heard the talk through, and he made a suggestion at the end.

"Trouble was," he pointed out, "she hadn't ever had a chance to do anything for Jud. It's doing things for people makes you like 'em, always seemed to me."

"She'll have a plenty of chance to do for Morris," Will said derisively, and Saladine nodded.

"Yes," he agreed; "yes. Well, I figure that was what she was looking for."

WHAT PRICE BRIBERY?

(Continued from Page 29)

Let us, for example, take the pocket-handkerchief harbor of Porto Piña—because there is no such place—lovely though it lies in the tropic sun, with its score of American schooners riding, lazily at anchor while tourist-filled launches snake in and out among the dingy fleet of "whiskeros," as they are called in the vernacular.

One of these whiskeros is an able-looking schooner called the Matilda. The Matilda is bowspritless, and she boasts the sweet lines and lovely sheer of the later Gloucestermen. But her canvas is filthy, her ratlines sagging, her rigging worn and frazzled. She is battered and dingy from stem to stern and from truck to keelson. She is a one-time queen of the fishing fleet, now prostituted to the sordid uses of a crew of West Indian cutthroats and halfbreed negroes. But that's the way we get our liquor.

The Matilda flies the flag of Licodonia, a banana republic even more obscure than Porto Piña itself—a flag seldom seen except in an encyclopedia or at the peak of a rum runner. The vessel is actually owned by a gentleman from St. Louis, variously known as Red or Slim Herrin. Mr. Herrin resides permanently in Porto Piña, since his health cannot stand the rather sedentary life which the American authorities would accord him should he return to the States. But Mr. Herrin is content. In the old days he used to peddle heroin in little twists of white paper, and oftentimes he didn't know where his next sniff was coming from. Now he owns the Matilda and three other schooners. Also he owns a really sizable bank account and half the muddy-eyed port officials of Porto Piña.

At the moment Slim Herrin is superintending the loading of the Matilda. She is taking on Scotch whisky from a big lighter alongside. Slim sits cross-legged on a bitt head and examines his papers. He has just come from the Licodonian consul's office. His arrangements are as follows:

He is loading the Matilda with 950 cases of assorted whisky for shipment to Licodonia. Pursuant to his standing arrangement with the Licodonian consul, he has paid that coffee-colored diplomat fifty cents a case, or a matter of $425 gold for this practical transaction. In return, the consul has provided him with all papers needed to get out of Porto Piña, plus a forged, but very essential document to get back into Porto Piña with—in short, a certificate from the Republic of Licodonia, purporting to show that the Matilda discharged in Licodonia and was cleared again in ballast for Porto Piña.

So the once lovely Matilda pulls up her mudhook and heads rather shamedly out of the pocket-handkerchief harbor. She is chockablock with German-made rotgut Scotch, so that her for'sail boom scarce clears the deck load. The sight-seeing launches toot their little sirens, and the tourists wave excitedly to the polyhued crew, and the crew waves boredly back. And then the tourists return to their tourist hotels and tell importantly of how they have watched their country being made an ass of.

But the Matilda is on her way. No sooner is she clear of the headland than the crew turns to and begins to sack the whisky. The mate breaks open a few bales of gunny sacks—they come specially cut, short and flat, to hold either six or twelve bottles each—and distributes them among the workers, together with needles, twine, rushes and marking pots. Two men with box openers attack the case goods, passing the bottles to the sackers, and heaving the empty cases overboard. Slowly the deck load is nibbled away, and in its place are rows upon rows of tight-sewn, inconspicuous dun-brown bundles of bottles.

Night closes softly down. The schooner shows no lights. Her wake is marked by a dotted line of floating boxes at curiously regular intervals. Ahead of her lie the American coast and the waiting speed boats.

And a few days later she is back in Porto Piña, serenely ready with her forged papers to show that she discharged and cleared from Licodonia. And if, as is not infrequently the case, the Porto Piña inspectors are greedily skeptical concerning the authenticity of these documents—that again

Travelers are using White Witch instead of soap

It's in the handy Blue and Gray can your neighbor had on the washstand.

Nothing like it to take off soot and train dust.

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The White Witch can packs handily in any part of the grip. Anywhere you go from Coast to Coast you can depend on White Witch to lather freely in hot or cold water, *Soften Hard Water*, rinse easily too. Always sanitary.

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Buy separately or in assortments

Is there a breakfast nook in your home?

NO wonder so many homes now have breakfast nooks. They save lots of work and add to the enjoyment of breakfast. It's not difficult to construct a little breakfast nook, yourself. You can also make your own work bench, porch swing, or bookcase. You can do scores of repair jobs around home. And among the pleasures of life there are not many which are greater than the satisfaction of making things with your own hands.

For satisfactory work you must have good tools. There are no better tools than Stanley Tools. Carpenters everywhere use Stanley Tools and Stanley Tools are used in manual training classes from coast to coast.

You can buy Stanley Tools separately and so collect your own set. For your convenience in buying, there are also sets of Stanley Tools at a wide variety of prices. In chests: from No. 904 containing 12 Stanley Tools at $15, to No. 850 conteining 49 Stanley Tools at $95. Or there are assortments in strong cardboard boxes with simple directions in each for making your own chest. Prices $5 to $20.

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The best tools are the cheapest to use
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STANLEY TOOLS

is a nominal matter of twenty-five or fifty dollars gold. And so it goes, day after day, summer and winter, year in and year out.

Now Americans have always arrogated to themselves the right to break their own laws in their own fool way. That's all very well for an American in America—to get drunk or poisoned or go to jail in response to his beliefs or his appetites.

But there is many an ardent and sincere wet who would be genuinely shocked were he to spend a few days in some one of these fly-by-night foreign ports and see the men and the mechanism of international rum running; he would be genuinely amazed at the organized dirtiness of the whole business—inextricably mixed up in these Southern countries with alien running, opium smuggling and white slaving—and he would be genuinely mortified at the attitude of cynical contempt which these people have developed toward us and our laws.

There are American governmental representatives in some of these rum-reservoir ports—consular officials and others, men who are as wet in politics, in principle and in practice as the wettest senator on the horizon at the moment—men, nevertheless, who are fighting the rum traffic to the limit of their powers and their opportunities.

Such men are wets in every sense of the word. They hate prohibition and all its ways. But even more do they hate having to apologize for their country. They are sick and ashamed of representing the United States in ports where the American colony consists largely of American criminals conspiring with foreign officials to flood the United States with liquor and narcotics. It's one thing to break your own laws. It's quite another to stand by helplessly while mobsmen and venal-minded officials sit out of harm's way and break them for you, and sneer and scoff at your country. It's not a pretty picture—to watch a lot of international crooks, official and otherwise, making themselves rich out of our national impotence to enforce our own laws.

On the other hand, of course, venality and corruption among foreign officials need not concern us. What does concern us deeply is the wholesale undermining of our own processes of government through the corrupting inroads of bootleg money into practically every agency of enforcement which has to do with prohibition.

There has been much talk about corruption in prohibition. There is no gainsaying its prevalence during the early days of Volsteadism, nor the fact that it still exists, though in continually lessening degree.

Most of the graft is a heritage from the past with which reorganized enforcement has to cope, but for which it is not responsible.

Take smuggling from the sea. At the outset most of the illicit liquor really was smuggled. Then, coincident with the tightening of the Coast Guard and Customs, came the great denatured era, the wholly unforeseen problem of industrial alcohol. But sea smuggling has a romantic tinge, and the booze that comes from Rum Row still looms largest in the public mind.

A Large Beat to Cover

There is a popular belief that everything that comes by water must run the Coast Guard. Much liquor gets through in other ways, however. Transatlantic liners bring a lot of stuff that is smuggled, some of it through Customs and some of it landed secretly after the vessel has been officially unloaded. And the coasting steamers that do not have to clear or enter at all, but who proceed urbanely from port to port, picking up a nice wet cargo far out at sea, perhaps, and discharging it in harbor unmolested and sometimes under the actual protection of municipal police—these, too, contribute their share to the pay-as-you-enter system.

The Coast Guard has 6230 straight-line miles of coast to protect, and a total sea area of 1,469,000 square miles to cover. Their seagoing equipment consists of twenty destroyers, thirty-three cutters, and 206 patrol boats. If these 259 boats moved around our coasts at equal intervals, there would be one boat for every twenty-four miles. But of course they can't do even that. They have to picket, they have to move in and out, and patrol their areas in depth as well as on a straight front. The sea area averages 5650 square miles a vessel. The entire United States Navy couldn't wholly stop rum running under these conditions.

But back again to bribery. A few Coast Guard crews and so-called Captains have been arrested lately, and the papers and the politicians have been fulminating about corruption. Much of this, as we have said, is present discovery of past conditions. But the Coast Guard is out of luck in another way, and for a curious reason—the great American habit of pinning titles on everyone.

In this title-craving land any man even momentarily in charge of something that floats is a captain. You say "Good morning, Cap'n," to the lobsterman as he sculls past you in his dory, just as you say "Good morning, Cap'n," to the beribboned Sir Thingumbob on the bridge of a liner.

The Coast Guard's Record

In the Coast Guard every bo'sn or petty officer in charge of a patrol boat is Cap'n pro tem.; and especially is he Captain to the newspapers if he and his crew run afoul the law. But he's not an officer for all that, and no more a captain in grade than is an army sergeant a captain when he marches his company to mess. There have been Coast Guard crews and Bo'sn Captains arrested lately, charged with accepting bribes, but no American officer—and there are 270 in the Coast Guard—has yet been accused of improper dealings with the enemy.

A few weeks ago the Coast Guard was asked to furnish a report on the number of its personnel who had been charged with corruption. The following excerpts are from a letter of the Commandant of the Coast Guard accompanying that report:

> I am very pleased to give you any information regarding the operations of the Coast Guard. You desire to know the numbers of officers and men who have been found guilty of misconduct occasioned by the work of the Coast Guard in combating liquor smuggling. I have personally gone over exhaustively all of our court-martial cases of personnel involved in misconduct of this character since the Service took over this duty. I would invite your attention to the extremely small number of derelictions in a force totaling 10,581 officers and men. With respect to our commissioned officers, not even a breath of suspicion of misconduct has ever been suggested against any one of them, nor, indeed, against the regular warrant officers of the service. I would invite attention, too, to the prompt and heavy punishment imposed by Coast Guard courts-martial in every case of misconduct.
>
> When there is considered the determined and unceasing efforts of agents of the liquor smugglers to weaken the morale of the Coast Guard men, it seems to me that the insignificant percentage of 10,000 warrant officers and enlisted men who have been found guilty of such misconduct is really remarkable, and indicates that the standards of conduct of the Coast Guard that have characterized it for 135 years have had their influence upon the large number of new men who have been taken in and who are unfamiliar with the traditions of the Service.

And the following high lights from the report itself:

Authorized personnel strength of Coast Guard, officers and men	10,581
Number of individual cases	43
Number of separate occurrences	12
Number of commissioned officers involved	None
Number of regular warrant officers involved	None
Number of temporary warrant officers involved	7
Number of enlisted men, permanent, involved	11
Number of enlisted men, temporary, involved	25

Typical offenses and sentences run as follows:

SEAMAN, TEMPORARY, FIRST-CLASS. While on picket boat received money to allow rum boat to proceed. Six months imprisonment.

(Continued on Page 150)

For Lasting Service,

The blue agency sign outside the door and the blue pennant on the tire inside offer the best combination to insure your tire satisfaction.

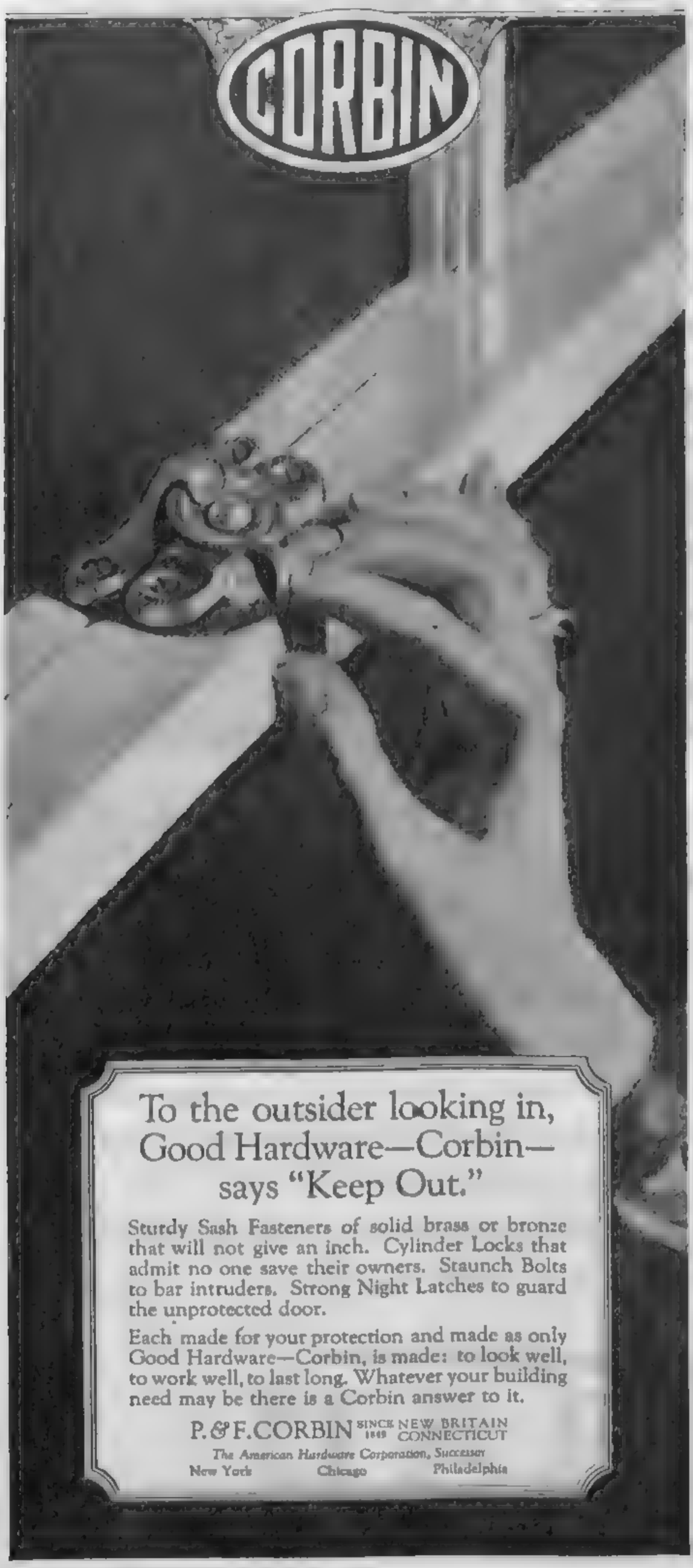
The Federal agency sign denotes a dealer of a standing which can only be acquired through experience, ample facilities, up-to-date methods and merchandise of real worth.

The Blue Pennant trademark indicates the best value that can be built into a tire and a product that is naturally associated with a high-grade tire merchant.

The Defender Cord is low priced, but it is Federal built.

FEDERAL TIRES

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



To the outsider looking in, Good Hardware—Corbin—says "Keep Out."

Sturdy Sash Fasteners of solid brass or bronze that will not give an inch. Cylinder Locks that admit no one save their owners. Staunch Bolts to bar intruders. Strong Night Latches to guard the unprotected door.

Each made for your protection and made as only Good Hardware—Corbin, is made: to look well, to work well, to last long. Whatever your building need may be there is a Corbin answer to it.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

New York Chicago Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 148)

BOATSWAIN'S MATE, FIRST-CLASS, TEMPORARY. Participated in theft of liquor from seized vessel. Nine months imprisonment.

BOATSWAIN, TEMPORARY. Illegal transportation of liquor and receiving money therefor. Six months imprisonment.

BOATSWAIN, TEMPORARY. Smuggled liquor ashore on patrol boat. One year imprisonment.

Analyze the report further, and it boils down to this: The number of individual Coast Guardsmen found guilty is approximately four one-hundredths of one per cent of the total personnel. In other words, four or five men out of every 1000 have been proved corrupt. That, on the face of it, is an astonishingly good record, and one that would stack up pretty well with 1000 men drawn at random from any class in the community. The public ought to appreciate this, especially in these days when everyone, both in and out of Congress, would have us believe that every other man connected with prohibition is crooked.

Why then the prevalent belief in the well-nigh universality of corruption? Several reasons—chief among them, perhaps, the unfair but wholly human tendency of wet politicians and press to seize upon any discoverable weakness and magnify it a hundredfold. And there is another point to set down, in fairness to the probability that the offenses for which these men were punished were not isolated instances. In many cases they undoubtedly represented only the discovered and culminating act of a series of corrupt practices.

Now a very few men, in a very few boats, can let through a fearful volume of liquor before they are caught. Chapman hanged for other crimes besides the murder of which he was convicted. A few rotten-egg seamen can sully the reputation of an entire Coast Guard base, and unfairly tarnish the scutcheon of an entire service.

Now—having given the Coast Guard its due—let us see just where and how the bribing was done when it did occur.

The Coast Guard is the first point of assault. Assume again that our perfectly organized but imaginary bootleg ring is operating. Cap'n Ben, of our smuggling department, has a pretty good line on the Coast Guard personnel in our sector. Our intelligence section reports to him periodically, and he knows just what individuals and what crews to approach.

Wholesale and Retail Protection

When Cap'n Ben has a schooner to unload he has her take position where she will be intercepted or picketed by one of the patrol boats that has been fixed. Ordinarily the guilty patrol boat need do nothing affirmative. Sometimes she need only let Cap'n Ben know her movements, so that when her back is turned the contact boats may load up and dash for shore. Sometimes the erring patrol boat will be forced by orders from the base to find and picket a suspected schooner. Then it's harder to let her unload without exciting suspicion. But it's been done, and more than once. More than once has a Coast Guard destroyer dashed up to a rum schooner picketed by a patrol boat—to find absolutely nothing wrong that you can put your finger on—though a few minutes before, the speed boats were rushing away into the night—and a few minutes later, when the destroyer has passed on her way, they will be back again for further loads.

What price bribery under these circumstances? Anything from two to ten dollars a case, depending on the amount of assistance rendered. Five a case would be a fair average price for the ordinary act of omission—that is, keeping out of the way and assuring a clear coast. The work is so well systematized that crude acts of commission are seldom necessary. The guilty patrol boat tears around fiercely and reports everything in sight except the schooners it is paid to protect. And the contact boats slip up to the schooners, and slip back and unload at the docks which Cap'n Ben controls, at a rate of two dollars a case to the local sheriffs and the village fathers.

In a big ring like ours Cap'n Ben doesn't handle the sordid cash payments himself. He has a lieutenant who is known as the pay-off man. It is this gentleman's duty to slip around his circuit every week or ten days and take care of his pay roll—piecework payment to the crooked crews, royalties to the village constables, and a weekly stipend to any spies he may have in the shore organization.

Furthermore, the pay-off man must be constantly cultivating new fields of corruption, to have them ready against the need. Our own ring, for instance, has such a strangle hold on protection in our sector that we actually charge the small independent competitors a royalty of two dollars a case for everything they land in our territory. We buy protection by the mile and sell it by the case. And sometimes the little fellows just drop it overboard—as witness the classic practice of the Southern runner who used to tie his bribe money to a phosphorus-painted buoy and fling it out into the night when too hotly pursued by a patrol boat.

Men Without a Price

When we once get ashore bribery practice expands and ramifies. To insure its alcohol supply the manufacturing department of our ring must bribe or take into partnership denaturing plants and the storekeeper gaugers in those plants. In rail shipments we may have to look out for the yardmasters. And we surely have to take care of the police in order to maintain our chain of speak-easies. We bribe Federal employes to give us tips, to suppress evidence, and to issue fraudulent permits; and we suffer them to shake us down for protection. Bribery, blackmail and corruption are the commonplaces of our business.

Most of the bribery and attempted bribery is directed against the staffs of the district administrators. Each of these organizations is virtually supreme in its own domain. They have the power of granting or refusing all withdrawal, manufacturing and denaturing permits, and the inspection of all cereal-beverage plants—which is Uncle Sam's euphemism for the near-beer makers who are cheating on the side, as 90 per cent of them do.

The administrator, then, is the direct enforcement man of the district. Theoretically he controls every source of interior manufacture, distribution and sale. Of course this control looks a little thin, even on paper, when we remember that he has one enforcement man for every 89,000 of population. The chief trouble occurs with the underpaid subordinates—the agents, the clerks, the storekeeper gaugers—all the rank and file whose annual wage is under $2500. Small wonder that some of these succumb to the temptation of thousands, and oftentimes for no more than turning their backs or answering a question on the telephone. But here are some actual instances, though the names, of course, are fictitious.

The Baldino Bros., of New York, approached the local administrator with a gentlemanly proposal involving 800 barrels of warehouse whisky. They offered to pay him $500 a barrel, or a total of $400,000, if he would issue withdrawal permits. The administrator absent-mindedly consulted Washington, and was told to go as far as he liked. So he accepted $20,000 in cash, didn't release a barrel, and sent the jovial brothers Baldino to jail for two years.

And here's what an $1800-a-year agent turned down. He had just brought in a Pennsylvania brewery caught cheating with high-powered beer. He had the incriminating beer samples in his hotel room. Came to him the official fixer, or moneyman in the vernacular, and offered him $10,000 for the samples. Nothing doing. Bid raised to twenty, to fifty, and finally to $100,000 in cold, hard cash. But the agent kept the samples and the brewery was put out of business. The further history of this

(Continued on Page 153)

SMOOTH-GOING

THE CHALLENGE of an August Day. Blue-hung hills snuggled in green, and down them and through them and winding around them a magic road like a silver river—fit for a swan. But remember—that perfect road is *not* perfect. It is full of unseen, nerve-tearing jiggles and jars, that you couldn't take out even if you tried to use sandpaper and furniture polish. For that reason the wise motorist of today insists on Hassler Stabilizers to stop the bobble and gallop of his car.

Ride on Hasslers

Hasslers' popularity is most logical. They never have to be adjusted and never get loose or rattly. Hasslers are completely sealed in a metal case that bars all grit and moisture—any Alemite service station can lubricate them in a jiffy—therefore *they last for the life of your car.* Hasslers come in individual models for all popular makes of cars and can be obtained either from the dealer who sold you your car or from Hassler installation and distributing stations everywhere.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INC. HASSLER STABILIZERS INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

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Too cool: *you press down* Too hot: *you lift up* . . . —an iron that's "just right" saves wasted energy

Watch yourself when next you iron. When the iron gets cool, you press down to make up for the lack of heat. That's needless effort.

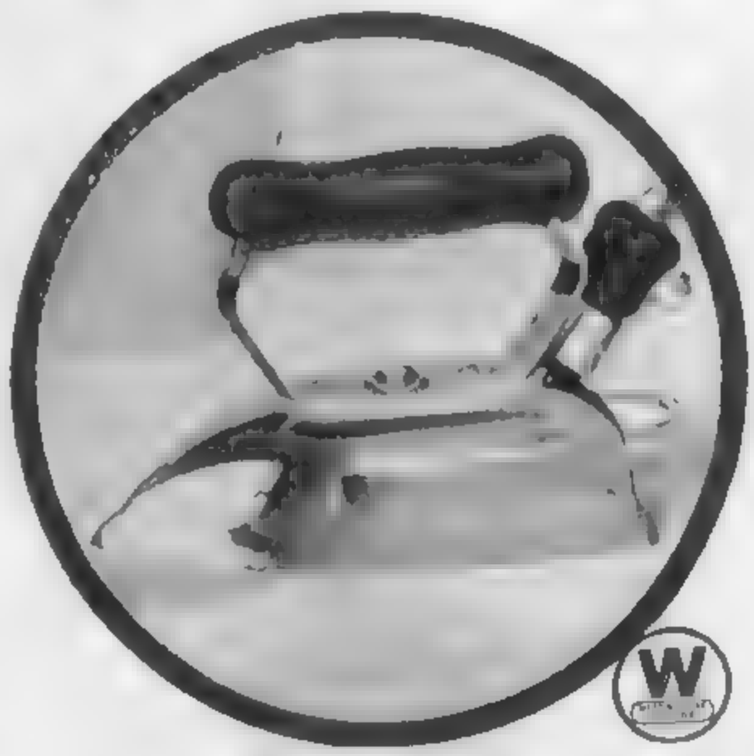
Watch yourself now after you've connected the cord and the iron gets quite hot again. See how you tend to pull it away. See how you hurry to avoid scorching. All this, too, is wasted effort. You feel it by the time the ironing's done.

This iron watches itself

A Westinghouse Automatic Iron is always just right for ironing. You attach the cord when you're ready for work and the iron heats up quickly. Before it can get too hot, it turns itself off automatically. The cord remains in place, but the iron ceases to heat.

Then, a few minutes later, before it can become too cool, it turns on again.

If you're ironing, you go right on with your work. No needless pressing down, or lifting up, or worrying. The iron *keeps itself* in ironing condition. You can forget about it. Not a bit of current is wasted, either. Only enough is used to keep the iron at the best temperature.



You can forget this fear

There's another thing you can forget, too, and that's the fear you have now that you'll go away sometime and leave the iron *connected.* If you happened to leave this iron for days, on your return you'd find it exactly as you left it—just right for ironing.

The Automatic Iron is the wonder iron the iron with the "million dollar thermostat"—the iron that has banished worry and care from millions of women's lives.

All for only $7.75

So tremendous is the demand for Automatics that the price is now $7.75—within only a few cents of that of irons without the Automatic feature. Besides, the Westinghouse has a larger ironing surface, beveled streamline base, cool, comfortable handle, and a heel rest. It surpasses any value in the field today.

Write for "A Little Guide to Better Ironing"

Tells how best to iron each garment. Gives suggestions that speed ironing, improve the work, and preserve the fabrics. Send to Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio, for a copy.

Never too hot
Click!
and it's OFF

Never too cool
Click!
and it's ON

The Westinghouse Automatic Iron

© 1926 W. E. & M. Co.

(Continued from Page 150)

particular agent is not available; doubtless by now a grateful Government has raised his pay $100 a year.

Another case. This time the attempt was to bribe the New York chemist in charge to report high-powered-beer samples as containing less than one-half of one per cent of alcohol. The chemist listened courteously to the proposals, while a representative of the district attorney's office lay curled up under his desk. The bribers are now thinking it over in Atlanta for three years.

But usually the breweries don't let it get to the knock-off stage. Their protective associations believe in bribing early and often. The best method is to fix the police first at, say, fifty dollars a week for patrolmen, then the local inspectors at $100 a week, and so on up until they run into a snag of incorruptibility.

The booties are highly adaptable in their methods of corruption. The business problems of each ring vary, and they meet special conditions as they arise. They have only one fixed principle, which is that every man is reachable at some price. They go after everyone, no matter how remote the connection. They put plants in the government offices to furnish leaks and tip-offs. They use women as well as men.

A few years ago some brewery interests corrupted a stenographer in the Washington offices. The lady had rather carelessly piled up a bank balance of more than $6500, which was going some, even for a Washington stenographer. She was detected, and finally confessed that she had been stealing papers and giving tip-offs when a brewery was to be raided. The lady turned state's evidence, and the brewery-ring representative was convicted of bribery.

But the cleverest leak artist of all was the confidential employe who used to make his alibi in advance. It went something like this:

"Chief, there's been a bad leak somewhere and X knows we're after him. I want you to give me access to the X files, and I think I can run it down."

"Fine," says the unsuspecting chief. So the employe goes to the X files, gets everything he wants, and then goes out and sells it to Mr. X himself! No one suspects the employe, because he was the very one who announced it. A new principle in knavery—to predict a crime, and then commit it with impunity! This chap was something of a genius; he is still in Atlanta, however.

Twenty Miles From a Big Haul

In all these stories it was the criminal who finally came off second best. But occasionally the Government gets beautifully let down. One administrator in a district which shall be nameless had been after a certain big bootie ring for a long time. The administrator had his own pet stool in the secret councils of the enemy organization. The stool had time and again proved his loyalty to the Government by turning in quite a series of minor bootleggers. One day the stool telephoned that the big ring was going to pull off a really big job that night—going to land 22,000 cases at a certain river port twenty miles inland.

The administrator went happily to work. He rounded up every available man and every car in his whole outfit, and mobilized them at the point of attack. He called up the Coast Guard and implored them to drop everything and send a whole young battleship squadron upriver. Then he proceeded to the theater of war and made his dispositions with great care.

Nothing happened. At least, nothing happened upriver. But twenty miles away—down on the shore now stripped of its defenses—the big ring landed its 22,000 cases in undisturbed tranquillity.

Which brings to mind another pleasing bit of technic. This time it is from a certain border locality where apparently the sheriffs and deputies do their sheriffing whenever they can spare time from bootlegging. It works this way. The deputy grabs a bootleg car as it crosses the border. He handcuffs his man to the wheel and has him drive to the city. If they happen to meet some honest official, the fact of a bona-fide capture is obvious. If they don't meet anyone the deputy has a ready-made shake; and he doesn't unlock the cuffs until his victim comes across with the cash.

The most deftly organized fixing and shaking, especially when substantial sums are involved, is carried on through a go-between known as a collector. This lends a relative degree of safety to the transaction; since the middleman, being a crook himself, is unlikely to squawk against either the sending or the receiving crook. In corruption there is a certain security in numbers, provided the numbers aren't seen together. The usual tariff allowed a collector is 5 per cent of the gross turnover.

Of course there are many other ways of passing money. In one instance two dishonest employes both had access to the same office safe several times a day in the course of their work. It was an easy matter for one to leave the money where the other could find it. And in larger transactions, where the person to be bribed is overfinicky or timorous, he may find himself winning very steadily and very largely at poker, or on the races, or in the stock market. Or the money may be salted away for him in some foreign country, against the time when he retires, or gets out of prison, as the case may be.

In a Bootie's Budget

Extortion is the half brother of bribery a little meaner and a little safer. The underworld, with its thoroughly Victorian distaste for calling an evil thing by its true name, always speaks of extortion or blackmail as "shaking." The police don't call it anything. They just do it.

There are two kinds of shaking—straight and wildcat. And there is that diverting by-product of extortion which is known as the silent shake. This consists of refusing or delaying the doing of some perfectly proper ministerial act, such as signing a permit, until you have been paid for it. It has sometimes been used against perfectly reputable applicants. It's almost impossible to detect or to prove, because at worst it is only a sort of delayed pass.

Straight shaking itself is nothing more than the time-honored practice of taking money in exchange for protection. It is as orthodox as crime and as old as law itself. The police have always grafted off vicious resorts and they always will. Bootlegging has simply provided a new and tremendously rich field in which to practice extortion. And the grafting prohibition agent merely swells the ranks of dishonest officialdom, neither better nor worse than his uniformed brother, the cop.

Take a simple illustration. Assume that I am a distributing bootie who is running a cabaret in one of the large cities. I am getting my liquor on credit direct from the big cutting ring, but I have my own capital tied up in the plant and fixtures. I have been running about a week when the cop on the beat drops in and tells me to come on over to the station house. We adjourn to the hallway, where we adjust the matter for an honorarium of fifty dollars and the understanding that he will call once a week. I enter the transaction in my little book.

Three days later another cop drops in, and I drop another fifty. I put it down in my book. I go out and walk down the street and run plumb into a gold-braided sergeant who also hails from my precinct. The Sarge accosts me coldly and remarks that he has orders to close my joint. We finally agree that the orders can be forgotten for $100 a week. I put it in my book.

I return to my speak-easy feeling a little wabbly in the pocketbook, but cheered by the sight of a free-spending new customer who has just ordered a quart of imitation champagne after polishing off a couple of denatured highballs. When the check is presented the free-spending customer tenders a government shield in place of money.

They're Everywhere!

I'll have one of those NORTHEASTERS on my car before another week if I have to go back to town to get it.

Oh, you won't need to leave us for that. You can get one here I'm sure. You see them on sale everywhere now.

The Horn That Lasts

The NORTHEASTER with its vibrant, authoritative tone and instant response is the last word in warning signals. It is built with the characteristic ruggedness that has made NORTH EAST the standard for dependability and long life in the automotive equipment field for over fifteen years.

Manufactured by the NORTH EAST ELECTRIC CO., Rochester, N.Y. Distributed throughout the world by NORTH EAST SERVICE INC., Rochester-Atlanta-Detroit Chicago-New York-Kansas City-San Francisco-Paris London-Toronto

I sit down wearily to talk business. The prohibition agent is considerate enough to promise that he, too, will see me every week. This makes $400 all told.

By this time I am beginning to think regretfully of the quiet, uneventful life I used to live as a second-story man. But it's too late. In comes another cop, a new man on the beat. At this I finally blow up and insist on going to the station house myself. I lay my story and my little book before the captain. He agrees that it's a shame and that anyone can see I'm not doing enough business to stand $500 a week, and why didn't I come to him to begin with before I opened up, and everything will be all right from now on for a little matter of $300 a week between him and me, and he to take care of all the boys—except the prohibition agent, and bad cess to him.

And so it goes. What has been written is neither unusual nor exaggerated, but a commonplace diary of graft. Big liquor-selling resorts sometimes pay tribute to the powers that prey running into thousands.

All this was straight shaking—that is, the extortion of protection money by regular officers and agents in their own bailiwicks. This is a recognized and accepted item of overhead in the budget of the law-breaker. But wildcat shaking is different.

The wildcat shaker is a roving free lance who works in his off hours and strikes anywhere. He is the off-duty cop who puts his shield in his pocket and shakes down speakeasies outside of his own precinct. He is the prohibition agent who does the same thing outside of his recognized territory. He is the motorcycle cop who holds up carloads of booze. And sometimes, and worst of all, he is the ex-cop or ex-agent or the plain crook who uses a stolen shield and successfully impersonates an officer. There's many a hard-working, graft-abiding bootie who could save himself a lot of worry and money if he could find out just who was entitled to blackmail him.

Nine Taken and One Well Shaken

There was a famous pair of prohibition agents in a Western city a couple of years back who really made shake-down history. These men were excellent agents, with splendid records of arrests and convictions to their credit. Also they were very clever. They were honest nine times out of ten, but—oh, my, how they did make money the tenth time! Their regular procedure was to turn in nine little fellows and shake down one big fellow.

Now this choice pair, whom we will call Tom and Tony, had been collecting $3000 a week protection money from a trio of really big joints. But they got into a financial row with the owners of the joints, and determined to bring them to terms by pulling off a real raid and seizing a huge stock of liquor which they knew was stored in a subcellar.

So Tom and Tony drove ostentatiously up to the cabaret with four trucks—two belonging to the Government and two of their own. This, by the by, was the celebrated 50-50 split which made these men famous—the little trick of raiding a place, turning in half to Uncle Sam and selling the other half to rival booties. Well, they drove blandly up to the door with their trucks, marched inside, followed by their bodyguard of gun-toting plug-uglies, and announced that they were taking the joint and that no fixing could be done.

Double and Triple Cross

But their double-cross was met with a triple-cross. There had been a tip-off. Hard on the heels of the raiding plug-uglies came six gentlemen with sawed-off shotguns in their hands and murder in their hearts.

Everybody in the joint "went up"—and the highest-stretched hands were those of Tom and Tony. And the shotgun squad went through the more-or-less-government gang and stripped them to their last nickel. Tony gave up $3400 in bills. Tom lost everything except a diamond ring which was frozen to his fat finger. The guerrillas debated biting off the finger, but Tom pleaded so pathetically that they finally let him keep it. It was dog eat dog with a vengeance.

And there was the case of —— But why go on? Bribery and corruption, blackmail and protection—part and parcel of prohibition, just as it is part and parcel of every form of vice or statutory crime which is condoned by any considerable element in society.

But there are two things which the public should ponder on: First, that prohibition corruption, great though it may have been in the past, is steadily and demonstrably on the wane—in any case it is neither better nor worse than all the other forms of politico-police corruption under which this country has been struggling for generations. And the next thing that the public should ponder is that real whisky used to cost about a dollar and a half a bottle. The other three or four dollars is what the public pays to corrupt its own servants and to enrich an ever-growing criminal class.

Hair must be healthy—free from dandruff—to look well-groomed

Is your hair thick and strong-growing?

. . . if not—it is SICK!

DANDRUFF is an actual scalp infection. *Thinning* and *receding* hair are caused by the slowing down of circulation in the scalp.

If unchecked, either of these ills will finally lead to baldness.

Yet these ills can be entirely prevented and can, in most cases, be overcome even when long established.

And the method is *very simple!*

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Just shake the bottle with its convenient shaker top, over your head Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This simple daily care destroys dandruff infection and keeps the scalp circulation vigorously active, nourishing the hair at its very roots. Your hair will stop falling out and start to grow again with greater vitality than ever before.

The difference in appearance after even a few days of this treatment will astonish you.

Kept up regularly, this simple treatment will restore your hair to health and make it thick, strong and vigorous.

Make this care of your scalp as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

You will find Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine in all drug stores and department stores. Look for the large vertical signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud, Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York City—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

A Scene in Bitter Root Valley, Montana

MASON BALLOONS

are now sold by thousands of tire dealers—more than double the number selling Masons one year ago. This steadily growing favor among dealers merely reflects the ever increasing demand among car owners for tires built with Hylastic cord—an exclusive Mason advantage.

*Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills under Mason's directions and to Mason's standards. It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum comfort and yet so tough and sinewy that it endures constant flexing for thousands and thousands of miles.

BUILT WITH

*Hylastic CORD

"Really, I was like the shifting sands, whirling, changing, confused."

"What stopped you?"

"Well, the short of it is Dr. Lyon's—no medication, no confusion—and cleaner teeth."

Dr. Lyon's

TOOTH POWDER DENTAL CREAM

No Claims to Cure. No Confusion.

Cleans Teeth *Safely*.

Dr. Lyon's is on sale everywhere. A special 10c. size of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is now on sale at the leading 5-and-10c. stores.

COUNTER ATTACK

(Continued from Page 27)

"Don't let that worry you. I'll look after all that. But are you as good as I've been told?"

"Mister," said Maddock, with justifiable pride, "I've collected damages in every state and territory. I guess I'm as good as there is. But the insurance companies is gittin' onto me and business ain't what it used to be. I got to go in for the smaller stuff."

"Huh! Let's see your act."

Maddock strutted a little. "Jest gimme a shove," he said with some vanity.

Palmer pushed him violently. Maddock fell to the floor and lay writhing, his legs and an arm strangely, disturbingly distorted. Marty bent over him with exploring fingers.

"He can do it," he said with satisfaction. "Those are dislocations all right."

"They've fooled insurance examiners from coast to coast," said Maddock. "Here, you"—to Palmer—"ketch hold here and yank."

The joints slipped back into place and the accident faker got to his feet and stood in the attitude of one waiting for applause. "I guess there ain't many in my class," he said.

"You'll do. . . . Put him to work, Mel, and tell him what he's got to do."

Mr. Palmer convoyed Maddock out of the office, and, in a secluded spot, amplified his instructions.

"There's a lawyer here the boss is gunnin' for. Git the idee? You throw one of them accidents of yourn and get carted off to the doctor. Then you call this Lawyer Hope in to take your case. See?"

"I got you that far."

"He starts suit against us. Then we get to you, understand, and you make an affidavit Hope cooked the whole thing up and brought you here. We'll fix up more evidence of it. You and Hope was to split the damages fifty-fifty."

"Sure! I git all that. But how about my get-away?"

"Leave it to us. We protect you. Then we get this lawyer disbarred for bein' a crook."

"Kind of neat," said Maddock. "It's a more genteel job than I been on before. I kind of like to deal with gentlemen. It ain't like always dealin' with them shyster accident lawyers that won't split fair with a man."

Mr. Maddock was set to work on the peeler, which is an enormous drum into which pulp bolts are fed in order to be divested of their bark, and Mr. Palmer returned to the office.

"Anythin' else?" he asked Marty Rooney.

"Caucus is in three weeks," said Marty. "See any signs of trouble?"

"Not any."

"How about this First Voters' League, or whatever they call it?"

"Don't look like anythin'," Melvin said with a shrug. "Nobody's behind it. It's jest boys playin' around. They aim to git a place with a pool table and sich."

"Um—maybe we better let them have the use of the old mill downtown. Better have them with us strong."

"I'll look into it," said Mel.

"The main thing this election," Marty said, "is that bond issue. We've got to pass that."

"For two bridges?"

"Yes."

"This town don't need two new bridges any more'n a cow needs two tails."

"I do," said Marty succinctly. "Those two bridges will save me twenty thousand a year in hauling alone."

"Have to git 'em then," said Melvin. "Lemme see, only taxpayers kin vote on a bond issue."

"Right, and that sews it up for us. How many voters in this village?"

"Six hundred and twelve registered."

"How many taxpayers?"

"I figger a mite over four hundred."

"Um. How many new votes this year?"

"Well, there's the boys in the mill. We got about fifty-odd around twenty-one or two. And in the town maybe fifty more."

"Say a hundred; and, of course, we lose some off the old list."

"Folks moved away, and them that's quit their jobs and sich."

"Well, we can swing that all right. Two hundred votes will carry a bond issue. And practically none of these First Voters are on the tax rolls."

"Hardly any of 'em is qualified to vote as taxpayers."

"Nothing to worry about then. Go ahead as usual."

"Briggs is out for justice of the peace."

Marty Rooney smiled.

III

IT WAS some three days later that Caleb Hope was asked to call at one of Luxor's boarding houses to interview a possible client, a man named Maddock who had been injured while working on a peeler at Marty Rooney's mill. Caleb found the man groaning in bed. It appeared that both knees had been dislocated and that possible internal injuries were present. Rooney, making claim the accident was the fault of Maddock's carelessness, refused to make any settlement.

Caleb interviewed the physician, an old practitioner whose character was above reproach, and was assured the injuries were genuine. Dislocations had been present and symptoms pointed to internal injury.

Although Caleb was no more prepossessed in favor of Maddock's teeth than another might have been, he undertook the prosecution of the matter and duly filed his action. Mr. Melvin Palmer might have been seen that evening evidencing satisfaction; indeed, he was so pleased with himself that he took the liberty of calling at Marty Rooney's home to receive the commendation he felt was his due. Mr. Rooney was not at home, though expected momentarily, but Phidias Plumm, county supervisor and general political manager for Marty, was there to keep an appointment with his principal. The pair sat upon the piazza, and because they followed the same line of endeavor with the same commendable objects in view, there was no secrecy between them.

"Well," said Melvin with justifiable pride, "I got a good job finished up today."

"Anythin' I'm interested in?"

"Probably will be before she's cleaned up. It's that young lawyer feller that talks like a lunatic."

"He ain't a lunatic, from all I kin gather. Folks is sayin' he's smarter'n a steel trap, though lazy."

"Terrible melancholy lookin'," said Melvin.

"Can't allus jedge by the looks," said Phidias. "I knowed a cross-eyed feller once that could read a cribbage hand as quick's the next one."

"I kind of cal'lated he was too smart to stay round," Melvin said, taking what credit was to be had for sapience. "So I been contrivin', and now it's skedaddle or bust for him."

"No! Put you on that kind of a job, and I dunno where's your equal."

"The least that happens to Hope is gittin' disbarred."

"And that's wuss'n jail to a lawyer, hain't it?"

"Teach folks not to meddle," Melvin said virtuously. "I can't tell even you jest what I contrived, but it'll stick, and he won't never know what struck him. You'll know it when it comes off."

"And I cal'late I'll recognize your handwritin'," said Phidias.

"About the neatest thing I ever done," Melvin admitted.

"You didn't really ketch him in suthin crooked?"

"Ann, I'm in love with these walls of yours. That rough finish to the plaster is just too charming for words. Isn't it a shame that they won't always be so nice?" "Oh, but they will, Sara! Underneath there's a reinforcement of steel the same as in our concrete sidewalks. You know Jim he's smart about getting good things." *"Indeed he is. I'll not forget a certain bright June day when he got a certain lovely lady who is always nice."*

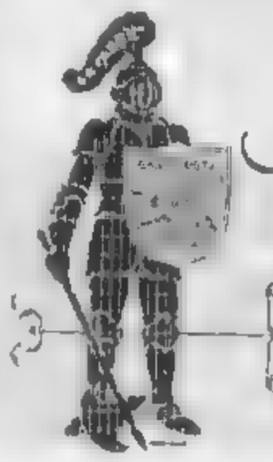
Reinforcing the plaster on your walls and ceilings is the same precaution we use for reinforced concrete sidewalks. It is of great importance, dams and bridges. Permanency in your walls and ceilings is as vital a matter as it is in the miles upon miles of reinforced concrete roads over which you drive your motor car.

THERE is no great secret about keeping plaster walls and ceilings from cracking and falling. There is no trick to it, either. It is simply a matter of *reinforcing* the plaster so that it cannot crack or loosen and fall.

Do it this easy way. Nail *P-Two-Fourteen* National Steel Fabric direct to the joists and studs, or to the old work. Over this base apply the plaster in plain or troweled finish, white or tinted, as you like. And there it is—no secret or trick at all; just reinforcement.

No more cracks. No more falling plaster. So, of course, your walls and ceilings will always be good looking . . . . *nice*, as Ann said.

Mail the coupon. It will bring you complete information and illustrations that show how easily you can obtain permanently good looking interiors.



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The Little Can *that holds a* Score *of* Spares

PUNCTURES and blow-outs, like rain drops, seldom come singly, and one spare is often not enough.

But with a can of Las-Stik in your tool-box you'll be ready for the emergency when your spare is in use and you have another flat.

Without heat, special tools, or appliances, you can quickly and *permanently* repair any puncture, or blow-out with Las-Stik, even those long splits along the inside seam of the tube. Simply clean around the hole, apply a thin coating of the Las-Stik liquid gum, and put the patch in place—in three minutes by your watch the job is done.

Made of pure rubber, Las-Stik stretches with the tube and won't creep or pull loose. The heat of the road fuses and welds it so that it is as much an integral part of the tube as any tire shop repair.

Put a can of Las-Stik in your tool-box today. Then, like your liability or fire insurance it will be there when needed—you'll never walk or ride on the rim because of tire trouble. The 50 cent package contains enough material for many emergencies. Packed in the red and blue metal can, Las-Stik keeps fresh indefinitely. At your dealer's or by mail.

Simply clean around the break. *Apply a thin coating of the gum* *Slap on the patch and the job is done.*

Las-Stik Casing Plaster

For casing breaks there's nothing like the Las-Stik Casing Plaster. It is made of three thicknesses of casing material to reinforce around the break, and a thick cap of uncured white gum to plug up the hole. The pressure of the road forces this gum into the break and the heat of travel seals it into place. In three sizes for half inch, inch, and larger holes, 25, 50 and 75 cents.

THE LAS-STIK PATCH MFG. CO., Hamilton, Ohio
Jos. St. Mars, Ltd., Toronto and Winnipeg, Can.

Las-Stik
PATCHES TIRE REPAIRS PLASTERS

"Him! From all I kin find out, he's too blamed honest to git along good. But folks'll credit it after this here comes out. No, sir, that young feller's done for good."

"Hain't no other way to handle sich a situation," said Phidias.

"He fell into it jest like an apple into a basket," Melvin said pridefully.

"You allus was a shrewd one," admired Phidias, "and this here Hope ain't easy to bamboozle, neither."

"Hush! Here comes Marty. Mum's the word." Mr. Palmer did not desire his employer to debit him with a ball-bearing tongue.

As Marty mounted the porch, smiling his greetings, Seena Rooney arose unostentatiously from the davenport just under the window where Melvin and Phidias had gossiped. She slipped quietly out of the room and upstairs, where she seated herself in a comfortable chair to reflect.

Seena was a spoiled young person, and willful. The world was her apple at which she nibbled at will and then threw away a generous core, but for all that, nothing ailed her mental processes. She had not meant to be an eavesdropper, but the mention of Caleb Hope's name had arrested her. He interested Seena. Everything about him interested and puzzled her. It is true she despised him as she never had despised any other young man, and felt herself firmly justified in doing so. But he was funny. That was her word, and by it she did not mean humorous. He was a queer hat. That was another of her descriptions, and she was honestly curious to know what was the matter with any respectably aged male who did not surrender without battle to her charm.

But if she despised Caleb Hope, she loathed Melvin Palmer. There was something crawly about this employe of her uncle's, and she never had been at pains to conceal it, as she was never at pains to conceal anything.

Curiously enough, she thought in a contradiction of terms. She said she despised Caleb, but she did not find him despicable. Not as she found Melvin despicable. This Hope person had atrocious manners and no conception of the way to treat a young lady, but there was something about him. . . . She wondered if he ever smiled. Of course he was awfully tall and thin, but there was a sort of distinguished look about him. She nodded at that. He had the look of an individual.

But this was carrying her far from the context. Apparently Melvin Palmer had a grudge against Caleb and was scheming to get even. Caleb was honest. Melvin had accused him of that as if it were a blemish. But he was to be given his choice between flight or prison—so Seena understood it—or disbarment as an attorney.

She was an imperious young person, careless of the rights of others, and selfish by training and environment, but she thought straight and had a tender code of honor all her own. She had constructed her own philosophy out of her own reflections added to ample reading—much of which was romantic. She doted on costume novels of slender sword blades and chivalry. Indeed, she was a highly complicated mechanism, but lacking in that device so important to steam engines—the governor.

There was no question in her mind as to whether she would do something about it; she always did something about everything. Her brief hesitation was as to what to do. And most of that time was taken up not with the previous question but with speculations upon the occult character of the nonadmiring Mr. Hope. As soon as she found a second's leisure she made up her mind—and put on her hat at the same instant.

Two minutes later she was driving her car furiously down the hill toward Caleb's office. The door was closed and he was not there. She knew where he lived, and whisked past the hotel. He was standing on the sidewalk. Seena drew up with a slam and a skid.

"Get in," she said imperiously.

"To what purpose?" asked Caleb.

"Get in at once," she said.

He lifted his eyebrows, but obeyed. Seena hurled in her gears and careened up the road.

"If your object," said Caleb, "is mayhem, there is a telegraph pole."

"Be still!" she snapped. "I'm thinking."

The look of melancholy which sat upon his rather fine features deepened until it became one almost of profound grief, but he held his tongue. Presently she slowed down and Caleb drew a relieved breath.

"Somehow," she said abruptly, "you've made a fool of yourself."

"A man may make a fool of himself in so many ways," he complained. "I have omitted one or two."

"I suppose you'd like to be disbarred," she said.

A tiny crease appeared between his eyes and vanished, but he did not look at her.

"You might go on from there," he said, "unless you feel that is a complete observation and covers the subject."

"It doesn't even scratch the surface," she said. "What have you done today that you can be disbarred for, or sent to jail?"

"Is it a conundrum?"

"If you're not a complete idiot, you will see I am serious."

He made no reply, but his silence was in the nature of an apology.

"I'll tell you what it is, and that's that," she said. "Anyhow, I loathe Melvin Palmer. He crawls."

"With a wriggly, wriggly motion," said Caleb.

"I heard him boast just now that you must either run or bust," she said. "He can have you disbarred. He's contrived it—that was his hateful word. . . . And that's all I know."

"It's quite a lot of knowledge," Caleb said. "A great deal of knowledge. And where did you hear this?—if I may ask."

"He was talking to Phidias Plumm on uncle's piazza."

"Of course," Caleb said, "Mr. Rooney was not there."

"Certainly not. Do you think Palmer would have dared to mention such a sneaking underhanded thing in uncle's presence?"

"Miss Rooney," said Caleb, "I think you'd better drive me back, or let me out here. . . . May I ask why you tell me this?"

Her eyes snapped. They were black eyes and their snapping potentialities were abundant.

"I don't like you. I never shall like you. I never want anything to do with you—but I hate anything sneaking."

He dropped his chin on his chest and whistled between his teeth until she quivered with irritation.

"Miss Rooney," he said presently, "I don't like you either. I really don't ——"

She interrupted imperiously, "Why?"

"For a variety of reasons—one of which is that you are offensively pretty. I don't like pretty girls. . . . But what I was about to say —— "

"Why else don't you like me?"

He sighed. "Because," he said, "your manifestations are so gummed up with ego." He checked that off on his finger. "Because you ramp around so." He checked that off. "Because you ride whang over other folks. In short, Miss Rooney, because you are a spoiled brat—if you get what I mean."

"I do!" she said savagely.

"But what I wished to say ——"

"I don't care what you wished to say."

"—— was that, in spite of these several and doubtless incurable defects, I'm doggoned if I don't admire you to beat the band."

In that instant he was a different individual, different in face, in voice, in speech—a curiously boyish and appealing individual. It was as though he laid down a mask for an instant and then whisked it on again. She gasped.

"And," he said, "I'm grateful to you. Good evening."

(Continued on Page 161)

Every boy and girl knows this

[*Some parents don't*]

ANYBODY under twenty will tell you that music isn't music unless you can sing to it, dance to it—or play it yourself.

Youth wants to *do things*.

Perhaps that explains the popularity of the Gulbransen Registering Piano with the young folks. It gives them the kind of music they like.

When they play it they get all the thrill, all the enjoyment of hand playing. It is a perfect accompaniment for singing. It is *real* music for dancing.

It makes home interesting.

The Gulbransen's special, patented *Registering* feature enables you to *control* its playing. To register precisely your individual touch, your expression, your feeling. This is true of the Gulbransen alone—the only piano of its kind in the world. And that is why it is the largest selling piano in America today.

Your children will find the Gulbransen a never ending source of delight. It will help to make your home a place where young folks love to gather. It will draw home ties a little tighter. And you can so easily own one!

There is a complete line of Gulbransen Pianos, including the Registering Uprights and Grands, played both by roll and by hand; Straight Uprights and Grands, played by hand only; and Small Uprights for hand playing. Several models are illustrated on this page.

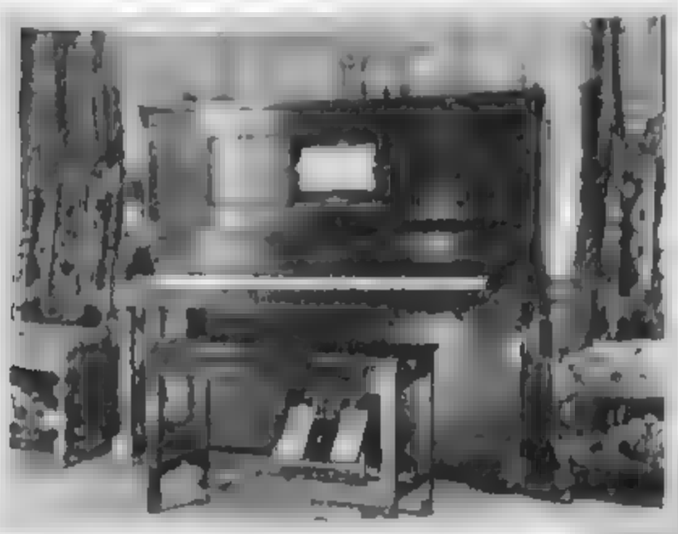
Each Gulbransen Piano represents the utmost value in tonal quality, responsive action, and beautiful appearance. Each bears the personal guarantee of the world's largest maker of fine pianos. For your protection the price of each instrument is stamped on the back at the factory.

A small cash payment will put any Gulbransen Piano in your home. Subsequent payments to suit your convenience. Allowance will be made for your present piano or other musical instrument.

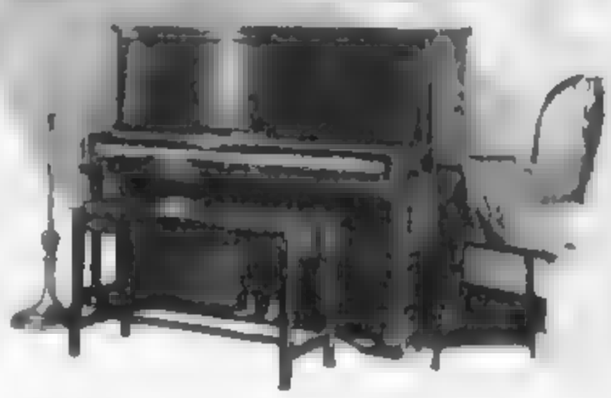
The National Association of Piano Tuners recommends that your piano be tuned from two to four times a year. Your Gulbransen deserves this care

BELOW. *There are five upright Registering models, playable either by hand or by roll. Community, $450; Suburban (illustrated), $530; Country Seat, $615; White House, $700; Colonial, $595.*

There are three full-size Gulbransen uprights, played by hand only: Style W, $440; Style S, $350; Style C, $295.



RIGHT. *The Gulbransen Small Upright, for hand playing, as universally priced at $295. Its height is only 3 feet, 8½ inches, yet its tone is such as you would expect to find only in pianos of a much larger size. Beautifully finished. A Gulbransen quality product throughout—for less than $300!*



The Gulbransen Grand for hand playing (illustrated) is $785. This model is a full-sized, full-toned instrument of superb quality and exquisite finish. You can take a professional's pride in its rich tonal quality and sensitive action, its beauty will enchant you. Also made as a Registering Grand, $1275

FREE BOOK of Entertainments

Our new illustrated Book, "Good Times with Your Gulbransen," contains many clever suggestions for parties, home entertainments, "sings," etc. Also interesting information which will help you to understand, enjoy, and discuss music of all periods. Mail the coupon for it now!

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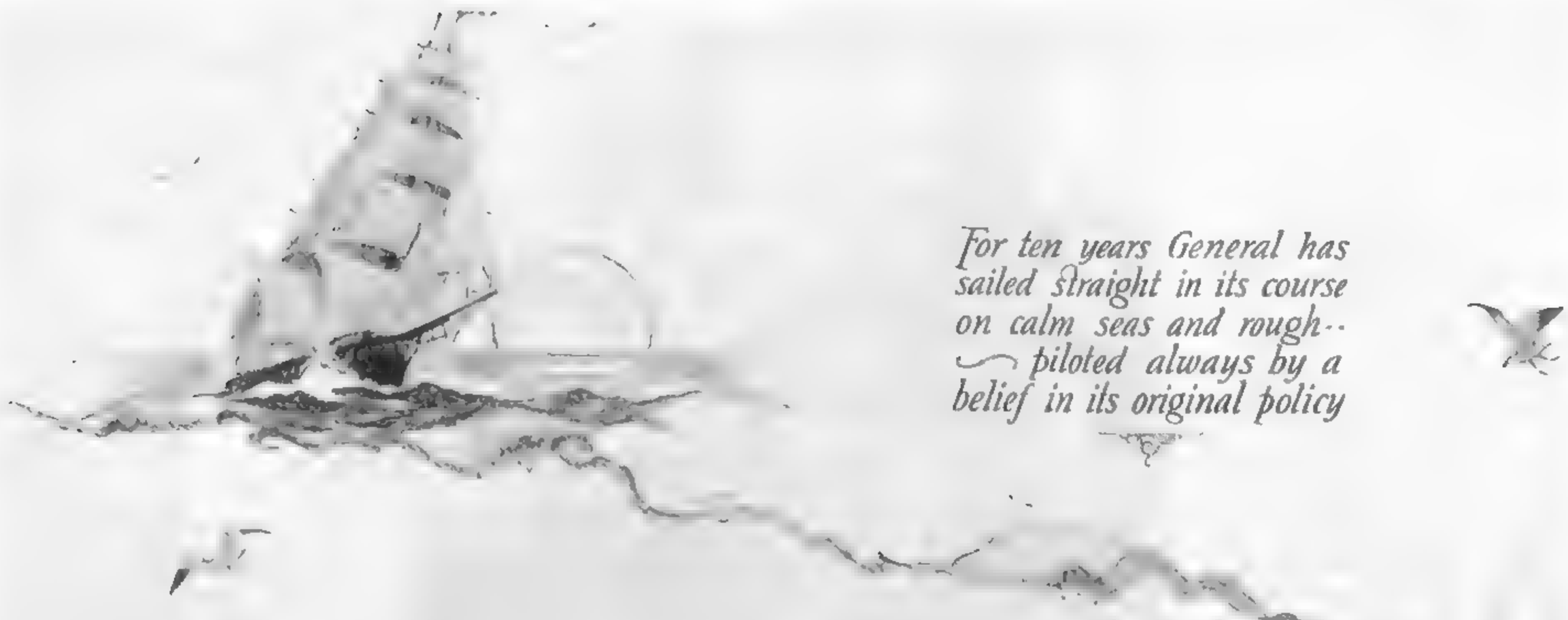

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(Continued from Page 158)

Before she could do more than turn her head, he had leaped from the car and was walking rapidly across the road toward the fence, over which he climbed to disappear in the woods.

"Well," she exclaimed, and her cheeks were very red, "of all things!" Which, if you study and analyze it, was somewhat inadequate.

IV

CALEB walked through the woods until he came to a tree suitable for loafing purposes. Under this he sat on a bed of pleasant moss and went on a mental excursion, which must have been of an argumentative nature, because at the end he said aloud and audibly, "But anyhow she is a brat!"

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, he got up again, to the disgruntlement of a red squirrel, which followed him during the remainder of his stroll, swearing at him and calling him very irritating names, and warning all the rest of the inhabitants of the woods that here came a disreputable person whom all good folks would do well to avoid.

He entered town from the south and sauntered down Main Street until he came to his office, whose door he unlocked and entered, and there at his desk he sat while he went over in detail his actions since arriving in Luxor, to determine just where and when he had placed himself in the hands of the enemy. But as he checked over his conduct, Seena Rooney, in her masterful way, persisted in intruding. He threw her out by the heels again and again, and then gave in to her.

"All right," he said mentally and ruefully, "get it over with and then go home to your knitting, or whatever it is you do." Whereupon he permitted himself to think of her for half an hour by his watch, but changed none of his conclusions. She remained a brat, though a gentlemanly sort of brat for a girl. And he was sorry for her when she should make the discovery that Uncle Marty was not the genial, high-minded gentleman she believed. "She's white, but she's been painted over with doodads and what nots," he said, "and the Lord knows I haven't time or energy to scrape 'em off and get down to the original color." In short, his conclusion was that women didn't belong. Not that he was a woman hater; he was filled only with the delusion that he could ignore them.

Having finished with Seena for the day, he took up what he believed to be more important matters, with the result that he wrote three letters and dropped in to see Jinks Baker, president of the First Voters' League.

"Jinks," he said, "when do you take title to the Nelson property?"

"Monday."

"How about that vacant lot next door?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Buy it for the auxiliary."

"Sure. . . . Say, when kin I tell the boys you're back of this?"

"Maybe never."

"It'll be a help. They kind of look up to you."

"Can you find half a dozen of them to do me a favor?"

"Sure. Who d'ye want bashed?"

"Nothing so enjoyable. Put a bed in the clubhouse Monday"

"Goin' to sleep there?"

"No, but I figure on entertaining a friend—I think."

"It's done."

"I'll be away a day or two."

"We'll keep an eye on things."

"I'll wire if I need anything. Good-by, Jinks."

"S'long, Caleb."

Caleb disappeared from Luxor for four days. On his return he found bulky mail, which he opened, read with care and, with especial attention to the photographs, inclosed and filed away in his safety-deposit box in the bank.

Two days later Luxor seethed with a story. Charges of fraud had been laid before the Bar Association against Caleb Hope by Marty Rooney. He had brought to town a professional accident faker, by name Maddock, a man who could dislocate his joints at will and had earned a living in this novel manner for years. This man had feigned injury in Marty's mill and sued for damages. A confession had been extorted from the man in which he said that he and Caleb were to share equally in any sums received —— And Maddock had disappeared.

It seems to be axiomatic that out of a hundred individuals, fifty-one, to be conservative, will believe a lie and reject the truth. You have but to bring against a person or a proposition, a charge, no matter how false, to gain adherents. So the town divided itself, and seethed and battled over the matter. Caleb did not seethe or battle. He seemed only a trifle more melancholy than before.

On the same day Caleb and Marty Rooney received notice that there would be a hearing before the committee of the Bar Association at the county seat. The date did not please Mr. Rooney, because it fell on the day of the village caucus, when he desired greatly to be present at the throttle of his machine. It seemed neither to please nor to displease Caleb. Once he encountered Seena on the street, to be stopped by her in her imperious manner.

"I warned you," she said, taking the high tone with him. "Why didn't you do something?"

"There didn't seem much to do," he said. "Besides," he added, "this may not be the celebration Mr. Palmer referred to. Maybe they've actually caught me at it."

"Nonsense!" she said

"Thank you kindly," he said.

"Your manners," she said, "are atrocious, but you are honest."

"I wonder," he said musingly; and then curiously—"How do you know?"

She lifted her shoulders. "I've told uncle it was a plot, but he just laughs at me. I hate underhandedness. I'm going to that trial, or whatever it is, and tell what I heard."

"No," he said.

"I shall. I won't have such things going on."

"I'm grateful," he said, "but there are reasons. You would do harm."

"All the same, I'll be there, and if I think best, nobody can stop my telling."

"Probably not," he said mildly, and she flushed so that she became even more attractive than before. Then, with chin very high, she walked past him and onward down the street.

On the morning of the caucus Caleb held a few minutes' conversation with Jinks Baker, president of the First Voters; then he was driven to the county seat, where the hearing was to commence at ten o'clock. Mr. Rooney was there in the courthouse, as were Mr. Palmer and divers others whose testimony was to be damningly forthcoming.

Mr. Everett, president of the Bar Association, was there with his committee; but there were delays and interruptions, so that the business of the day could not be reached before noon.

Then, sitting in the circuit-court room, the matter proceeded. Testimony was taken for two hours; even the affidavit of Mr. Maddock, confessing his guilt and implicating Caleb, was read without objection. It was not a formal trial, but a procedure before a Bar Association committee, be it understood. Caleb was not fighting in his own defense.

The adverse case was in and Mr. Everett turned to Caleb.

"Young man," he said, "now is your opportunity."

"I have but two witnesses, Mr. Everett, but I ask that they be heard privately."

"For what reason?"

"I think I am within my rights," said Caleb.

"Very well, sir. Will Mr. Rooney, Mr. Palmer and the members of the committee step into the judge's chambers?"

He *could be* so attractive

What was it that kept him socially submerged?

TALL—slender—good features. An interesting talker—an excellent dancer. Yet somehow he seldom held the interest of any girl for long.

He was fairly popular with men—but girls would look him over carefully and then just as carefully overlook him.

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"If guests had wings"— said a weary hostess

And then she entertained one who had!

SHE had had a succession of guests, all very charming people, but requiring a lot of entertaining. Then came her "in-laws" who were the most loveable people in the world, but they had such different ideas about life that she was quite worn out with her effort to amuse them.

She was worn out trying to amuse them.

"If guests only had wings," she sighed.

Then her oldest friend wrote her. "I can't visit you myself this summer, so I am sending you Dicky, the sweetest singer of all my canaries. You'll find him a most unusual guest."

The winged guest arrives!

"At last I am getting my wish," she laughed. "For behold: a guest with wings!"

But she soon found that the most remarkable thing about her guest was not his wings.

It was his contagious joy. He greeted every day, and everyone who came into the house, with a song.

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"I am getting my wish," she laughed. "A guest with wings."

His joy was contagious. No one could get the blues around him. And so one more woman learned how much joy and contentment a little pet canary can bring into the home. They are almost no trouble to care for and any local bird store will keep them when you are away from home.

His joy was contagious.

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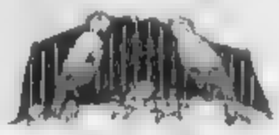

In the Bird Store

"I do wish that a sweet little girl like that would take me home to live with her," said the Littlest Bird, after a little girl with canary-colored curls had just been talking to him in the bird store. "I could sing to her, and she would talk to me, and how happy we could both be!"

"She has a pet canary now, and he is sick," said the Wise Old Bird. "I heard her mother talking to the Bird Man, and he advised her to buy a new Hendryx bird home for him. I am sure that he'll be all right now. Nothing makes a bird feel better than a pretty Hendryx home."

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The little party filed into the judge's office and were seated.

"I have present two witnesses," Caleb said wearily, "but it may suffice to call one." He stepped to the door and called, "Bring him in, Jinks."

Then appeared, tight in the grip of Jinks Baker and another, the lately disappeared Mr. Maddock.

Marty Rooney's color heightened, but Mr. Palmer seemed suddenly very uncomfortable indeed.

"This," said Caleb, "is my late client. His testimony is not especially credible, but I have corroboration if it is required." He turned to Mr. Rooney. "Mr. Maddock did not disappear, as arranged. As a matter of fact, I have been boarding him for some days—against his will, I admit, but none the less boarding him."

"Proceed," said Mr. Everett.

"Mr. Maddock acted in good faith," Caleb went on. "He intended virtuously to vanish. But some friends of mine, among them Mr. Baker here, interfered. I may say that Mr. Maddock is in a chastened frame of mind. He has been sleeping in the new clubhouse of the First Voters, Mr. Rooney. . . . Now to your mutton, Maddock."

"It was a frame-up," Maddock said huskily. "That feller there hired me to do it. They wanted to git rid of this young feller here." He pointed first to Mr. Palmer, then to Caleb. "I got a thousand dollars for it."

"Here it is," said Caleb, laying a packet of bills on the table.

"That feller"—again Maddock pointed at Palmer—"hunted me up in Boston and hired me."

"Likely story," said Rooney.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Rooney, it is not unsupported," said Mr. Everett. "The Bar Association has had in its possession all the facts for some time—some days before your charges were preferred. Mr. Hope communicated with the insurance companies, and they returned full information about this man, with photographs. Maddock has been under observation. In short, it seems Mr. Hope anticipated this matter, and instead of falling into the trap prepared, became himself the proprietor of a snare. A detective of the insurance companies is present who saw your Mr. Palmer and Maddock in conference in Boston. Indeed, Mr. Hope seems to have a very excellent cause of action against you for conspiracy. I shall be glad to act on his behalf."

Caleb shook his head. "There will be no actions, either civil or criminal, for excellent and conclusive reasons—provided Mr. Rooney lets the light of reason shine upon him. Otherwise we shall march with horse, foot and artillery to battle."

"See reason—how?" Marty asked.

"A signed confession, witnessed by the gentlemen present. I have it typed in due form."

"No!" said Marty.

"Which," said Caleb, "I shall preserve in a safety-deposit box as insurance against another such pleasure excursion. It is my desire as much as yours to keep this matter private. I agree, and I believe my word is good even with you, never to use this confession unless you move against me again in some such way as this. As for my own exoneration, the Bar Association will do that, and a confession of Maddock's will be published in which your name does not occur."

Marty eyed the young man with some bewilderment. "Hope," he said, "it looks like you've got me down. What I can't understand is why you don't sock me on the nose. I don't make you out."

Caleb sighed wearily. "I'm not vindictive by nature," he said, for it was not for such as he to admit that he was holding his hand because of a girl—because he felt himself bound to spare this man because warning of Marty's plot had come to him from Seena. Of this, if he could prevent it, she should never hear.

"Here is the document," he said, tossing it before Rooney.

"I'll sign," said that gentleman. "I don't believe you could get me in this county, even as things stand. But I'm licked. I sign."

The telephone rang. "Call for Mr. Rooney," said a clerk through the door. Marty lifted the desk phone. "Rooney speaking. . . . Eh? . . . What's that?" He turned suddenly to peer at Caleb. "Caucus over, is it? . . . Well, I wasn't there, so that's that."

He turned to Caleb. "Did you have this hearing set for today on purpose?" he asked, not without a trace of admiration in his voice.

"I figured," said Caleb, "to gather in all the by-products."

"I suppose you know then," said Marty, "that Mr. Briggs is nominated for justice of the peace."

"I rather imagined he would be."

"And the First Voters' League is parading the streets with a brass band and transparencies with your name on them."

Caleb frowned upon Jinks Baker. "How's that—my name?"

"I done it," said Jinks, "and I stand behind what I done."

Caleb lifted his shoulders. "Well," he said to Rooney, "we'll have some politics in Luxor from now on. But no stabbing in the back, if you don't mind."

"The boys want you to hurry back," said Jinks.

Caleb bowed to the committee. "Thank you, gentlemen," he said. "And I'll be going."

He walked through the court room, and there he came face to face with Seena.

"What—what happened?" she asked

"My execution has been postponed," he said rather lugubriously.

"You are vindicated?"

"Why, you see," said Caleb, "your uncle was convinced there was a sort of a queer kettle of fish being cooked, and he put a stop to it."

"I knew he would," said Seena, "and so you owe it to him."

"After what you might call a fashion," said Caleb.

He passed on, while Jinks Baker eyed him furtively, opening his mouth to speak every now and then, but closing it again without words. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Is she the reason you let Marty off?" he demanded.

"Jinks," said Caleb, "you're in the tobacco business."

"Sure thing."

"Do you read Mr. Kipling?"

"No. Never heard tell of him."

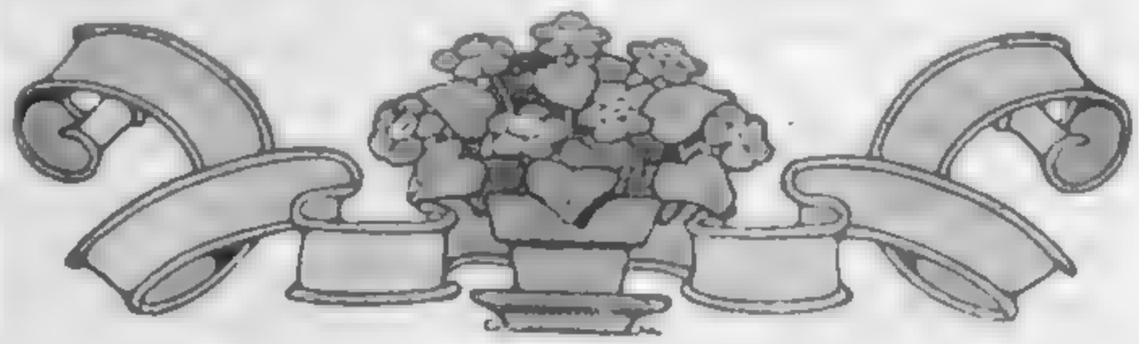
"Every tobacconist should read him. He wrote a great slogan for cigar stores."

"I hain't familiar with it. What is it?"

"'And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke,'" quoted Caleb.

"Dog-gone!" said Jinks, lost in admiration of this sentiment. "I'm a-goin' to stick that in my winder."

He did not observe that Caleb had begged the question.



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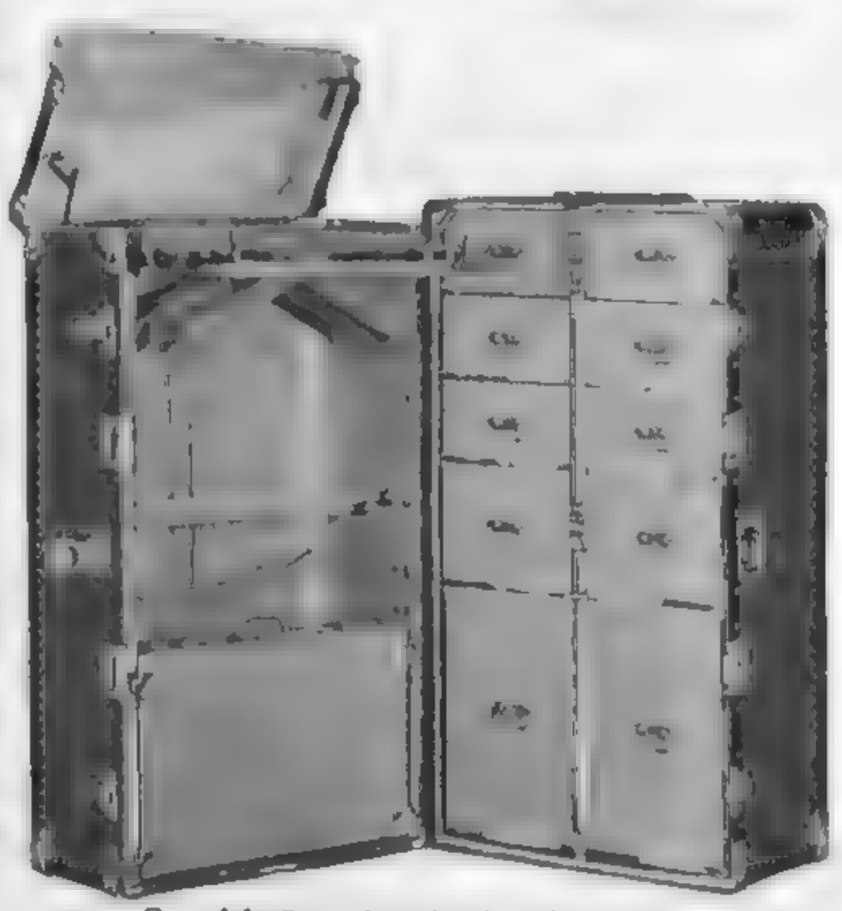

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CHANGING JOHNNY'S BEHAVIOR

(Continued from Page 37)

most parents, judges and even the average medical practitioners know no more about it than they know of the atmospheric conditions on Mars there were two common methods of dealing with Johnny's behavior; both methods utterly unscientific; both failures in working cures, because neither bothered its head about causations. One method, the most ancient in the world, was that of punishment and compulsion. The other was that of overleniency and pardon. The first is masculine; the second is feminine. Punish Johnny, or forgive him. Beat him, or weep over him, caress him, shower him with tenderness. Lock him up, stick him in jail, or defend him passionately from those inhuman monsters who dare declare that Johnny is spoiled, a limb of Satan, a menace and a pest. Look around you and observe how often one or the other of these two unscientific methods has been used on the delinquent Johnnies in your town. How often have they actually cured Johnny's limp, his antisocial behavior? Sometimes, it is true, Johnny has pulled through despite the treatment, just as patients are not always killed by malpracticing physicians. Nature is tough, and it has a strong predisposition toward health, physical and mental, or we would all have gone to the bowwows long ago.

But let us take a typical case, with typical treatment, from among those which glut the calendars of our juvenile courts Johnny is a bright boy, but what is known as a holy terror, a social rebel, a thief, a gangster; of violent, undisciplined temper, vain and arrogant; a young anarchist, with his hand lifted against law and authority; a bandit in embryo. He has "a mad!" on the janitor who dragged him, fighting like a wildcat, from the schoolroom; he lies in wait to shoot him up, to make him a hospital case.

Father, a good citizen, has beaten his offspring until his strong right arm is lame. Mother has wept, prayed, exhorted, and secretly fondled her little black sheep. But the little black sheep keeps right on his murky way. He is arrested for stealing and is summoned before the judge.

The Limp Becomes Permanent

The father, choked with grief and shame, says: "I want my boy to be a doctor, but he wants to be a thief." Mother sobs audibly in court. Johnny whispers savagely, "Shut up!" He faces the judge with a glitter in his eye. The judge, a fine, humane man, noting that Johnny is a bright, attractive lad, lets him off with a warning. He says in effect: "Don't limp any more, Johnny. Go home and be good." But Johnny keeps on limping, which is to say, he keeps on stealing, playing truant, hiding out with the gang and raising hell generally. He comes up again before the judge, and now the hardening process has set in; he has begun to dramatize his toughness. The arrest by the bull, the trip to the police station, the questioning and detention, the public hearing in court, the isolation from his own kind, himself the hero of it all—what a tale to tell the gang!

This time the judge decides: "Reformatory for you, Johnny. Now try to mend your ways." And he reads him a stiff lecture. Johnny goes off sullenly to the reformatory. There he mingles with his peers—other young Napoleons with dramatizing instincts, who have tried to get even with the world—and Johnny receives a few more pointers on how real tough guys act; he discovers he's in the kindergarten class and hastens to make up his grade. He returns again and again to the institution; he's an in-and-outer now. His behavior patterns become fixed. Not much hope for Johnny at this stage. He is by way of becoming a hardened criminal, a repeater. Before him loom long years of isolation and social ostracism in penitentiary or state prison; he is a burden to the taxpayer, a menace to the community; gone is his opportunity to make a useful or perhaps even a magnificent contribution to life. Johnny is now a striped animal with a serial number, a loss all around.

And the infinite pity of it is that Johnny possessed fine human stuff. His mother, weeping bitterly, will tell you what a cute little skeesicks he was; how he adored baby brother and stole to buy him gifts; how he bawled his head off when the street car ran over his mangy pup; how for nights he sobbed and whimpered in his sleep. Father saw the good stuff in him and will tell how Johnny took a terrific hiding rather than peach on his pals. Teacher saw the good stuff in him and admitted he was smart enough when he had a mind to be. The judge saw the good stuff in him when he gave him another chance. And Johnny himself, in that inscrutable little heart of his, knew he had good stuff in him, but he felt he was not getting a square deal and so he tried to get even with his foes; but the combination was too strong for him. No little boy, not even an embryo Napoleon, can lick the whole world. There are too many adult Wellingtons around.

Scientific Sympathy

These two unscientific methods of procedure—punishment and its feminine antithesis of overleniency—represent the old-fashioned way of treating Johnny the delinquent in his plastic formative years. Both methods are based on the false hypothesis that irregular or antisocial behavior in a child is a sin, instead of a signal, a sign, an advertisement, that something is wrong inside; and acting on this false premise, they have proceeded to punish, or forgive, the small offender, instead of regarding him as a patient, diagnosing his malady from his behavior symptoms and treating him with a view to removing the underlying causes which produced the disorders in his conduct.

Summing up the defects of the old system, medical science says:

"The underlying causes of delinquency in children in the vast majority of cases are misdirected or unsatisfied, fundamental, instinctive desires—desires for new experiences, for security, for affection, for response or recognition. The question is: How can we satisfy these normal instinctive desires in harmless or even helpful ways? Sometimes in recreation, sometimes in more wholesome home relations, proper adjustment in school, change of companionship or in vocational or recreational lines. Usually delinquency is brought about not by one but by several causations, and these causations may be multiplied and their combinations extraordinarily varied, so that each case must be treated individually. Punishment which does not inquire into the causes of delinquency or maladjustment and seek to remove those causes is a failure. The behavior patterns become hardened into fixity and the antisocial habits more deeply ingrained. It has been discovered that sympathy without science, in dealing with the problem child, means sentimentality and futility, while science without sympathy is cold and blind in dealing with human beings. The basis has now shifted from compulsion and punishment to scientific treatment and adjustment."

In other words, Johnny himself goes under the microscope, together with his bad behavior—his fighting, lying, stealing, and temper tantrums. Under he goes, the young anarchist, the social rebel, flying all kinds of behavior signals, sullen or secretive or battling for all he is worth; and the eye which regards this lively little specimen through the lens is not the punishing eye of the law or of ignorant love or vindictive hate, but the cool, calm, searching eye of science, which seeks, first, causations, then remedies, in precisely the same fashion as if Johnny were a typhoid case.

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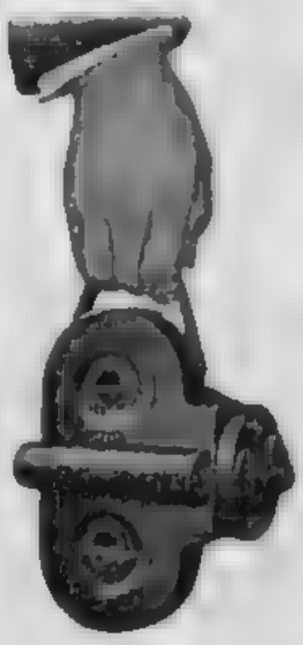

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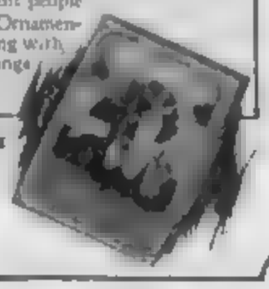

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BELL & HOWELL CO.
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Established 1907

And now let us take a glimpse at one of these particular units in the field of medical science which undertake as their specific function the study and cure of the problem child. They are called child-guidance clinics. Established in some of our large centers such as Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Dallas, Memphis and Los Angeles, they have already amply demonstrated their value in their communities. Speaking of their function, E. Van Norman Emery says:

"The child-guidance clinic is a coördinated effort to apply scientific methods to the study and treatment of problem children. It is an effort to make mental hygiene available to children who can be most benefited by it, preferably to those who are considered normal and especially to those who may be intellectually superior. Our aim is not to cure full-fledged diseases, but to prevent them. This is a very important distinction."

Child Guidance Clinics

"It is impossible to enumerate all signs of maladjustment, since no two cases are alike. Each presents its own problems. The outward manifestations in the form of conduct do not always give a fair idea of the underlying difficulty. An unobtrusive child may be suffering from a most malignant conflict. Rebellion against authority may be a temporary pose or it may mean a well-established paranoiac attitude. The same holds true of sullenness, suspicion and selfishness. Inattention at school may be caused by innumerable things. Truancy, stealing, lying, are apt to be serious problems, and bad habits such as temper tantrums may offer great difficulties when it comes to treatment. Recent scientific research in many fields has shown methods which are proving effective in solving these problems. These methods are being used in the child-guidance clinics. They are especially effective with the normal child, helping him to develop free and unhampered by handicapping conflicts; to function at full efficiency in order that his debt to society may be paid by attainment of his maximum productivity. By this means he gains an understanding of himself, a fair chance for personal happiness and contentment, and the power of general social adjustability and adaptability."

Let us take as an example of this work the child-guidance clinic operating in Philadelphia, analyze its personnel and its aims and methods of procedure. In the first place, the staff is composed of the best modern type of scientifically trained physicians, psychologists, psychiatrists and social workers. No amateurish, superficial or pseudoscientific claptrap. No cures by mail. No bottles of patent medicine or elixir of mental health which promises to cure Johnny in three weeks or your money back. The problem—one of the most subtle and complicated in the world—is approached in the true scientific spirit and by highly trained and experienced professionals.

And now, enter Johnny, the recalcitrant, the successful young hell raiser, upon the scene. Where does he come from? First of all, his parents may bring him. They may be rich or poor, intelligent or ignorant—though usually they are the latter, no matter what their social status, so far as comprehension of their own child is concerned. Listen to what a psychiatrist in this clinic has to say upon that point:

"Studies made in various parts of the country report that from 65 per cent to 75 per cent of children with behavior difficulties have come from homes in which the parental training was markedly at fault in some respect. Harsh, disciplinary measures, inconsistency and overindulgence all have their bad effects on character formation. Out of 150 cases studied in Los Angeles, for example, 96 per cent revealed that parental influence and methods of training were at fault and only an extremely small percentage had their cause in poverty and economic pressure. It is not only the child who needs guidance but also the parents, and this educational phase of the work—advising the adult members of the family—is extremely important. For example, we found cases in which the mother, unhappily married, was making her son a confidant, transferring her affections to him, causing him to bear the whole brunt of that emotional disharmony, with devastating effects upon his nature. Young children should never be made to bear the burden of adult emotional or marital strife. It is disrupting in the extreme."

It is not only the parents who bring Johnny to the clinic. It may be the schoolteacher or some charitable institution. Or perhaps the judge of the juvenile court, instead of sentencing him to the reformatory, looks thoughtfully at the young rebel and says, "I don't like to send you to the reformatory, Johnny. Want to go?"

"No," or, defiantly, "I don't give a damn what you do." Johnny is already dramatizing himself. This stuff will go great before the gang. "An' then I says to him, 'I don't give a damn what you do.'" Climax!

"Well, Johnny," says the judge, "I do give a damn for what you do, and away down deep in your heart I believe you do too. Anyway I'm going to give you another chance to run straight. I'm going to parole you in care of the child-guidance clinic and see what they can do."

And a mighty lucky day it is for Johnny when that decision is made, for now he is up before the bar, not of justice—what is justice to this case?—not of prejudice, antagonism or hate or that equally devastating force of ignorant, overindulgent parental love, but of modern medical science, which says, in effect: "Climb under the microscope, Johnny. You seem to be running a temperature. Let's see what's the matter, my boy."

So Johnny, sweating a little beneath his phlegm, climbs under the microscope. And first of all he gets a thorough physical examination to see if his body is all right; after which come the intelligence and educational tests, the psychological examination, the psychiatric examination, the history of his family, his heredity, his relations with his school, his playmates—in short, a complete, all-round picture of him, with the hereditary and environmental forces which are at work upon him and to which he, willy-nilly, responds. If Johnny is feeble-minded, a moron or an imbecile, he makes his exit right here.

Stealing for Prestige

Let us begin with the physical examination. Johnny is stripped to the buff. In these clinics every resource of modern medicine is available for the investigation and treatment of the child. For it is very seldom the case that Johnny, the problem child, has not something the matter with his body also. It may be eye strain, malnutrition, flat foot, pretuberculosis or some chronic infection which is producing an increased irritability and must be corrected before his behavior can be changed. Careful examination and appropriate treatment will often produce remarkable ameliorations in such a child.

Johnny, the hero of this tale, was one of these big fat slobs, a softy, short of breath; weighed almost twice as much as he should for his age; ate candy; was vain, arrogant; a bully, a liar, a thief. He wore an iron shoe which prevented him from participating in the rough games of his gang; so he got compensation by bullying little boys; had to show his strength, you see; had to prove he was a regular guy, even if he did wear an iron boot. In order to make up for his fatness, his physical defect, and maintain his stand-in with the gang, Johnny had taken to stealing, and with the proceeds he treated his pals to sodas and ice creams. He boasted what a tough guy he was; how he had sassed the judge. The gang admired his prowess; he was by way of becoming a clubfooted little Napoleon of crime.

(Continued on Page 169)

Ten railroad presidents can say: *"I was a Burlington man"*

WHY IS THE Burlington known among railroad men everywhere as a wonderful training school—which has produced ten railroad presidents of today, a score or more of vice presidents and hundreds of officers for other roads?

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"They were all in the day's work," he muses

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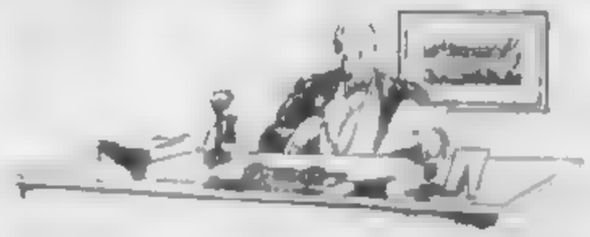

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4-Cylinder Chassis
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6-Cylinder Chassis
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(Continued from Page 166)

They took him one day to the clinic. Johnny was contemptuous. He guessed they couldn't get anything on him. His diet was attended to; he began to lose weight. His bad leg proved susceptible to treatment; he was encouraged to play games and run. To his immeasurable delight he discovered that he could, that he was even as other boys. His inferiority complex and sense of isolation which had led him into stealing and bullying as compensations began to fade as the underlying causes which produced them were removed. In the course of time Johnny became a normal child—not a plaster saint—just normal. The stone which had been pressing down upon him was removed.

This is a clean-cut case of physical disability which produced behavior disorders. But in the great majority of instances the causations are more obscure, more diverse, each adding its special pressure until the cumulative weight twists the pliant young tree of life away from its free, upward growth into all manner of distorted or abnormal behavior shapes.

The Intelligence Quotient

"Physiological psychology," says one of the leaders of this movement, "gave to science many tests—tests for all the special senses and many of the mental processes—and during recent years many new and important tests have been accurately worked out, so that a well-trained psychologist can now give invaluable information concerning a child's abilities. In the child-guidance clinics very thorough psychological and educational examinations are given as routine, in order to determine the quantity of the child's intelligence. The results of these tests, as all know, are expressed in terms of mental age. If, for example, a boy's score shows a mental age of twelve years, it means that he has the same quantity of intelligence as the average boy of twelve years. When his mental age is compared with his actual life age it is possible to obtain some idea of the comparative quantity of his intelligence as compared with other children of the same life age. This comparative quantity is called the child's intelligence quotient, or I. Q. Generally speaking, children with an I. Q. of from 90 to 110 are considered to have a normal quantity of intelligence; those below those figures are subnormal, while those above are superior. In the Los Angeles child-guidance clinic the range has been from below 50 to above 150; the average being considerably above 100. Great caution should always be used in interpreting the I. Q. without an adequate social history, a complete physical examination and a thorough psychiatric examination; and the I. Q. should never be interpreted without these additional examinations in dealing with a problem or maladjusted child.

"In addition to the intelligence and educational tests, the clinic psychologist also gives performance tests, mechanical tests, and tests for determining other special abilities or disabilities. Tests of intelligence show the child's native or potential ability, but the educational tests show to what purpose he has used these abilities. They indicate what he has accomplished. In this manner the psychologist is sometimes able to discover a dull child who has made better use of his intelligence than some very superior one, and all such information is invaluable in remedying maladjustment in school. Suppose, for example, a child who is in the fifth grade has already the knowledge given in the seventh grade and has actually sufficient ability to do the work of the ninth grade? Of course he is inattentive and mischievous in school. Of course he plays truant and tries to find more interesting ways of filling his time. It should be noted that a child who is over-age for his grade, or who finds himself in a special class, often develops a feeling of inferiority and discouragement which may react upon his work and cause him to drift into conduct disorders."

From the social history made by the social worker the clinic learns about Johnny's hereditary predispositions and what the persons in his environment think of him. From the medical examination the clinic learns what the physician thinks of his body. From the educational and intelligence tests it is able to size up his mental equipment and his powers of accomplishment. Bit by bit the picture is built up, until that little human organism which is Johnny begins to emerge with startling clarity upon the slide, and the tough, hard-boiled little rebel at odds with his world is often seen to be not bad or vicious, but merely unhappy, cramped in some of his vital relationships; perhaps bearing too great an emotional burden, fit only for adults, and fighting desperately his own small battle for normal growth with his back to the wall.

Thus far, you observe, the examinations have all been largely objective—a study of the various forces playing on Johnny. But now comes one of the most important and illuminating revelations of all—what Johnny himself thinks of his world. And until the clinic gets Johnny's reaction to his parents, his teacher, his pals, the gang, it cannot interpret his conduct.

You'd be surprised to learn he has father and mother sized up cold. For while parents are sizing up Johnny, Johnny is getting the reverse English on them, and his judgments, clean-cut, merciless, are often only too true. Johnny sees pop and maw—or dad and mumsie, according to his social rank—getting away with murder every day, with conduct that makes old Beelzebub swing his forked tail with glee; and, being the most imitative animal on this green footstool, Johnny tries to get away with murder too; and even improves on the model. Why not? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. And under the delicate, friendly yet matter-of-fact probing, Johnny yields up the inner secrets of the hinterlands of his soul—wistful yearnings, differences from other kids, misunderstandings, antagonisms, adult emotional quarrels, his honest opinions of those two alien strangers who brought him into the world. In this confessional amazing, horrifying situations are often revealed, in which the child and parents change place, and Johnny the rebel is seen, not as the villain of the piece, but the victim of parental selfishness, weakness or vice.

Getting Johnny's Viewpoint

Maybe Johnny lets out the fact that he is an unwanted child. His parents are cold, constantly criticizing and punishing; his trivial mischievousness is magnified into deliberate perversity. Nothing he does wins approval. Is it strange that Johnny presently begins to live up to his reputation? His deviltry at least attracts attention, and even unfavorable attention is better to him than none.

The psychiatrist, who is a trained physician, endeavors to discover what mental twist is causing the conduct disorder. Probe, probe, probe. Father, mother, teacher, companions—all come on the carpet, as seen through Johnny's eye. Perhaps it is the teacher Johnny hates. She is a woman, and he prefers a man. "Women," he concludes largely, "ain't no good. They haven't got no sense. They yell and carry on and throw fits. When mamma gets mad she bites my hands. I hate women. My sisters ain't no good neither." The psychiatrist does a bit of exploring, reserving his judgment. And it turns out that Johnny has good private reasons for hating women: his experience with them has engendered neither affection nor respect. The best thing in such a case, unless the woman teacher is rare and can be got to coöperate, is to transfer Johnny to a man.

Perhaps the festering spot which causes Johnny's eccentric behavior—eccentric, that is, from a conventional standpoint; from Johnny's standpoint it usually seems natural and right—is due to bad companions.

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"The child learns much at home and school," says E. Van Norman Emery, "but it is from his companions he acquires many of his traits and habits. Many a child shows greater loyalty to his companions than to his home. The bond of secrecy which surrounds his pranks and expeditions must be cautiously pulled aside if we are to understand his problems. Here is frequently found the origin of many difficulties such as lying, stealing, truancy and bad sex habits.

"Many of the things told to the psychiatrist by the innocent lad of nine or ten would astound even a calloused adult. These are the things of which a child seldom speaks and then only to one who he feels will try to understand."

It is not always easy for the psychiatrist to win Johnny's confidence and get him to coöperate. He is suspicious, hard, skeptical of friendliness which he believes is a trap in disguise—the psychiatrist is trying to frame him with the teacher or the judge. He has built up a solid wall of protective lying and a defense mechanism which are not immediately to be broken down. He may be polite but noncommittal and uninterested; or he lies smoothly, smilingly, telling the truth only when he sees that the psychiatrist has the goods on him; or he is sullen; or he flies into a rage and denies everything wholesale.

To give an example: Johnny had already been to a reformatory, where, according to the reports of his mother, he had been so cruelly beaten that he did not recover for a week. Unless Johnny puts over a better line of conduct, it is extremely likely that he will be returned to that same purgatory. It is distinctly in the offing as his charming future abode. Naturally, he is not exactly enthusiastic over the prospect. But when asked about the brutal beatings at this reformatory, Johnny puts up a stiff bluff and declares stoutly that it's a good place.

"I like it fine," he lies, looking the psychiatrist firmly in the eye.

"They didn't whip you?"

"No, sir!" yells Johnny, turning purple. "That's a blank, blank dirty lie. Who told you that—my mother? She's a liar. She never told you that neither. My mother knows it's a good place. I like it fine. They didn't lick me at all and when they did it wasn't no more than what I deserved You're trying to frame me!" And he bangs out of the office, swearing a blue streak.

Winning His Confidence

Did you get it—Johnny's little trick? No? Well, the layout's like this: Johnny had been brutally beaten; and so his self-protective instinct is at work to prevent repetition of the same. He believes that the clinic, the law, the judge and the reformatory are all in cahoots. Even his mother, alas! It's the time when a feller needs a friend. The clinic, he argues, will turn over the report to the reformatory, and when they read how Johnny peached on them another terrific whaling will ensue. To avert which catastrophe, Johnny, who possesses a good chess mind and can see a few moves ahead, is making himself solid with the reformatory authorities in the unfortunate event of his return. Ergo: "They're fine guys!" he lies—and may the Great Clinician up in heaven forgive him, for the sake of his fine chess mind.

It is, of course, absolutely essential for Johnny to coöperate with the clinic in order to work a cure. And here is where Johnny's I. Q. comes in. Thank God he has a brain! For presently the great idea begins to penetrate—the clinic is not an enemy; it is on his side. Do you see what we're shooting at, Johnny, old top? You catch the idea? We're not trying to punish you; we're trying to fix it so when you grow up you'll be sitting on top of the world, doing the stuff you like, not biting your fingers in jail. Life has something better for you!

So it's explain, explain, explain; motives and conduct; piecing the grand puzzle of life together so it makes a reasonable pattern young brains can understand; substituting for antisocial habits such satisfactions, recreations and ambitions as will strengthen instead of deteriorate. And presently the little rudderless ship begins to respond to the helm.

Let us suppose that the study of Johnny has been completed. His body, his I. Q., his heredity, environment, family and school relationships have been thoroughly and scientifically charted. What next? Diagnosis and a course of treatment. The steepest part of the climb toward normalcy is still ahead.

The responsibility for the treatment falls on many shoulders, including the patient, his teachers, the clinic staff and others. Parental attitudes often need changing. This part of the treatment falls to the social worker, the psychiatrist or both. The clinic's findings must be outlined and interpreted and the treatment explained step by step to the parents. It is not uncommon to spend two or three hours at one time on this very necessary procedure. The social worker assumes responsibility for seeing that the physical recommendations are carried out. She visits the school and enlists the teacher's aid on the educational suggestions. In the majority of cases the main effort in treatment is expended by the social worker upon the parents and by the psychiatrist upon the child. There is no magical formula or short cut, but much fatiguing and strenuous work.

Beginning With the Parents

Since Johnny's misconduct is very often traceable directly to the home situation, the first step toward changing his behavior is to induce a change of behavior in the parents. For example, Johnny runs away. Apparently it is a fine home, parents well-to-do. He continues to run away, despite repeated punishments and arrests. He openly prefers the detention house of the juvenile court to his own fireside. Why? Examination revealed that Johnny's home life was a hell on account of the constant quarreling of his father and mother. Johnny couldn't stand the shot. The stone of his environment pressed too hard.

When the disastrous effect of the marital disharmony was revealed to the mother she broke down, confessed she had ceased to love her husband, and was chiefly responsible for the conflicts. She had lied to Johnny about his father to win the lad over to her side. In short, she was putting Johnny through the mill of her own adult emotions. When she realized the disastrous effect all this emotional disturbance had upon him, she promised to become reconciled to her husband for her son's sake. And often such domestic adjustments are a necessary preliminary, in order to remove the emotional conflicts from the child's life.

Take the problem of stealing in children, an antisocial offense. Stealing is only a symptom of deeper, underlying difficulties in the child's life. In a dozen cases of stealing, no two need necessarily show the same psychological motives. Understanding why one child steals may not be of much assistance in learning why another does so.

"A long experience with stealing in children," says a psychiatrist, "reveals certain types of motivation which occur. These do not exhaust the list of causes by any means, but they are worthy of enumeration, because they do indicate from what divergent sources the same behavior symptoms may occur.

"First, play motives. Children may steal as a means of satisfying their desire for playthings. One boy stole ten dollars to buy an express wagon. Although he was forced to sell the wagon in order to return part of the stolen funds, he was not prevented from stealing again in order to buy other toys. Only when he was helped to earn money and so acquire a legitimate means of getting the playthings he desired did his behavior clear up.

(Continued on Page 174)

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

BUSCH
PALE DRY

- Scarlet label -

HIS ORDER IS AN EPIC ...

When Huntington Jones orders dinner an order becomes an epic. He knows the palate and the potage, the taste and the tarts. He divines all the happiest spots in the realm of gastronomy.

The beverage order? It will be Busch's Pale Dry—always! Just the right touch!

Dinner, luncheon, tea—midday or midnight—no need to dwell upon the occasions for this superb ginger ale. It is an occasion in itself.

Imported? No. It's better.

By appointment? Yes. To the American palate.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Razor blades stay sharp longer because Williams saturated lather soaks the beard soft making your beard far easier to cut.

Quicker shaves! *Sharper* blades! *Smoother* skin!

WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM has won its immense popularity for a very good reason. It simply does a shaving soap's job just a little bit better than any other shaving soap we know.

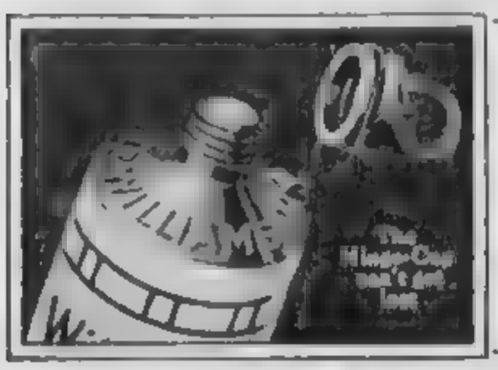
First, the rich mountain of quick lather whisks away the water-resisting oil film from the beard.

Then, the enormous amount of moisture held in Williams lather simply drenches the beard bristles—soaks them soft so the razor just glides through.

Furthermore, Williams lubricates the skin for easy shaving—leaves it glove-smooth—gives you that barber's massage feeling.

A Real Tip! The double-size tube of Williams Shaving Cream at 50c is a real economy. It holds twice as much as the regular 35c large-size tube.

We want you to try Williams shaves for a week FREE. Send the coupon below, or a postcard, and we'll send you a free trial tube.



FREE OFFER

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 48-A,
Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream (Trial size has no Hinge Cap).

Name

Address

City

S.E.P. 8-14-26

AQUA VELVA IS OUR LATEST TRIUMPH, A SCIENTIFIC AFTER SHAVING PREPARATION WE WILL SEND A GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE FREE. WRITE DEPT. 48 A

(Continued from Page 170)

"Second, flight from reality. Sometimes the stealing is closely connected with the child's unhappiness in the home situation and his attempts to escape from it. One child who was neglected by his parents and unhappy because he did not believe they loved him any more, stole money and ran away. When found, the relieved parents made a great fuss over him, but this blissful moment soon passed and he was neglected again. Realizing that he was able to gain signs of his parents' love only by frightening them, he continued to steal and to run away periodically.

"Third, adolescent motives. Adolescent children often steal in order to satisfy their longings for the trinkets and pretty clothes which will render them attractive to other boys and girls. A sixteen-year-old lad stole money from the store where he worked in order to buy socks and ties to impress the lady of his choice.

"Fourth, imitation of companions. One of the fundamental principles in the psychology of child education is that the child learns by imitation. Unfortunately this extends to his less supervised activities as well as to those of the home and classroom. The boy readily learns to steal if that is one of the important activities of the gang of which he is a member.

"Fifth, compensatory mechanism. Some children steal because that is the only way they can maintain a position of equality or superiority with their group of playmates.

"An eleven-year-old boy, unable to compete with his friends in their games on account of his obesity, retained the respect of his fellows, and incidentally his own self-respect, by becoming a regular crook and boasting of his trips to the juvenile court. These categories by no means exhaust the psychological analysis of stealing in children, but represent merely some of the more common motives."

It should be added that this brief study of Johnny's behavior applies with equal force to girls. But as it has been estimated that twice as many boys as girls, roughly speaking, are sent to the clinic for behavior treatment, either because of a boy's greater initiative, his wider range, greater opportunity, or less protection in his leisure hours, the emphasis has been thrown on the young masculine misdoer. Pardon me, Johnny, if I seem to pick on you. I'm not trying to frame you. Sister is a frail too. We're all in the same boat together, but you have to man the oars.

Speaking of the work of the child-guidance clinics, Dr. George Frazier, of Philadelphia, said:

"Even if we change the behavior of only fifty children in the community, keep them out of reformatories and jails and thus reduce the burden of taxation, the high cost of criminals, it is an investment worth while; and that does not even touch the constructive side of the proposition. For who knows the magnificent contribution some of these children, their behavior disorders ironed out, may make to society? At any rate, the project is as sound as bonding a city for roads or bridges. For these children are our bridges of the future, far more valuable than any monuments of mortar and bricks and stone. Shall we not bond ourselves for them?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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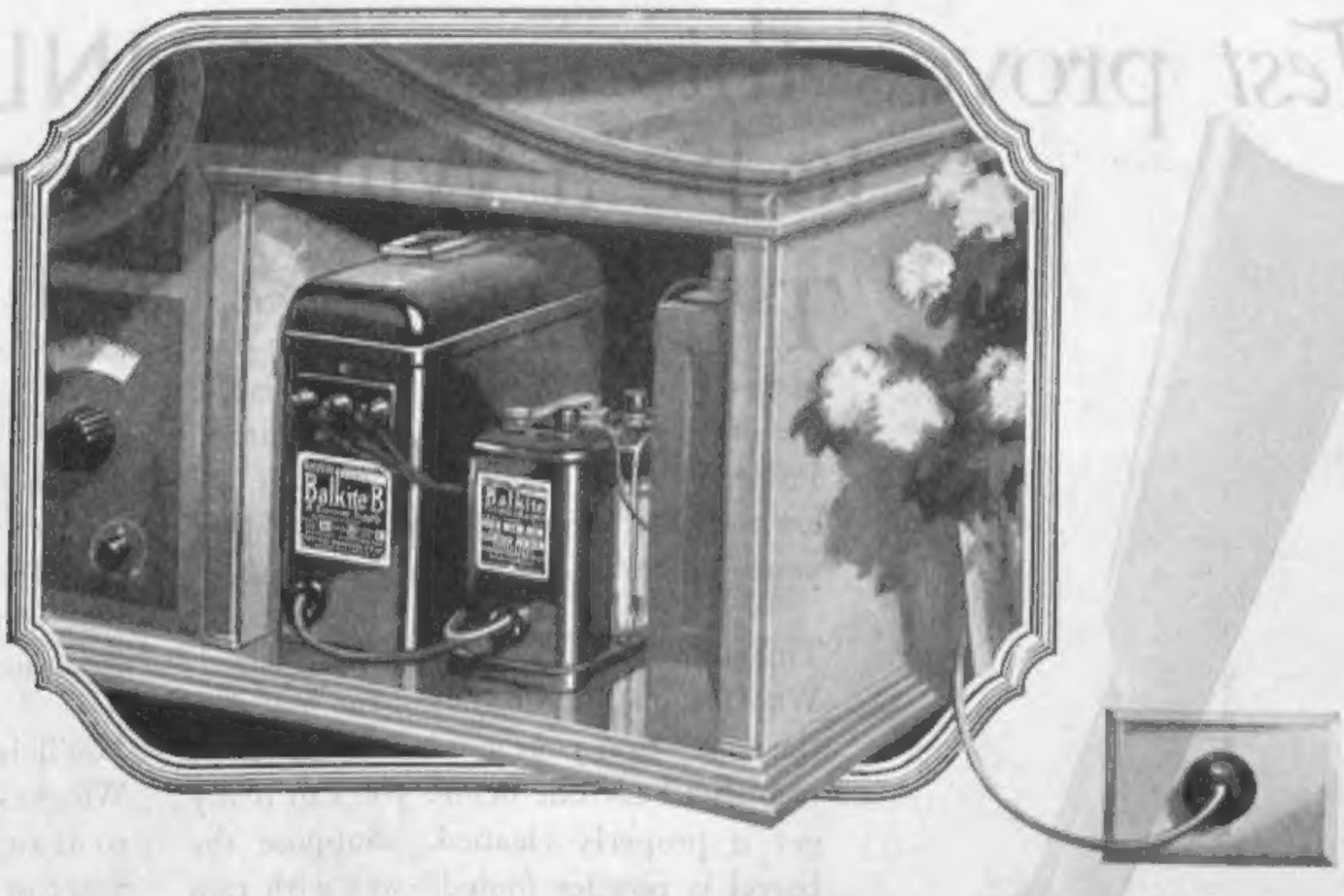
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



Operate your radio set from the light socket

with Balkite "B" and a Balkite Trickle Charger

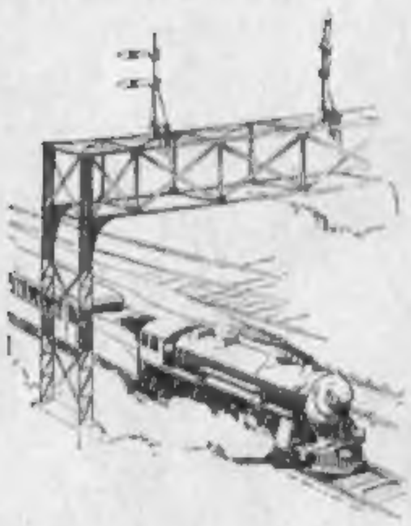
Your present radio set will operate from the light socket. Simply add Balkite "B" and a Balkite Trickle Charger. No other changes are necessary.

Balkite "B" replaces your "B" batteries and supplies "B" current from the light socket. The Balkite Trickle Charger, once connected to your "A" battery may be left on continuous charge. It converts your "A" battery into a complete light socket "A" unit. If you like you may also add a switch to cut out the charger and turn on Balkite "B" during operation, making the entire installation automatic in operation.

Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger are permanent pieces of equipment. They have no bulbs, nothing to wear out, adjust, replace or get out of order. Their only upkeep is the slight cost of lighting current.

Light socket radio operation means maximum convenience. It means also that your set will always operate at peak power. And full power means better reception.

Add these two permanent Balkite Radio Power Units to your set now and convert it into a light socket receiver. Balkite "B," $35. Balkite Trickle Charger, $10. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Ask your dealer.



Balkite Trickle Charging
—one of the most important developments in the battery field

Balkite Trickle Charging is perhaps the most important recent development in the entire battery field. It makes possible the installation of a charger and a battery as a complete, automatic, permanent unit to supply unfailing Direct Current (DC) from an Alternating Current (AC) source.

In this system a Balkite Charger is permanently connected to an AC power line and a storage battery. It rectifies the AC into DC and charges the battery with it. The battery supplies the resultant DC to the apparatus to be operated. The Balkite Charger being on continuous or trickle charge, automatically replaces any energy the battery may expend. On the other hand if the AC line fails temporarily, the battery continues to operate the apparatus from its reserve. The possibility of power failure is thus entirely removed.

The advantages of this system are so great that it is rapidly becoming standard practice wherever infallible power is needed. It is now used on the automatic signal systems of 70 leading North American as well as European and Oriental railways. It is also used for Telegraph and Telephone work, Fire and Burglar Alarm, Time Recording, Emergency Lighting and Emergency Power systems. It is destined greatly to increase the use of storage batteries. Complete data is available to engineers on request.

FANSTEEL

Balkite
Radio Power Units

Manufactured by FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., *North Chicago, Illinois*

SOLE LICENSEES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM: MESSRS. RADIO ACCESSORIES LTD., 9-11 HYTHE RD., WILLESDEN, LONDON, N.W. 10

Every Test proves this new STAINLESS barrel to be a Winchester Triumph

THE Winchester Stainless Barrel is not only much easier to clean and keep clean—but it actually increases the life of Winchester accuracy indefinitely. Powder fouling and rust—these age old enemies to accuracy and to the very life of your gun barrel—are practically routed.

This new Stainless Barrel is a marvel. Whether on rifle or shotgun it banishes the worry that your gun barrel may start to pit and corrode before you can really get it properly cleaned. Suppose the barrel is powder fouled—wet with rain or foggy dampness—your Stainless Barrel will not be harmed.

Nor is that all—Stainless Steel is so tough that it stands up under the severest shooting conditions with a stamina unheard of in ordinary barrels—it resists the cutting action of hot gases and the abrasive wear and tear to a degree heretofore undreamed of.

It's the Barrel sportsmen have for years hoped, almost prayed, would come—and now it's here. Truly, the Stainless Steel Barrel is a Winchester triumph that provides new safety, new accuracy and new enjoyment for every true sportsman.

You'll be glad to know you can buy the Winchester Stainless Barrels separately to fit any Winchester Rifle or Shotgun or you can order a complete new gun fitted with a Stainless barrel. Only moderately higher in price than ordinary barrels, yet they will outlast any other barrel and retain the accuracy longer than others.

Send for full information or let your dealer tell you all about it.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.

Should you come in from a long day's hunt, or from hours in the blind—in damp marshes or pouring rain—you need not turn first to the task of barrel cleaning before you can think of food or rest Not at all Let the gun go until morning—or the day after that, powder fouled as it is—the delay will not damage the barrel, nor will rust have gained the slightest foothold, for this barrel is made from genuine Stainless Steel—it's always easier to clean and is proof against the dampest weather or briniest air

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
STAINLESS
GUN BARRELS

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY · COMMONWEALTH BUILDING · PITTSBURGH, PENNA

Cooling

SMOOTH, rich texture and delicious flavor in cooling drinks that are at the same time wholesome food—this is an ideal combination for your comfort and health and happiness in the hot summer days.

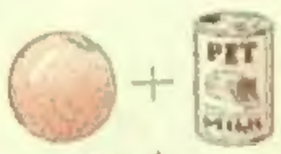
Pet Milk drinks have all these qualities. Let the recipes on this page prove the point for you. Then send for our booklets on summer drinks and summer dishes. They will show you the way to new delights in summer food and refreshments.

BLACK COW—Pour Pet Milk over cracked ice in glass until glass is ¾ full. Fill to top with Sarsaparilla Soda and stir thoroughly.

ICED CHOCOLATE

2 squares bitter chocolate	2 cups boiling water
¼ cup sugar	2 cups Pet Milk
	Few grains salt

Melt chocolate in pan over hot water; add sugar, salt and gradually one cup of boiling water. Stir until smooth then place pan directly over fire and boil one minute. Add Pet Milk and remaining boiling water.



and shake

ORANGE MILK SHAKE

EQUAL parts of strained orange juice, Pet Milk, and water. Sugar to taste.

Mix the fruit juice, sugar, Pet Milk, and water. Add cracked ice. Shake. (A Mason Jar will serve.)

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, Saint Louis, Missouri

How 35,000 Bakers have now removed "guesswork" from baking

Why Not Now?

The amazing progress of bakers that has led 10 million women to change their baking habits— almost overnight

So many women have said, "I don't want to do my own baking each week. It's a time-consuming task. But I insist on breads and pastries that are pure, wholesome and satisfying."

Several years ago bakers realized this truth. They knew that the only way to succeed was to give you exactly what you wanted. So they called upon the scientific world to help them. The response was amazingly prompt.

Today—back of each bakery product you buy stand the brains and skill of more than 250,000 men and women: chemists and dietitians of our large universities—home economics teachers—the millers of the flour. The bakers themselves have their own schools and laboratories.

Thus 35,000 bakers now use only the purest and best ingredients—the same you use at home. Thus they have cast aside old-fashioned "hit or miss" methods. They have eliminated "guesswork" from their baking. Today you can honestly call all bakers' products true *health* products.

* * * *

It is this amazing progress that has turned baking day into a holiday for 10 million American women. It means pure, wholesome products—*fresh daily*—just around the corner or delivered at the door. It means special breads, cakes and pastries for every meal and taste—raisin breads, coffee cakes, cinnamon rolls, muffins, doughnuts—these and many more. A real economy in planning and getting meals.

Section of interior of famous Dunwoody Institute. Bakers send employees here to study the latest scientific baking methods. 433 students graduated 1924-5. Total graduates, 1733.

Section of Interior of American Institute of Baking, supported by American Bakers' Association. A central laboratory serving bakers from every section of the country.

More than 15,000 bakers in the United States and 10,000 in foreign countries use Gold Medal Flour. Because it "acts" the same perfect way in all their baking. At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour "acts" in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the right way. Although the same chemically, a flour often differs in baking results.

The one sure way a miller can tell how his flour will act, is to bake with it himself first. That is why we bake from samples of each run of Gold Medal Flour at each mill—in one of our Test Bake-shops every hour in the day. In this way each batch proves its uniformity and stability before it leaves the mill. Bakers who use Gold Medal Flour are sure of serving you the same high quality products each day.

A Special Word to Bakers

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Bakers' Service, write for details or ask the Gold Medal man. This service is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. It is worth looking into. No obligation. Write now.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY CO.: GEN. OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS. MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL

Oven-tested

Copyr. 1926, Washburn Crosby Co.